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E. McL. Hyde

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HEINE'S

# TRAVEL-PICTURES,

(Reisebilder)

ETC. ETC.

GEORGE BELL & SONS,
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AND NEW YORK, 66, FIFTH AVENUE.
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# TRAVEL-PICTURES

INCLUDING

THE TOUR IN THE HARZ, NORDERNEY, AND BOOK OF IDEAS,

TOGETHER WITH

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.

TRANSLATED BY

FRANCIS STORR.

WITH MAP AND APPENDICES.

*SECOND EDITION, REVISED.*

LONDON
GEORGE BELL AND SONS
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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

IF any curious reader should take the trouble to compare this edition with the first, he will find a considerable number of changes. I have gone through the whole translation line by line, and rectified not a few inelegancies and (I would fondly hope) all the positive blunders. One misstatement which I have now cancelled is worth noticing, as it has been repeated by several writers on Heine. In Appendix IV. I quoted, as referring to Heine, a remark of Goethe given in Eckermann's "Conversations"—"One thing is lacking to him—love." The reference, as one of my reviewers pointed out, is not to Heine, but to Count Platen. "How could anyone," my critic adds, "acquainted with his [Heine's] genius assume that Goethe would give expression to such an absurd opinion?" We are all fallible, even the youngest, and I may plead as an extenuating circumstance that I was misled by Strodtmann, the only serious biographer of Heine, according to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and stand in the same dock with Mr. William Sharp, the author of the best English monograph on Heine, and with Mr. Matthew Arnold, who endorses the absurdity both in his "Essays in Criticism," and in his poem on "Heine's Grave."

# PREFACE.

IN presenting this attempt to introduce to English readers some specimens of Heine's prose, I should like to state briefly the considerations that have guided me in my selection. It has long surprised me that in spite of Heine's growing popularity in England—witness the biographies, monographs, magazine articles, and various versions of his lyrics that have lately appeared—no Englishman[1] has hitherto undertaken a complete version of the best known and most brilliant of Heine's prose writings. I therefore proposed to myself to translate the whole of the "Reisebilder;" but as I proceeded with the work, I discovered that I had set myself an impossible task. Even in the first three books there occur passages which I felt some hesitation in admitting, but let pass as at worst faults of taste, and essential for a just appreciation of Heine's genius. With the fourth book of the "Reisebilder," "Italien," the case was different. Here, most of all, there is need of George Eliot's "friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship," and, owing doubtless to my want of surgical skill, I found that when I had excised from the "Baths of Lucca" all that was offensive to English taste and decency, what remained was little better

[1] A translation of the "Reisebilder," by Mr. Charles Leland, the distinguished Romany scholar, was published in America in 1856.

than a *caput mortuum*. For a different reason I abandoned likewise the "Englische Fragmente." Mr. Snodgrass had already picked the plums, and the reader who was familiar with the "Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heine," would certainly be bored by Heine's very superficial and (except for occasional flashes of wit) not very amusing reflections on English society and politics. I had intended then to stop short with the first three books of the "Reisebilder," but an offer from Messrs. Bell to include the volume, if enlarged to the required size, in their Standard Library, tempted me to add something more, and no addition seemed to me so suitable as "The Romantic School," a sort of literary "Reisebilder." Though it forms the second part of the work published first in French under the title "De l'Allemagne," and afterwards in German under the title "Über Deutschland," yet it is complete in itself and well deserves George Eliot's commendation as "a delightful introduction to that phase of German literature known as the Romantic School." Moreover, the first part of "Über Deutschland," "On Religion and Philosophy in Germany," has been translated by Mr. Snodgrass, which is equivalent to saying that the translation has been done once and for all.

Throughout I have translated from the German text, but in revising my version I consulted the French edition, which, if not Heine's own, was published under his supervision and with his sanction. In the notes I have refrained from all criticism and illustration, restricting myself to the elucidation of anything in the text that might otherwise be unintelligible to a cultivated English reader. So, too, in the short appendices I have as far as possible left Heine to be his own commentator. In this part I have been much helped by Strodtmann's "Life of Heine." Professor Buchheim's and Mr. Colbeck's school editions of

Heine have also been of service in clearing up some obscure allusions.

My best thanks are due to my old friend Mr. E. D. A. Morshead for looking over the proofs of the "Reisebilder," and suggesting not a few happy turns and phrases. I have also to thank Messrs. Macmillan for permission to reprint my version of the "Berg-Idyllen" which appeared in "Macmillan's Magazine."

London: G. Bell & Sons.

E. Weller.

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# TRAVEL-PICTURES

"Nothing is constant but change, nothing sure but death. Each heart-beat is a wound, and life would be one long bleeding to death, were it not for poetry. Poetry gives us what Nature denies—a golden age that rusts not, a spring that never fades, cloudless bliss and everlasting youth."—Börne.

# TRAVEL-PICTURES.

## Book I.

### A TOUR IN THE HARZ.

Snowy wristbands, courtly ruffles,
  Coats of black and stockings blue,
Curtseys, compliments, caresses,
  Soulless, heartless, out on you!

Heartless, bloodless, loveless puppets,
  Who rehearse your lovers' parts!
How I loathe your empty mouthings,
  "Woes and throes" and "darts and smarts"!

To the mountains I will hie me,
  Simple, honest folk are there;
There the breast exults in freedom,
  Quaffs the liberal mountain air.

To the mountains, where the fir-trees
  Rear their dark tops 'gainst the sky,
Runnels bicker, wood-birds warble,
  And the clouds roll proudly by.

So farewell to polished salons,
  Ladies, gentlemen polite!
Soon shall I look down upon you,
  Laughing from my mountain height!

THE town of Göttingen, so celebrated for its sausages and university, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 inhabited houses, various churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a university prison, a library,

and a Town Hall tavern,[1] where the beer is excellent. The stream that flows past the town is the Leine, and serves in summer for bathing. The water is very cold, and in some places it is so broad that Ponto had to take a really good run to clear it. The town itself is pretty, and presents the most agreeable aspect—when we have turned our backs upon it. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt, for I remember when I matriculated there five years ago (just before I was requested to take my name off the books), it had the same grey knowing look about it that it has now, and was as fully provided as now with Charleys,[2] beadles, dissertations, *thés dansants*, washer-women, cram-books, pigeon-pies, Guelfic orders, graduates' visiting coaches,[3] pipe-bowls, court-councillors, law-councillors, rustication councillors, bull-dogs, and other sad dogs.[4] Some authorities actually maintain that the town dates from the days of the barbaric invasions, and according to them each German tribe dropped on its way a rough copy of itself, which accounts for all the Vandals, Frisians, Swabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, &c., who may be found in Göttingen even to the present day.[5] Our young barbarians still go in hordes, and you may distinguish them by the colours of their caps and pipe-tassels. They

[1] *Rathskeller.* The vaults under the Town Hall, owned by the Corporation, and let out as refreshment bars.

[2] *Schnurren.* Lit. "rattles," University slang for watchmen.

[3] The hired carriages in which a student pays his complimentary visit to the professors on the occasion of taking his degree.

[4] *Profaxen und andere Faxen.* An untranslatable pun. *Faxen* means "rubbish," and I have been told by a Göttingen graduate that *Profaxen* was the slang word for *Pedelle*, or "bull-dog," being a corruption of *præfectus*. Other authorities say that it is Heine's own coinage, and stands for "professors."

[5] An allusion to the students' clubs, which took their names from the primitive German tribes. For an account of their constitution and regulations, see Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies."

lounge along the Weenderstrasse on their way to the sanguinary battle-fields of Rasenmühle, Ritchenkrug, and Bovden,[1] where they are always pitching into one another. Their manners and customs are survivals from the age of the barbaric invasions, and they are governed partly by their *Duces* (prize cocks they style them), partly by their primitive code styled the *Comment*.[2] It well deserves a place among the *leges barbarorum*.

The inhabitants of Göttingen may be roughly classified under the heads of student, professor, philistine, and brute; but between these four estates there is no clearly marked distinction. The most important class are the brutes. To commemorate by name all the students and all the regular and irregular professors,[3] would exceed my limits, and at the present moment I cannot call to mind the names of all the students, while of the professors many have, as yet, no name. The Göttingen philistines[4]

[1] Villages in the immediate neighbourhood of Göttingen.

[2] The French word *comment*, *i.e.*, "how to behave," the students' code of duelling, &c.

[3] *Ordentliche und unordentliche Professoren*, a play on *O. und ausserordentliche P.*, "ordinary, and extraordinary, or supernumerary professors."

[4] This word, which Mr. Matthew Arnold has made so familiar to Englishmen, was originally the University slang for "town" as opposed to "gown." The philologists derive it as follows:—A student was killed at Jena in 1693 in a "town and gown row," and the University preacher of the day took for the text of his funeral sermon, Judges xvi. 9, "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" We are reminded of Mr. Trevelyan's lines in his "Dionysia":—

> "A Corpus sizar had been well nigh slain
> By twenty blackguards in St. Botolph's Lane,
> The Mayor approved his fellow-townsmen's pluck,
> And fined the gownsman two pound ten for luck.
> As pensively he rubbed his broken head,
> 'Confound old currier Ball,' the gownsman said."

must be numerous as the sand, or rather as the flakes of scum on the sea-shore; indeed, when I see them in the morning, planted before the gates of the academic court with their white bills and dirty faces, I can hardly conceive how God can ever have created such a pack of rascals.

Further details about the town may be conveniently studied in Marx's "Topography of Göttingen." Although I am devotedly attached to the author, who was my doctor, and dosed me with nothing but kindness, yet I am unable to praise his work without reservation; and it is my painful duty to take him to task for not expressly and emphatically contradicting the current scandal about the big feet of Göttingen women. Indeed, I have been occupied for some time past with a serious refutation of this heresy, and with this express object have joined a class of comparative anatomy, made extracts from the rarest volumes in the library, stood in the Weenderstrasse for hours at a spell studying the feet of the ladies as they walked by, and in the exhaustive treatise which embodies the result of these studies, I treat of (1) feet in general, (2) feet in the old world, (3) elephants' feet, (4) the feet of Göttingen women, (5) I collate the various remarks on their feet that have been overheard in Ulrich's tea-gardens, (6) I consider these feet in their further relations, and take the opportunity of enlarging on calves, knees, &c., (7) and lastly, if I can obtain paper of sufficient size, I will add some copperplate facsimiles of the Göttingen female foot.

I left Göttingen at an early hour, and the learned Eichhorn[1] was doubtless still in bed and dreaming, as usual, that he was walking in a beautiful garden, the flower-beds planted with nothing but slips of white paper inscribed with quotations. These paper flowers were radiant with sunlight, and in his dream he went about plucking one and another, and carefully transplanted them

[1] So the French version; in the German there are asterisks.

to a new bed, while the nightingales enraptured his old heart with their sweetest melodies.

Near the Weender gate I was met by two small schoolboys, both genuine natives. One of them was saying to the other, "I really must cut that Theodore; he's a cad; why yesterday he actually did not know the genitive of *mensa*." Trivial as these words may sound, I feel bound to report them, and I should even like to inscribe them straightway on the gate, as the town motto; for according to the proverb the young birds peep as the old birds pipe, and these words are a sign and summary of the dry, narrow pedantry of the learned University of Göttingen.

As I left the street for the high road a fresh morning breeze was blowing, the birds were singing merrily. My spirits gradually rose, and I, too, felt fresh and gay again. I needed such refreshment. I had long been tied up in the stables of the Pandects; my brain was still filled with cobwebs of Roman casuists; my heart was cabined and confined between the iron paragraphs of selfish legal systems; my ears were still bedinned with names like Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian, Asinian,[1] and I positively mistook a pair of lovers sitting hand in hand under a tree for an edition of the Corpus Juris with clasps. Early as it was the road was beginning to grow alive. Milk-women passed me; donkey-drivers, too, with their grey-coated charges. Past Weende I came upon the Shepherd and Doris, not the idyllic pair of Gessner's[2] poem, but a couple of regulation university bull-dogs, whose office

[1] *Dummerjahn.* A coinage of Heine's. Heine was a law-student at Bonn in 1819, and afterwards at Göttingen, where he graduated as Doctor of Law in 1825.

[2] Salomon Gessner (1730-1787) published his "Idylls" in 1756. In his time he was reckoned a famous poet, and received the name of the German Theocritus. His "Death of Abel" used to be a popular book in England some fifty years ago.

it is to keep a sharp look-out that no students fight duels at Bovden, and that no speculative private tutor smuggle into the university any new ideas—the appointed quarantine for such wares being at Göttingen a score or two of years. The Shepherd greeted me quite as a colleague, for in fact he, too, is an author, and has often mentioned me in his half-yearly publications, let alone the fact that he has often *cited* me, and whenever he did not find me at home, most kindly written the invitation in chalk on my oak. Now and again too, a one-horse carriage bowled past me, crammed with students departing for the holidays or for ever. In a university town like Göttingen there is a constant coming and going. Every three years sees a new generation of students. Life there is a flood, each term is a wave that presses on the last one, and the only fixed points in this universal movement are the old professors, immovable like the Pyramids of Egypt—only in these Göttingen pyramids no wisdom lies hidden.

From the Myrtle alley at Rauschenwasser I saw a pair of hopeful youths starting on horseback. A lady friend of theirs gave them the benefit of her company as far as the high road. She slapped with practised hand the lean flanks of their hacks, and laughed loud when one of the horsemen paid her back in kind with his riding-whip the attention she had bestowed on his steed; then she took leave of them, being bound for Bovden. The youths, however, were on their way to Nörten, and galloped off with a most artistic jodel, and a charming rendering of Rossini's song, "Drink beer, Lizzie, Lizzie dear!" I could hear their voices long after the minstrel pair had disappeared from sight, furiously lashing and spurring their steeds, whose natural slowness seemed to indicate the true German breed. Nowhere is the knacker's trade more flourishing than at Göttingen, and often when I have seen a poor

lame jaded hack tortured by our Rauschenwasser riders to earn its sorry feed, or actually forced to drag along a whole carriage-full of students, I have thought, like Voltaire, "Poor brute, thy progenitors must have eaten forbidden oats in Paradise."

In the inn at Nörten I came across the two youths again. One of them was consuming a herring salad; the other was entertaining himself with the sallow maid of the inn, yclept Fusia Kanina, alias Canary. A few gallant remarks on his part, and the two were soon hand and glove together. To lighten my knapsack, I took out of it my blue trousers, a remarkable garment from a historian's point of view, and presented them to the little waiter who went by the name of the humming-bird. Meanwhile Bussenia, the ancient hostess, brought me a sandwich, and complained that I came so seldom now to see her—she is very fond of me.

Behind Nörten the sun was high in heaven. With genial kindliness he warmed my head, ripening and maturing all my crude thoughts. Neither is the other *Sun* at Nordheim to be despised. I turned in at this excellent hostel, and found dinner ready waiting me. All the dishes were well cooked, and far more palatable to my taste than the uninviting academic fare I had been used to at Göttingen—savourless, leathery stock-fish and stale cabbages. After taking the edge off my appetite, I noticed in the same room a gentleman with two ladies, on the point of taking their departure. The gentleman was dressed in green from top to toe, including a pair of green spectacles, which cast a verdigris reflection on his coppery nose. He looked like Nebuchadnezzar in his later years, when, according to tradition, the monarch became like a beast of the field and ate nothing but greens. The green gentleman asked me to recommend him an hotel in Göttingen,

and I advised him to inquire of the first student he met for the Hôtel de Brühbach. One of the two ladies was his wife, a very tall, extensive woman; a red face about a mile square, with dimples in the cheeks which looked like spittoons for Cupids; a double chin which seemed a clumsy continuation of the face, and an imposing bust, encompassed with scarp and counterscarp, and curtains of point-lace and starched frills, reminding one of a fortress.[1] Doubtless like those of which Philip of Macedon speaks, it, too, might have been entered by an ass laden with gold. The other lady, the sister, was the antipodes of the first. If the one was descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the other was sprung from the lean. The face, nothing but a mouth between two ears, the bust as bare and cheerless as the Lüneburg heath; her appearance generally had the starved look of a sizar's table. Both the ladies asked me simultaneously whether the Hôtel de Brühbach was frequented by respectable people. I answered "Yes" with a good conscience, and as the worthy trio drove off, I waved my adieux again at the window. Mine host of the Sun laughed in his sleeve, knowing probably that the Hôtel de Brühbach is the slang name for the University prison at Göttingen.

Past Nordheim the country begins to rise, and here and there some fine hills come in view. On the road I met mostly hucksters bound for the Brunswick fair, and also a crowd of women, each of them carrying on her back a huge cage almost as high as a house, covered with white linen. These contained all sorts of singing-birds, which kept up a constant piping and twittering; while their bearers hopped along and chattered also. It was comic to see one bird carrying other birds to market.

It was pitch dark when I reached Osterode. I had no

[1] Cf. the description of Mrs. Merdle in "Little Dorrit."

appetite for supper and went straight to bed. I was dog-tired and slept the sleep of the just. In my dreams I was back again at Göttingen and in the Library there. I was standing in a corner of the law-room, plodding through ancient dissertations and absorbed in study. When I looked up from my books I noticed to my astonishment that it was night, and that the hall was lit up by crystal chandeliers. The neighbouring church clock struck twelve; the hall-door opened slowly and there entered a majestic lady of colossal stature, attended by a train of members and associates of the legal Faculty. The giantess, though advanced in years, still showed traces of austere beauty; her looks, her every trait, proclaimed a Titaness, the mighty Themis; sword and balance were both carried carelessly in one hand, in the other she held a roll of parchment; two young doctors of law bore her train of faded grey; on her right side was the lean councillor, Rusticus,[1] the Lycurgus of Hanover, moving airily about, declaiming on his new *projet de loi;* on her left was her cavaliere servente, Privy Councillor Cujacius,[2] hobbling about with amiable gallantry, while he kept on cracking legal jokes, and laughed so heartily at his own wit, that the grave goddess was forced more than once to smile, and bending down to tap his shoulder with her big parchment roll, and chide him good-humouredly, "You young good-for-nothing," she whispered, "cutting down trees from the top." Meanwhile each of the other gentlemen approached the goddess with a smile and an observation, some newly excogitated system or hypothesis or other abortion of their own brains. Through the

[1] A nickname for Bauer, a professor of law.

[2] A nickname of Hugo, given the professor because he was always quoting the French jurist Cujas. The joke about the trees is an allusion to a learned controversy between Hugo and Thibaut of Heidelberg on a point of Roman law, *de arboribus cædendis ne luminibus officiatur.*

open hall-door there entered several more gentlemen, who announced themselves as the remaining magnates of the illustrious order of the coif, for the most part angular, sharp-nosed fellows, who with arrant self-complacency set to work defining and hair-splitting and disputing hammer and tongs over every jot and tittle of a title of the Pandects. And still there flocked in new arrivals—old Benchers in antiquated garbs, with white bobtail wigs and long-forgotten faces, much surprised that they, the celebrities of the last century, received no special attention. These too, after their fashion, joined in the universal chattering and shouting and screaming, which grew wilder and louder, swelling and surging round the goddess like ocean breakers, till her majesty lost patience, and suddenly, in the tones of an agonized Titaness, exclaimed, "Silence! silence! I hear the voice of beloved Prometheus; tyrannic Power and brute Force are rivetting the innocent one to his rock of martyrdom, and all your chattering and wrangling cannot staunch his wounds or break his fetters." So cried the goddess, and streams of tears burst from her eyes; the whole assembly howled in the agonies of death; the hall-roof cracked, the books tumbled down from their shelves; in vain old Münchhausen[1] stepped out of his frame and cried silence in the court; the hubbub and shrieking grew madder and madder, and from this Bedlam let loose I fled for refuge to the hall of history, and took sanctuary where the sacred statues of Apollo Belvedere and the Venus de Medici stand side by side. I flung myself at the feet of the goddess of beauty. Gazing at her fair face, I forgot the hideous rout from which I had escaped; my enraptured eyes drank in the symmetry and immortal loveliness of her

[1] Baron Münchhausen, Minister to the Elector of Hanover and King of England, George II., and founder of the University of Göttingen, 1733, in whose honour it was named Georgia Augusta.

form divine. Hellenic calm possessed my senses, and over my head, as in benediction, Apollo poured his sweetest lyric strains.

I awoke with music still ringing in my ears. It was the bells of the cows being driven to pasture. The golden sun smiled in at my window and lit up the paintings on the walls—scenes from the War of Independence, which faithfully portrayed what heroes we all were; execution scenes from the French Revolution, Louis XVI. at the guillotine, and similar beheadings, a sight of which makes a man thank God that he is lying safe in bed, drinking excellent coffee, with his head still on his shoulders. After my cup of coffee I dressed, read all the inscriptions on the window panes, settled my score, and then left Osterode. Osterode has *x* houses, *y* inhabitants, including *z* souls. For particulars, *vide* Gottschalk's "Guide to the Harz Country." Before striking the high road I ascended the ruins of the ancient Osterode fortress. All that is left of it is one half of a large, thick-walled, honey-combed tower. The way to Klausthal is still uphill, and from one of the first heights I looked back once again at Osterode with its red roofs peeping from the green fir-forests like a moss rose. The sun poured on it the innocent brightness of a newborn day. Seen from the rear the portion of the tower still standing has an imposing aspect.

There are many other ruined castles in the neighbourhood, the finest of which is the Hardenberg, near Nörten. Though your heart is in the right place—I mean on the left side, as a Liberal's should be—you still cannot view without some feeling of sadness the rocky nests of these privileged birds of prey, who bequeathed to their weak descendants nothing but their ravenous appetites. Such at least were my thoughts that morning. The farther I got from Göttingen the more my frozen spirits thawed. Poetic feelings

long dormant again awoke in me and shaped themselves as I journeyed in the following song:—

Rise again, departed visions,
Open, portals of my heart!
Magic melodies re-echo,
Once again the good tears start.

Through the fir-wood let me wander,
Where the merry brooklet springs,
Where the antlered harts are roaming,
And the merry mavis sings.

Up the hillside let me clamber,
Scale the craggy mountain height,
Where the grey old castle-ruins
Glimmer in the morning light.

There I'll sit me down and ponder
Memories of the ancient race,
Lords and ladies gay, who perished
In their power and pride of place.

Silent are the lists and grass-grown,
Where in tournament the knight
Overthrew the proudest champions,
Gained the guerdon of the fight;

And the balconies with ivy
Gloom, where beauty's gleaming eyes
Overthrew the overthrower,
Won the winner of the prize.

Victor, victress, both have vanished,
Overcome by Death's cold hand;
He, the lean knight of the sickle,
Lays all level with the sand.

A little further on my road I met a travelling journeyman who hailed from Brunswick. It was rumoured there (so he told me) that the young Duke[1] had been taken prisoner by the Turks, on his way to the Holy Land, and

[1] Duke Karl, son of Friedrich Wilhelm, the Duke of Brunswick who fell at Quatre Bras.

a heavy ransom must be raised to liberate him. The myth probably originated in the Duke's distant tour. There still survives among the people the mythopœic imagination which gave birth to the beautiful tradition of Herzog Ernst.[1] My informer was a tailor's apprentice, a puny youth so thin that the stars might have shone through him as through Ossian's phantoms of the mist. In brief, he presented that curious medley of humour and melancholy which characterizes our nation. This peculiarity was particularly noticeable in the comic pathos with which he sang that wonderful Volkslied, "A chafer on the hegerow sat, summ summ!" It's a good thing about us Germans that no one is so crazy but he can find a crazier countryman to understand him. No one but a German can enter into the spirit of that chafer song and weep and laugh himself to death over it. My new companion furnished another instance how deeply Goethe's words have sunk into the heart of the people. He went on humming to himself from time to time. "Sorrowful, joyful, thought it is free!"[2] Uneducated people are apt to corrupt the text. Another of my tailor's songs was "Lottie at her Werther's grave,"[3] and at the words—

> "Lone I linger by the rose-clad bower,
> Where the late moon spied us from above;
> Weeping watch the fountain's silver shower—
> Once its ripples murmured only love"—

the sentiment was too much for him.

[1] Herzog Ernst, the German Ulysses, is the subject of endless mediæval legends. A full account of his wanderings and adventures may be found in Kœnig's "Deutsche Literaturgeschichte," pp. 53-55.

[2] Clärchen's song in Goethe's "Egmont," *Freudvoll und Leidvoll, Gedankenvoll sein*, muddled up with the refrain of a Volkslied, or possibly Stephano's "Scout 'em and flout 'em, Thought is free" ("Tempest," iii. 2, 130).

[3] A sentimental song from Wieland's "Der Deutsche Mercur," published 1775, the magazine in which his "Die Abderiten" and "Oberon" first appeared.

But soon after he recovered his sprightliness and told me about a Prussian fellow-lodger at Kassel who made just such songs himself. "He can't sew a blessed stitch," he added, "and if he has one penny in his pocket he wants to drink two, and if he's in his cups he mistakes the sky for a blue wrapper, and weeps like a water-cart, and sings a song with double poetry." The last expression I asked to have explained, but my remnant of a tailor hopped about on his spindle-shanks, and kept on exclaiming, "Double poetry is double poetry." At last I extracted from him that he was thinking of poetry in stanzas with double rimes. Meanwhile, thanks to his active movements and a strong wind which was blowing in his face, my knight of the needle had grown quite exhausted. He still made a brave pretence of marching, and blustered about girding up his loins, but he soon gave in and complained that he had blistered his feet, and that the world was far too wide. At last he sank down at the foot of a tree, rocked his poor little head, as a lamb in distress waggles its tail, and exclaimed with a melancholy smile, "Knocked up again like an old screw, only fit for the knacker." [1]

At this point the hills grow steeper. Beneath, the fir forests waved like a green ocean, and above the white clouds sailed along the blue sky. The wildness of the landscape was toned down and tamed, as it were, by its uniformity and simplicity. Nature, like a true poet, will have no violent transitions. The clouds, however fantastic their forms may sometimes be, always harmonize in tone (generally a white, always a subdued colour) with the blue

[1] The story of the journeyman tailor is a mixture of *Wahrheit* and *Dichtung*. The true story, as given in Strodtmann's "Heine's Leben," vol. i., pp. 339-342, is that Heine tried to mystify a certain Herr Carl D——e, whom he chanced to meet on the road between Osterode and Klausthal, and was hoist with his own petar.

sky and the green earth. Thus all the tones of a landscape blend together in soft accord, and every aspect of nature soothes the nerves and calms the spirit. (The late Hoffmann,[1] would have described the clouds as "a dappled motley.") And, like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest effects with the fewest materials—sun, trees, flowers, water, and love; that is all. If, indeed, the last is wanting in the heart of the beholder, the whole is likely to seem to him a daub; the sun is only so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for firewood, the flowers are classified by the number of their stamens, and the water is—wet.

A small boy, who was gathering brushwood for his sick uncle, pointed out to me Lerrbach. The low grey roofs of this village stretch for more than half a league down the valley. "That's where the silly *goître* folk live," he told me, "and the *whiteamoors*." This is the country name for Albinos. The boy was on quite familiar terms with the trees; he greeted them like old friends, and they on their part seemed with their rustling to return his greeting. He whistled like a greenfinch, the other birds all round him twittered in reply, and before I was aware of it he had started off into the thicket with his naked feet and his bundle of brushwood. Children, I mused, are younger than we, and can still remember when they, too, were trees or birds, and so can still understand their language. We grown-up folks are too old, and have too many cares, too much law and bad poetry in our heads. My entrance into Klausthal brought vividly to my recollection those childish days when it was otherwise with me. This neat little mountain town, which is not seen till one is almost in it, I reached just as the clock struck twelve,

[1] The author of "Fantastic Tales." See "Romantic School," p. 279.

and the children came shouting out of school. The dear children, nearly all of them red-cheeked, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired, ran about and hallooed, and awoke in me bitter-sweet memories of the days when I myself was a youngster in a dismal monastery school at Düsseldorf, compelled to sit the whole blessed morning on my wooden bench, and endure all those hours of Latin, caning, and geography; and then, when at last the old Franciscan clock struck twelve, shouting and screaming just as madly as they. The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and gave me a most hospitable greeting. One of them told me they had just been having a divinity lesson, and showed me the royal Hanover catechism which serves to test their orthodoxy. The class-book was very badly printed, and I fear that in consequence their religious instructors produce an unpleasant blotting-papery impression on their scholars. I was horribly shocked, too, to find that the multiplication table is bound up with the catechism, and, in fact, printed on the last page, though it is not easy to reconcile with the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, and that children are thus from their earliest years liable to be led into mortal doubts. In Prussia we are much wiser, and with all our zeal to convert our mathematical freethinkers, we are careful not to print the multiplication table on the back of the catechism.

At the Crown at Klausthal I stopped to dine. My dinner consisted of green parsley soup, violet-coloured cabbage, a joint of roast veal, a Chimborazo in miniature, and a kind of bloater called Bückings, after the name of the inventor, Wilhelm Bücking,[1] who died in 1447, and was held in such esteem for his invention by Charles V., that the

[1] Heine's popular etymology will not hold water, the name being far older than the fifteenth century. It probably comes from *bock*, a he-goat, the connection of course being the smell.

emperor travelled from Middelberg to Bievlied in Zealand simply to visit the tomb of the great man. What a zest it adds to a dish when one knows all its history, and eats it! Only my after-dinner cup of coffee was spoiled by a discursive gentleman who joined me and talked away in such thunder and lightning style that he turned the milk sour. He was a young commercial traveller, with five-and-twenty flowered waistcoats, and the same number of seals, rings, pins, &c. He looked like a monkey rigged out in a red jacket, who says to himself, "Clothes make the man." He knew by heart an endless number of charades and anecdotes, which he was always dragging in *mal-à-propos*. He asked me what was the latest news from Göttingen, and I told him that just before my departure the University Senate had passed a decree imposing a penalty of three thalers on anyone who docked his dog's tail; because in the dog-days mad dogs keep their tails between their legs, and can thus be distinguished, which would be impossible if they all were tailless. After dinner I started to visit the silver mines, the smelting-houses, and the mint.

In the smelting-houses, with my usual luck in life, I missed the glitter of the precious ore.[1] In the mint I got so far as to look in and see how money is made. Further than this I have not as yet advanced. On such occasions I have always been a looker-on, and I verily believe that if it rained thalers I should only get holes in my head, while the children of Israel would merrily gather the silver manna. With a curiously mixed feeling of reverence and emotion, I watched the bright new thalers, took up one as it came fresh from the die, and thus addressed it: "Young Thaler, what fortunes await thee! how much good and how much evil wilt thou

[1] *Ich habe den Silberblick verfehlt.* An untranslatable pun, *Silberblick* meaning both "the peculiar gleam of molten silver" and "luck."

bring forth! how wilt thou protect vice and patch up virtue! how wilt thou be loved and then cursed! how wilt thou promote debauchery, pandering, lying, and murder! How wilt thou pass through clean and dirty hands for restless centuries, till at last thou art gathered, travel-stained and sin-worn, to thy fellows in Abraham's bosom, who will melt thee down, and refine thee, and recast thee in a new and better mould—it may be an innocent tea-spoon, with which my own great-great-grandson will stir his porridge."

The exploration of the two principal mines at Klausthal —the Dorothea and Carolina—I found extremely interesting, and I must give a full account of them.

A mile and a half from the town you reach two large dark buildings, where you are at once taken in hand by the miners. Their dress consists of a loose jacket, reaching to the legs, of a sad colour, generally a steel blue, trousers of the same colour, a leathern apron worn behind, and a small green felt hat without any rim, like a decapitated ninepin. The visitor is rigged out in the same costume, omitting the apron, and, with a head-miner as guide, who first lights his dib, is conducted to a dark hole, which looks like the shaft of a chimney. After descending, till only his head remained visible, the guide paused to give directions how I was to grasp the ladders, and then bade me follow fearlessly. Dangerous as it seems to anyone who is unfamiliar with a mine, there is really no danger in the expedition. The mere fact of having to put on the dark convict's dress produces a peculiar sensation; and then one has to clamber on all fours, and the black hole is so damnably black, and God only knows how long the ladder may be. But one soon perceives that the steps which lead to the fathomless abyss are not a single ladder, but several ladders, each consisting of fifteen to twenty rungs, and ending in a small board just large enough to stand on, with a hole in it

which leads to a new ladder. I first entered the Carolina mine—the dirtiest and most unpleasant Carolina I ever knew. The rungs are slimy, and you descend from ladder to ladder, the guide in front, who keeps on telling you there is no danger, only you must keep fast hold of the rungs, and not look at your feet, and not get giddy, and, as you value your life, not step on the side boarding, where you can now hear the creaking of the ascending bucket rope, and where, a fortnight ago, a careless visitor fell down, and unfortunately broke his neck. Below there is a confused whirr and rumble; you are constantly stumbling against beams and ropes which are drawing up the quarried mineral or the water of the mine. At times, too, one comes upon excavated galleries, called stulms, where you can see the silver *in situ*, and where the lonely miner has to sit the whole day hammering the bits of ore from the walls. The deepest part, where, as some assert, you can hear the people in America shouting, "Hurrah, Lafayette!" I failed to reach, and, between ourselves, the point I reached seemed to me deep enough—a constant rumbling and roaring, mysterious creaking of machinery, bubbling of subterraneous springs, dripping of water everywhere, sickening exhalations, and the miner's candle giving an ever feebler flicker in the lonely night. In fact, I felt half dazed; I found it hard to breathe, and had difficulty in holding on to the slippery rungs. I did not experience a trace of that nervousness to which visitors are said to be liable, but, strangely enough, in the depths of the mine I remembered how the year before, at about the same time, I came in for a squall on the North Sea, and I thought now how comfortable and cozy it would be to feel the vessel pitching and tossing, to hear the winds giving forth their trumpet obligatos amid the merry shouts of the sailors, while God's free air breathes over all. Yes, air! I gasped for

air as I re-ascended some dozen ladders, and my guide led me through a long, narrow, rock-hewn gallery, which led to the Dorothea mine. This mine is fresher and more cheerful, and the ladders are cleaner, though longer and steeper, than in the last. My spirits rose accordingly, and I was still more relieved at finding again signs of life. I saw at the bottom moving lights; miners with their dibs came gradually into view; they gave us a "God speed!" as they passed upwards, and were answered with the same greeting by our party. Like an indistinct memory that soothes us with its visions of calm, and perplexes us with its mazy mystery, I beheld in the dim candlelight the faces of these young and old miners, somewhat pale and solemn, as they gazed at me with their clear thoughtful eyes. The livelong day they had been working in their dark lonely shafts, and were now yearning for the blessed light of day, and the eyes of wife and child.

My cicerone himself was a genuine German, simple as a child, and faithful as a hound. It was a real pleasure to him to show me the spot where the Duke of Cambridge had been feasted, with all his retinue, on his visit to the mine; the long wooden dining-table, and the great metal chair on which the duke sat. This, my worthy miner told me, is preserved as a lasting memorial; and he grew quite animated as he related all the festivities that took place on the occasion—how the whole boring was decorated with candles, flowers, and festoons; how a miner had played and sung to the zither; how the dear fat duke was enraptured, and drained no end of healths; how half the miners, and himself in particular, were ready and willing to die for the dear fat duke and all the House of Hanover. It always moves me deeply to witness the simple, natural expression of this instinctive feeling of loyalty. It is a noble feeling, and a thoroughly German feeling. Other

nations may be cleverer, and wittier, and more fascinating, but none is so true as the true German nation. If I did not know that truth is as old as the world, I could well believe that a German heart had discovered it. German truth! It is no modern flourish. In your courts, ye German princes, should be sung and resung the lay of the true Eckhart, and the wicked Burgundian who murdered his henchman's children, and yet found his henchman still leal and true. You have the truest and faithfullest people in the world, and you are mistaken in thinking that the old, sensible, faithful hound has suddenly gone mad, and is snapping at your consecrated calves.

Like German truth, the modest miner's lamp had led us with little flame or flare, but in perfect peace and safety, through the labyrinth of shafts and stulms. We emerged from the murky night of the mine into the full sunlight. God speed!

Most of the miners live in Klausthal and Zellerfeld, an outlying suburb. I visited several of these honest fellows in their homes, observed their modest household arrangements, heard some of their songs, which they accompany very prettily on the zither, their favourite instrument, got them to tell me their old fairy tales and stories of the mines, and also to repeat the prayers which they are accustomed to offer up in common before descending the dark shaft, and joined myself in many a good prayer. An old guide actually proposed that I should stay with them, and turn miner, and when I took my leave he gave me a message for his brother, who lives in the neighbourhood of Goslar, and lots of kisses for his dear little niece.

Calm and stagnant as the life of these people appears, it is still a genuine living life. The ancient palsied crone who was sitting behind the stove opposite the great clothes-press, may have been sitting there for a quarter of a

century, and her thoughts and feelings have assuredly grown one with every crack and cranny of the stove, every carving and moulding of the press. And press and stove are living things, for a human being has breathed into them a portion of his soul.

Nothing but this life of direct intuition could have produced the German fairy tale, the peculiarity of which is that not only beasts and plants, but objects that seem to us wholly inanimate, both speak and act. To open-eyed, harmless folk, in the quiet and peaceful privacy of their lowly homes on the mountain or in the forest, the inner life of such objects revealed itself; each acquired in their eyes an essential and consistent character of its own, a delicious blending of the wild play of fancy and purely human sentiment. This is why these fairy stories are marvellous; bu there is a method in their marvels. Needle and pin come from the tailor's shop, and lose their way in the dark; straw and coal try to cross the stream, and fall in; dust-pan and besom stand on the stairs, and wrangle, and fall to blows; the glass, when questioned, shows the image of the fairest woman; nay, the blood-drops begin to speak dark, troubled words of deep-felt compassion.[1] This, too, is why our life in childhood is so full of infinite significance. Then, all is of equal importance to us; we hear all, we see all, all impressions affect us equally; whereas, later on, we act with more definite ends, and occupy ourselves more exclusively with particulars, and laboriously exchange the pure gold of intuition for the paper-money of book definitions, and our lives gain in breadth what they lose in depth and intensity. Now we are grown ups and people of consequence; we are always getting into new houses; the housemaid makes a clean sweep every day, and shifts at

[1] These German fairy stories are familiar to us through Grimm's "Kinder- und Hausmärchen."

her will and pleasure the furniture which has little interest for us, because it is either new, or because it may be ours to-day and the Jews' to-morrow. Even our clothes are strange to us. We hardly know how many buttons the very coat on our back has. We change as often as possible each article of dress; none of them is connected in any way with our bodily or mental development. Why, we can hardly remember how that brown waistcoat looked that once drew down on us so much laughter, and on whose broad stripes, notwithstanding, the lovely hand of our lady-love so lovingly rested.

The old woman opposite the big press behind the stove wore a flowered gown of faded stuff—the wedding dress of her departed mother. Her great-grandson, a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, in a miner's dress, sat at her feet, and counted the flowers of her gown. She has doubtless told him many a pretty tale about this gown, many a grave romance that the youngster is not likely soon to forget, which will often flit across his mind when he grows to manhood and pursues his lonely labours in the dark galleries of the Carolina mine, and which he will perhaps relate again when the good old grandmother has been long in her grave, and he himself is sitting, a feeble, silver-haired old man, with his grandchildren around him, opposite the big press behind the stove.

I stayed for the night at the Crown, where meanwhile Councillor Bouterweck had also arrived from Göttingen. I had the pleasure of paying my respects to the old gentleman. While writing my name in the visitors' book, and turning over the pages under the date of July, I stumbled on the honoured name of Adalbert von Chamisso,[1] the biographer of the immortal Peter Schlemihl. The landlord

[1] See the "Romantic School."

told me that it was awful weather when the gentleman came, and just as bad when he left.

The next morning I had to lighten my knapsack again. I threw overboard the pair of boots it contained, and journeyed on my way to Goslar. I got there somehow, but I can't say how. All I remember is sauntering again uphill and downhill, looking down on many a pretty dell; the rippling of silver rivulets, the sweet twittering of wood birds, and tinkling of cow-bells; while the varied greens of the woodland were all tinged with gold by the bright sun, and, above, the blue silken canopy of the heavens was so transparent that one could gaze straight into the very holy of holies, and see the angels sitting at God's feet, and studying in His features their thorough bass. I, however, was still absorbed by a dream of the night before that I could not get out of my head. It was the old tale of a knight descending into a deep well-spring, beneath which the loveliest of princesses lies as dead under the spell of a magic sleep. I was the knight, and the well the dark Klausthal mine; and suddenly there appeared a multitude of lights, and out of every cranny leapt the guardians of the mine—dwarfs who made angry faces, cut at me with their short swords, blew a shrill blast on their horns, which brought more and more to the rescue, their big heads wagging horribly. As I struck out at them, and blood began to flow, it flashed upon me that these were the red-bearded thistles growing by the roadside whose heads I had struck off with my stick the day before. So the dwarfs were all scattered and fled, and I entered a brightly lighted state chamber. In the middle, veiled in white, cold and motionless as a statue, stood the lady of my heart; and I kissed her mouth, and, by the living God, I felt the blessed breath of her soul and the sweet trembling of her lips. It was as though I heard God saying, "Let there be light!" I was dazzled by a sudden ray of the eternal

light, but instantly it was night again, and all was chaos, mingled and merged in one wild waste of waters. A wild waste of waters! over the yeasty ocean scudded the ghosts of the dead, their white shrouds fluttered in the wind; behind them, hounding them on with cracking whip, ran a motley harlequin, and the harlequin was I—— And suddenly from the dark waves the monsters of the deep raised their misshapen heads and rushed at me with their claws, and with terror I awoke.

Alas, how often the loveliest fairy tales come to nothing. Properly the knight, on finding the sleeping princess, should cut a piece out of her veil, and when by his daring her magic sleep had been broken and she is sitting again in her palace on her golden throne, the knight should approach her, and say, "My fairest princess, dost thou know me?" And she should answer, "My bravest knight, I know thee not." And then he shows her the bit he cut from her veil, which exactly fits the gap in it, and they fall into each other's arms, and the trumpets blow, and the marriage is celebrated.

It is, indeed, part of my usual bad luck that my love-dreams rarely have such a happy ending.

The name of Goslar has such a pleasant sound, and is associated with so many imperial memories of old days, that I expected to see an imposing, stately city. But, as is usual with a near view of greatness, I found a mere rookery, mostly a maze of narrow streets, through the middle of which a foul, sluggish stream flows, apparently the Gose, while the pavement is as rough and jolting as Berlin hexameters. What piquancy it has must be sought in the antiquities of the outskirts, remains of walls, towers, and battlements. The walls of one of the towers, called the Donjon, are so thick that full-sized chambers are cut in them. The open place outside the town, where the

famous shooting matches are held, is a fine large meadow surrounded by hills. The market-place is small; in the middle is a fountain, which falls into a large metal basin. When there is a fire in the town, the alarm is sometimes given by striking on the basin; the ringing sound can be heard at a great distance. Of the origin of this basin nothing is known. Some say the devil put it one night in the market-place. In those days people were stupid, and the devil was stupid too, and it was a case of give and take.

The town-hall at Goslar is a whitewashed guard-room. The adjoining guild-hall is a more decent-looking building. About half-way between the ground and the roof are ranged statues of the German emperors, black with smoke, and with patches of gilding, the sceptre in one hand and the orb in the other, looking like roasted University beadles. One of these emperors has a sword instead of the sceptre. I could not discover the meaning of this distinction, though it undoubtedly has some meaning of its own, for it is a remarkable peculiarity of the Germans to have some deep meaning in all that they do.

Gottschalk's Guide has a great deal to say about the defunct cathedral and the famous emperor's chair at Goslar; but on asking for them I was told that the cathedral had been pulled down, and the chair removed to Berlin. We live in an age of revolutions; immemorial cathedrals are demolished and imperial thrones stowed away in the lumber-room.

A few curiosities from the old cathedral are now exhibited in the church of St. Stephen—some very fine painted glass, some daubs, one of which is said to be a Lucas Cranach, a wooden crucifix, and a pagan sacrificial altar made of some unknown metal. The altar has the shape of an oblong chest, and is supported by four Caryatides with bent

backs and upturned hands, a horrible grimace on their faces. Still more horrible is the great wooden crucifix which is near the altar. The head of the Christ, with natural hair and thorns and blood-besmeared face, is a masterly representation of the death-struggle of a mortal, but not of a God-born Saviour. The carving of the face portrays only material suffering, not the poetry of pain. The figure is better fitted for an anatomical museum than a sacred edifice. The pew-opener who took me round was a bit of a connoisseur, and showed me further as a special rarity a well-polished polygon of black wood with white figures on it, hanging like a candelabrum in the middle of the church. What a splendid instance of the inventive powers of the Protestant Church! Who would have thought it? The figures on this polygon are the numbers of the hymns which are generally written in chalk on a black board, and so produce a depressing effect on our æsthetic feelings; whereas by this invention they actually serve as an ornament to the church, and fully compensate for the missing Raphaels. Such improvements afford me infinite satisfaction. As I am a Protestant, and a Lutheran to boot, it would annoy and pain me if a Catholic antagonist could twit me with the bare God-forsaken appearance of Protestant churches.

I stayed at an inn near the market-place. I should have liked the dinner they gave me better if the landlord, with a portentously long face and long-winded questions, had not joined me at table. Luckily I was soon rid of him. Another traveller arrived, who had to answer the same questions in the same order—quis? quid? ubi? quibus auxiliis? cur? quomodo? quando?[1] The stranger was an old, weary, worn-out man, who, as I learnt from

[1] The mnemonic hexameter, giving the seven categories of mediæval logic.

his conversation, had been all over the world, resided for many years in Batavia, made a fortune there, and lost it all again. He was now returning, after an absence of thirty years, to Quedlinburg, his native town, "where," he added, "we have a family vault." The landlord made the enlightened remark that it can make no difference to the soul where our body is buried. "Can you give chapter and verse for that?" answered the stranger, pursing his thin lips and screwing up his lack-lustre eyes in a most uncomfortable way. "But," he added, in a deprecatory tone, "I intended no reflection on foreign graves by my remarks;—the Turkish manner of burial is far prettier than ours; their churchyards are perfect gardens; there they sit on their white turbaned tombstones under the shadow of a cypress, and stroke their solemn beards, and peacefully smoke Turkish tobacco out of their long Turkish pipes;—and among the Chinese it does one good to see how prettily they dance round the resting-places of their dead, and pray, and drink tea, and play the fiddle, and ornament their beloved graves with all sorts of gilded lattice-work and porcelain figures, rags of gay silks, artificial flowers, and Chinese lanterns—quite a pretty sight—how far is it to Quedlinburg?"

The churchyard at Goslar did not prove attractive. *En revanche*, I was attracted on my arrival in the town by a lovely head of curls which laughed at me out of a window rather high for a ground-floor. After dinner I resought my charmer's window, but there was nothing to be seen but a glass with white bell-flowers. I climbed up, took the nose-gay out of the glass, and coolly stuck it in my cap, reckless of the open mouths, the petrified noses and goggle eyes with which the passers-by, particularly the old women, regarded this piece of petty larceny. As I passed the same house an hour later, the fair one was at the window. When

she noticed the bell-flowers in my cap she blushed crimson, and started back. This time I was able to observe more closely the lovely face; it was a sweet, transparent embodiment of the breath of summer evenings, shimmer of moonlight, songs of nightingales, and scent of roses. Later on, when it was quite dark, she stepped out of her door. I approached; I drew nearer; she retired slowly into the dark corridor; I grasped her hand, and said, "I am a lover of flowers and kisses, and what is not freely given to me, that I steal," and I kissed her then and there, and when she tried to escape I calmed her fears by whispering, "I'm off to-morrow, and may never return," and I felt her sweet lips, her little hand coyly return the pressure of mine. I hurried away laughing. Yes, I must laugh when I bethink me that I had unconsciously pronounced that charm which serves our red and blue-coated gallants in better stead than the fascination of their moustachios to win women's hearts withal—"I'm off to-morrow, and may never return."

My room commanded a glorious view of the Rammelsberg. It was a beautiful evening. Night was speeding on her black courser—the long mane fluttered in the wind. I stood at the window watching the moon. Is there really a man in the moon? The Slavs say there is; his name is Klotar, and he waters the moon to make it grow. When I was little I was told that the moon was a fruit which God plucks when it's ripe, and puts it away in his big cupboard with the other full moons at the end of the world, where it is boarded up. When I grew bigger I discovered that the world is not so limited a space, and that the human mind has broken through the wooden boarding, and by help of a giant Peter's key, the idea of immortality, opened all the seven heavens. Immortality! beautiful thought! Who first imagined thee? Was it some Nuremberg shopkeeper, who, with white nightcap on head and white porcelain

pipe in jaw, sat some warm summer's evening before his shop door, and comfortably mused how pleasant it would be if this would only last for ever—pipe and breath never going out, to vegetate on for all eternity? Or was it a young lover in the arms of his mistress who first conceived immortality, because he then *felt* it, and could not help the feeling and the thought? Love! Immortality! My bosom grew suddenly so hot that I fancied that the geographers must have misplaced the equator, and it ran straight through my heart. And from my heart there welled the emotions of love, welled forth with infinite yearning in the infinite night. The flowers in the garden beneath my window breathed a stronger perfume. Scents are the feelings of flowers, and as the heart feels more strongly in the night when it believes itself lonely and unobserved, so the flowers with a sensitive bashfulness seem to wait for the veil of darkness to give vent to their feelings and breathe them forth in sweet perfumes. My heart, exhale thy passion and seek o'er yonder mountains the loved one of my dreams! By this she is abed and sleeping; at her feet kneel angels, and when in sleep she smiles it is a prayer, a prayer that the angels repeat; in her bosom is heaven with all its beatitudes, and when she breathes, my heart, however far away, vibrates in sympathy; behind the silken curtains of her eyes the sun has set, and when she opens her eyes again, it is day and the birds sing, and the cow-bells tinkle, and the mountains glisten in their emerald raiment, and I—buckle on my knapsack and march.

In the midst of these philosophical speculations and private meditations I was surprised by the visit of Councillor B——, who had just before arrived at Goslar. I was never more impressed by the kindly geniality of my friend than now. I honour him for his extraordinary sagacity

and success, still more for his modesty. He appeared unusually merry, brisk, and vigorous. The last quality he has lately attested by his recently published "Religion of Reason," a book which has enchanted the Rationalists, enraged the Mystics, and set the general public all agog. At the present moment I myself am a mystic on account of my health—my doctor has ordered me to avoid all intellectual excitement. Notwithstanding this, I can appreciate the enormous value of the labours of Rationalists like Paulus, Gurlitt, Krug, Eichhorn, Bouterweck, Wegscheider, &c. Personally, I feel specially grateful to them for sweeping away so many venerable abuses, especially the old church rubbish, with all the reptiles and bad smells that it used to harbour. The air of Germany is too foggy and also too hot, and I am often afraid of being stifled or else strangled by my fellow-mystics in the ardour of their love. Therefore, I cannot harbour a spark of anger against the worthy Rationalists, even if they cool the air a trifle overmuch. After all, Nature herself has set certain bounds and limits to Rationalism. Under the air-pump and at the North Pole no mortal can survive.

The night that I passed at Goslar a strange thing happened to me. At this very day I cannot look back on it without terror. I am not nervous by nature, and God knows that I never experienced any special sinking at the heart, when, for instance, a naked rapier was trying to make acquaintance with my nose, or when I had lost my way at night in an ill-reputed forest, or when at a concert a gaping lieutenant threatened to swallow me; but of spirits I am nearly as much afraid as the "Austrian Observer."[1] What is fear? Is it a process of reason or a matter of temperament? This question was a standing subject of dispute between Dr. Saul Ascher and myself whenever we

[1] An obscurantist newspaper.

chanced to meet in Berlin at the Café Royal, where for some time I regularly dined. The doctor always asserted that we fear anything because we know it to be fearful by a process of reasoning. Reason alone is a motive force, not temperament. All the while that I was making a good dinner, he went on demonstrating the pre-eminence of reason. As his demonstration was drawing to a close, he used to look at his watch, and invariably ended off with "Reason is the highest principle." Reason! Even now whenever I hear the word, I see before me Dr. Saul Ascher with his abstractions of legs, his close-fitting coat of transcendental grey, and his angular frozen face which might have served for a diagram in a treatise on geometry. He was well over fifty, and so thin that he looked like an incarnate and personified straight line. In his endeavour after positive fact, the poor man had philosophized away all the brightness of life, all sunbeams, all beliefs and all flowers, and nothing was left him but the cold fact of the grave. Against the Apollo Belvedere and Christianity he had a special grudge. He actually wrote a pamphlet against Christianity, proving its irrationality and untenability. There are numerous other works of his, in all of which the admirable nature of reason is extolled. In so far as these expressed the poor doctor's most serious convictions (of which there can be no doubt), he deserved all respect. But the best joke of it all was to see his solemn puzzled look when he failed to understand what every child understands just because it is a child. Sometimes, too, I visited the Doctor of Reason at his own house, where I used to find him with pretty girls, for reason does not forbid sensibility. One day, when I was going to pay him a visit, his servant, who opened the door, told me, "The Doctor has just died." I felt no more concern than if he had told me "The Doctor is out."

But to return to Goslar. "The highest principle is reason," I repeated to myself to calm my nerves, as I got into bed. It was, however, no good. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense's "German Tales," which I had taken with me from Klausthal, the terrible story of the son on the point of being murdered by his own father, who is warned in the night by the ghost of his mother. The story is told so graphically that a cold shiver ran through me as I read it; and generally ghost stories affect one's nerves more when read on a journey, especially if at night in a town, in a house, in a room where one has never been before. You cannot help thinking of the horrors that may have been perpetrated on the very spot where you are now lying. Moreover, at this moment, the moon made a ghost-like twilight in my chamber; all sorts of shadows began moving on the wall without visible cause; and, as I sat up in bed to look, I beheld——

There is nothing more uncanny than casually to see your own face in the glass by moonlight. At the same instant a ponderous sleepy clock struck, so solemnly and slowly that by the time the twelfth stroke was finished I made sure that twelve full hours must have passed, and it was bound to begin striking twelve over again. Between the last stroke and the last but one, another clock struck, fast and almost shrewishly shrill, as if angry with the slowness of its gossip. When both iron tongues had stopped and the whole house was still as death, I suddenly seemed to hear a shuffling and hobbling in the passage outside my room, like the uncertain steps of an old man. At last my door opened and there entered slowly the late Dr. Saul Ascher. My blood ran cold, I shivered like an aspen leaf, and hardly dared look at the ghost. He had the same appearance as of old, the same coat of transcendental grey, the same abstract legs, the same mathematical face—only it was

a shade yellower—and the mouth that used to make two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}$ degrees was pinched, and his eye-balls had a larger radius. Tottering, and supporting himself, as his wont was, on his malacca cane, he approached me, and addressing me in his familiar drawling tones, "Fear not," he said, "do not imagine that I am a ghost. It is an illusion of your imagination if you take me for a ghost. What is a ghost? I will trouble you to define a ghost, and deduce by logical reasoning the possibility of a ghost. What reasonable connection can there be between such an appearance and reason. Reason I say,"—and hereupon the ghost proceeded to an analysis of reason, quoted Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," Part II., Sect. 1, Book II., Par. 3, "On the distinction of Phænomena and Noumena," constructed next a hypothetical ghost creed, piled syllogism on syllogism, and ended by drawing the logical conclusion that there is no such thing as a ghost. All the time cold sweat ran down my back, my teeth chattered like castanets, in my agony I nodded unqualified assent to each proposition by which the ghostly doctor proved the absurdity of all fear of ghosts, growing so eagerly excited in his demonstration, that once in his excitement, instead of his gold watch, he pulled out of his fob a handful of worms, and noticing his mistake nervously thrust them back with comic haste. "Reason is the highest——" the clock struck one, and the ghost vanished.

From Goslar I proceeded the next morning, half at random, but with a vague intention of finding the brother of my Klausthal miner. Again delightful Sunday weather. I climbed hill and mountain, watched the sun endeavouring to dispel the mist, strolled joyously through the shivering woods, and heard still ringing in my ears the bell-flowers of Goslar. The mountains were still wrapped in their night robes of mist, the fir-trees were shaking the sleep

from their limbs, and the fresh morning breeze curled their drooping locks of green; the birds were at their matins, the Wiesenthal glittered like a cloth of gold sown with diamonds, and the herdsman passed along with his jingling herd. I ran a great risk of quite losing my way. One is always striking into byways and footpaths which look like short cuts to one's goal. A journey in the Harz is, in fact, very much like a journey through life. But there are always good souls to put us in the right road again. It gives them real pleasure to do so, and there is an extra satisfaction when they can inform a stranger in a cheery voice, with self-complaisant air, how far he has gone out of his way, what precipices and bogs he has just escaped, and what a lucky thing it is that he's met in the nick of time folks that know the country as well as they. Such a guide and monitor I found near the Harzburg, a well-fed citizen of Goslar, with a bloated oily face and sapient look—you might have taken him for the discoverer of the cattle plague. We travelled a bit together, and he told me a whole budget of stories of ghosts and haunted houses, which might have entertained me if they had not ended in smoke—no real ghost in the case—the white apparition merely a poacher; the moaning voices, the squealings of a wild sow's new farrow; and the mysterious noises on the floor, the harmless, necessary cat. "It's only when a fellow's ill," he added, "that he believes in ghosts; and, as for your humble servant, I'm very rarely ill, only at times I suffer from skin disease, and then I cure myself with fasting spittle." He called my attention also to the exquisite adaptivity of Nature. The trees are green because green is good for the eyes. I agreed, and added that God had created beeves because beef-tea was strengthening for man, and asses to serve men for comparisons, and that man himself was created to eat meat-broth and not to make an ass of him-

self. My companion was delighted at finding a kindred spirit; his face grew more beaming than ever, and he was quite affected at parting.

As long as he was at my side all Nature seemed disenchanted, but directly he had taken his departure the trees began to speak again, the sunbeams played, the meadow-flowers danced to their music, and the blue heavens embraced the green earth. Yes, my friend, *I* knew better; God created man to admire the glories of the world. Every author, be he never so exalted, wishes his work to be praised. And in the Bible, God's memoirs, it is expressly stated that he created man for his praise and glory.

After many détours I at length reached the house of the brother of my Klausthal friend. There I passed the night, which left me the following idyll.

I.

On the mountain stands the shieling,
Where the good old miner dwells;
Green firs rustle, and the moonbeams
Gild the mountain heights and fells.

In the shieling stands an armchair,
Carven quaint and cunningly;
Happy is the man who sits there,
And that happy man am I.

On the footstool sits the lassie,
Leans upon my lap her head;
Eyes of blue, twin stars in heaven,
Mouth as any rosebud red.

And the blue eyes gaze upon me,
Limpid, large as midnight skies;
And the lily finger archly
On the opening rosebud lies.

"No, the mother cannot see us—
At her wheel she spins away;
Father hears not—he is singing
To his zither the old lay."

So the little maiden whispers,
Softly, that none else may hear,
Whispers her profoundest secrets
Confidently in my ear.

"Now that auntie's dead, we cannot
Go again to Goslar, where
People flock to see the shooting:
'Tis as merry as a fair.

"But with us it's lonely, lonely,
On the mountain bleak and drear;
For the snow lies deep in winter;
We are buried half the year.

"And, you know, I'm such a coward,
Frightened like a very child
At the wicked mountain spirits,
Goblins who by night run wild."

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases;
Startled with a strange surprise
At her own words straight the maiden
Covers with both hands her eyes.

Louder moan without the fir-trees,
And the wheel goes whirring round;
Snatches of the song come wafted
With the zither's fitful sound.

Fear not, pretty one, nor tremble
At the evil spirits' might;
Angels, dearest child, are keeping
Watch around thee day and night.

II.

Outside, the green-fingered fir-tree
Taps against the window pane;
And the moon, that pale eavesdropper,
Slyly peeps in on us twain;

On us wide awake, still chatting:
Through the half-closed bedroom door
(Mother, father, both are sleeping)
Comes a distant muffled snore.

"No, you never will persuade me
That your prayers you daily say;
No, your lip is ever curling,
Not like lips of men who pray;

"O that sneer, each time I mark it,
Strikes me with a sudden chill,
Though one loving glance and tender,
All my doubts and fears can still.

"And I doubt if your belief is
That of all good men—or most—
'I believe in God the Father,
God the Son, and Holy Ghost.'"

"Ah, my child, while yet a wee lad
At my mother's knee I stood,
I believed in God the Father
High in Heaven, great and good:

"Who this goodly earth created,
And its godlike human race;
Who for suns and moons and planets
Their predestined course did trace.

"Then, my child, as I grew bigger,
Grew in years and wisdom won,
Reason taught me wider knowledge;
I believe too in the Son.

"In the Son who, love revealing,
Lived for us and loved and died,
And for thanks, as the world's way is,
By the world was crucified.

"Now I've read much, much have travelled,
Riper insight now can boast,
And my heart swells, with my whole heart
I believe in Holy Ghost.

"Marvels great He wrought of old time,
Greater will He work again;
He hath burst th' oppressor's stronghold
He hath broke the prisoner's chain.

"Old-world wounds the Spirit healeth
And renews the ancient right;
All mankind by birth are equal,
All are noble in His sight.

"He dispels the mists and vapours,
Sweeps the cobwebs of the brain,
Phantoms day and night that haunt us,
Turning all our joy to pain.

"Thousand knights well-harnessed serve him,
Day and night fulfil his hest;
He hath armed their hands for battle,
And with courage filled their breast.

"Flash their trusty swords like lightning,
Stream afar their banners bold!
Ah, my child, 'twould please you rarely
Such brave warriors to behold.

"Well then look on me—and kiss me—
Look straight at me, for I boast
I too, child, am of the knighthood,
Knighthood of the Holy Ghost!

III.

Out of doors the moon is sinking
Slow behind the green fir-tree,
And the lamp within our chamber
Glimmers faint and fitfully.

But the starlight of her blue eyes
Brighter beams amid the shade,
Redder glows the purple rosebud,
And she speaks, my pretty maid:

"Wee folk, little elfish thievers,
Filch our bacon and our bread;
Safe at night within the cupboard,
Next day all away is sped.

"Wee folk, dainty elfin gluttons,
Skim our milk on cream to sup,
Then they leave the bowl uncovered,
And the rest the cat laps up.

"And the cat's a witch! she slinks off
Through the storm at midnight hour,
To the witches' mountain yonder,
To the haunted castle-tower.

"There was once a lordly castle,
Gay with gleaming shield and lance;
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Tripped it in the torchlight dance.

"But there came a false enchantress,
Laid on all her wicked spell;
Now amid the tumbled ruins
Only owls and owlets dwell.

"But my aunt (Heaven rest her!) told me
If by night, at the right hour,
One should speak the right word, standing
At the right place by the tower,

"Straight again the lordly castle
From the ruined heap would spring,
Lord and lady, man and maiden,
Thread once more the torchlit ring.

"And to him who spoke the right word
Keep and castle would belong,
Drum and trumpet greet his lordship,
Welcomed home with shout and song."

Thus the fairy legends blossom
From the rose's opening bud,
Blue eyes with their starry magic
All my ravished senses flood.

With her flaxen locks the maiden
Binds my fingers, holds them fast,
Calls them pretty names, and laughing
Kisses, and is still at last.

All within the stilly chamber
A familiar aspect wears,
Sure I oft before had seen them,
Press and cupboard, table, chairs.

Like a friend the old clock gossips,
In my ear the zither seems
Of its own accord to tinkle,
And I sit as one who dreams.

'Tis the right hour, 'tis the right place!
You would marvel, would you not,
Child, if I the right word uttered,
At this instant, on this spot?

If I speak that word, the midnight
With the throes of dayspring quakes;
Stream and forest echo louder,
And the haunted mountain wakes.

Zither's twang and elfin carols
From the mountain fissures ring,
And the forest burgeons, maddened
With untimely birth of spring;

Burgeons into magic branches,
Fan-like foliage, fairy flower;
Shivers, breathes its soul in odours,
Quickened by the witching hour.

Roses like red flames upstarting
Shoot from out the wild turmoil,
Lilies rear their crystal pillars
Heavenward from th' enchanted soil.

Large as suns the stars in heaven
Downward beam with gaze intense,
And the lily's broad cup gathers
All their tender influence.

We, my pretty one, we change too,
Feel a rarer, subtler change;
Gold and silk around us shimmer,
Gleaming torches round us range.

You're a princess, and the shieling
Is a lordly castle, see!
Lord and lady, squire and damsel,
Dance before us merrily.

And 'tis I, 'tis I have won thee;
Thou and castle all belong
To my lordship; drum and trumpet
Hail me, greet me shout and song!

The sun rose. The mists vanished like ghosts at the third cock-crow. Again I walked up hill and down dale, still fronting the glorious sun, which lit up ever new beauties. I was evidently favoured by the Spirit of the Mountain, who was well aware that a poetic wight would have many pretty things to say of him, and gave me such a sight of his Harz that morning as he does not give to every traveller. The Harz, too, saw me as few have seen me before. In my eyelashes there sparkled pearls as rich as in the grasses of the valley. The morning dew of love suffused my cheek, the rustling pine-trees understood me, their branches parted, moved to and fro, clapping their hands, as it were, in dumb sympathy; and in the distance I heard fairy music like the bells of a lost church in the woods. They say it is the cow-bells, the tone of which in the Harz is exquisitely clear and pure.

By the position of the sun it must have been midday

when I came upon one of these herds, and the herdsman, a gentle, fair-haired youth, told me that the mountain at whose feet I stood was no other than the world-famous Brocken. For miles round there is not a house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to share his meal. We sat down to a *déjeuner dinatoire* consisting of bread and cheese. The sheep nibbled the crumbs, the pretty sleek heifers skipped about us, roguishly jingling their bells, and laughing at us with their great beaming eyes. We fared royally; indeed, my host seemed to me a geniune king, and as he is the only king of whose bread I have hitherto eaten, I will be his poet laureate.

Yes, the shepherd boy is monarch,
And his throne this grassy down;
On his head the sun smites fiercely;
'Tis his heavy golden crown.

At his feet the flock is browsing,
Red-crossed flatterers of his court;
And like cavaliers the heifers
Strut and prance and frisk and sport.

And the kids are his court-players,
And his choristers the birds,
Piping birds his chamber-music,
With the tinkling of the herds.

Voice and instrument so sweetly
Blend with distant melodies
Of the waterfall and forest,
That the monarch droops his eyes.

So the minister must govern,
While the king is sleeping sound;
That's the collie dog, whose barking
Echoes sullenly around.

Dreamily the young king murmurs,
"'Tis a weary task to reign!
Would that I were home and resting
By my queen's side once again!

"There my royal head reposing
On my queen's breast I sleep sound,
And my queen's eyes, deep and tender,
Make my empire without bound."

We took a cordial farewell, and I merrily clomb the mountain. Very soon I entered a forest of fir-trees, heaven-kissing, and in every way worthy my regard. For such trees the process of growing is no easy matter, and they have had a rough time of it in their youth. The mountain in this part is strewn with huge granite blocks, and nearly all these trees must have either writhed round the rocks with their roots or split them, in order to work their way to the soil from which they draw their nourishment. Now and again the rocks lie one on another, forming a sort of gateway, and the trees above stretch their bare roots over the stone archway, not reaching earth till they get to the bottom of it, so that they seem to grow in air. And yet, having stormed this mountain height, they have grown one, as it were, with the rocks they cling to, and are more firmly rooted than their staid brethren in the tame plantation of the lowlands—a type of those great men who have gained their strength and firmness by overcoming the straits and stumbling-blocks that barred their path at starting. Squirrels were clambering among the branches, and, beneath, the yellow deer were straying. I never understand what pleasure men of education can find in hunting such a lovable and noble animal, an animal more tender-hearted than man himself, who once suckled Schmerzenreich, the starving infant of St. Genovefa.

Very beautiful was the effect of the golden sunlight

piercing the thick green of the fir-trees. The roots formed a natural flight of stairs. Everywhere swelling beds of moss, for the rocks are covered foot-deep with all sorts of lovely mosses like cushions of light green satin. Delicious coolness and dreamy murmur of unseen springs. Here and there you can see a thread of silvery water trickling beneath the stones, and splashing the roots and fibres. Bend down and listen, and you surprise, as it were, the secret of plant life, and perceive the calm pulsation of the mountain's heart. In many places the water spurts up in larger volume from the stems and roots and forms small cascades. This is the spot for a halt. The murmuring and splashing of waters, the notes of birds like snatches of love songs, the whispering of leaves like myriad maiden voices, the myriad eyes of strange mountain flowers gazing at us like wistful maidens, the fan-like, curiously jagged leaves they stretch out at us, the merry sunbeams playing at hide and seek, the tales of greenery that plant whispers to plant,—all is fairyland; the witchery grows stronger, a vision of the dim past takes form and substance, the beloved appears—alas! that she so quickly disappears again.

The higher one ascends, the more dwarfed become the fir-trees. They seem to shrink and shrivel up till nothing is left but bilberries, raspberries, and mountain vegetation. The air, too, is perceptibly colder. Here you first get a proper view of the wonderful groups of granite blocks. Some of them are of astounding size, and one can easily fancy them the balls that the evil spirits play at catch with on Walpurgis night, when the witches troop in, riding on broomsticks and pitchforks, and join in the wild devilry which our old nurses still believe in, and which is so admirably portrayed in Master Retzsch's illustrations to "Faust." By the same token, a young poet who was riding past the Brocken after sunset on the first of May, on

his way from Berlin to Göttingen, observed a company of literary ladies having an æsthetic tea-party in a quiet nook of the mountain, comfortably reading aloud their "Evening Times," extolling the poetic bleatings of their pet billy-goats, who hopped round the table, as the utterances of inspired genius, and sitting in judgment on every production of German literature. But when the turn of "Ratcliff" and "Almansor" came, and the author was pronounced outside the pale of morality and Christianity, the young man's hair stood on end, panic seized him—I set spurs to my horse and rode for my life.

In ascending the upper half of the Brocken it is in fact impossible to avoid thinking of the enchanting story of the Blocksberg, and particularly of the great mystic national tragedy of "Doctor Faust." I had a constant sense of the horse's foot scrambling up at my side, and seemed to hear the ironic panting of the fiend. And I do believe Mephisto himself must find it hard to keep his breath when he climbs his favourite mountain. It is a most exhausting ascent, and I was heartily glad to catch sight at last of the welcome Brockenhaus.

The house, as is well known from pictures and engravings, consists of a single storey, and stands on the summit of the mountain. It was erected in 1800 by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, and is managed for his profit as an inn. The walls are wonderfully thick, to stand the wind and frost in winter. The roof is low; from the middle of it rises a sort of watch tower; and there are two adjoining outbuildings, one of which used to serve as shelter for visitors to the Brocken before the house was built.

My entrance into the Brockenhaus produced on me a strange eerie sensation. After a long solitary scramble among rocks and pine-trees one finds oneself suddenly transplanted to a house in the clouds; after leaving towns,

mountains, and forests below, one meets above a mixed company of strangers, by whom, as is natural in such places, one is received almost like an expected acquaintance, with a mixture of curiosity and indifference. I found the house full, and, like a prudent traveller, I thought at once about night quarters and the discomfort of a shake-down in the straw. In a die-away voice I at once asked for tea, and the landlord had the sense to see that one so ill as I must have a proper bed. This he procured me in a room the size of a closet, where a young merchant, who looked like an emetic powder in a long brown wrapper, had already established himself.

In the coffee-room I found nothing but life and movement. Students of various universities, some just arrived and refreshing themselves; others just off again, strapping on their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, receiving Brocken nosegays from the chambermaids, chucking them under the chin, singing, jumping, jodeling, questioning, answering questions, "fine weather, short cut, your health, adieu!" Some of the departing students were more or less fuddled, and these, as drunken men see double, must have doubly enjoyed the view.

After recruiting myself, I ascended the observatory, where I found a short gentleman with two ladies, one young, the other oldish. The young lady was very beautiful. A splendid profile, curling hair confined by a black satin helmet-shaped hat, with a white feather, which waved in the wind; a close-fitting black silk mantle which revealed the fine lines of her slim figure; great open eyes looking calmly out on the great open world.

When I was a boy I thought of nothing but fairy tales and stories of magic, and every pretty woman I saw with ostrich feathers in her bonnet was for me an elfin queen: and if I did chance to notice that her skirts were wet, I

thought her a water-witch. Now that I have studied natural history, and know that those symbolic feathers are plucked from the stupidest of birds, and that the skirts of a lady's dress may get wet by a very natural process, I have lost my early faith. But if I could have seen with my boyish eyes the fair lady as and where I have described her on the Brocken, I should certainly have thought, This is the fairy of the mountain, and 'tis she that spoke the spell that cast such a wondrous glamour on the whole scene beneath. Yes, very wonderful is our first view from the Brocken; each side of our nature receives new impressions, and these separate impressions, mostly distinct, nay contradictory, produce on us a powerful effect, though we cannot as yet analyze or understand it. If we succeed in grasping the conception which underlies this state of feeling, we recognize the character of the mountain. Its character is wholly German in its weakness no less than in its strength. The Brocken is a German. With German thoroughness he shows us clearly and plainly as in a giant panorama the hundreds of cities, towns, and villages (mostly to the north), and all around, the hills, forests, rivers, and plains stretching away to the distant horizon. But this very distinctness gives everything the sharp definition and clear colouring of a local chart; there is nowhere a really beautiful landscape for the eye to rest on. This is just our way. Thanks to the conscientious exactitude with which we are bent on giving every single fact, we German compilers never think about the form that will best represent any particular fact. The mountain, too, has something of German calmness, intelligence, and tolerance, just because it can command such a wide, clear view of things. And when such a mountain opens its giant eyes, it may well happen that it sees more than we dwarfs, who clamber over him with purblind eyes. Many, indeed, declare that the Brocken is

thoroughly *bourgeois*, and Claudius[1] has sung of "The Blocksberg, that tall Philistine." But that is a mistake. It is true that owing to his bald pate, over which he sometimes draws his white cap of mist, he gives himself an air of *bourgeoisie*, but, as with many other great Germans, this is pure irony. Nay, it is notorious that the Brocken has his wild freshman days, *e.g.*, the first of May. Then he tosses his cloud cap in the air and goes romantic mad, like a genuine German.

I tried at once to engage the pretty lady in a conversation, for one never properly enjoys the beauties of nature unless one can talk them over on the spot. She was no genius, but bright and intelligent. Really distinguished manners, not the common stiff and starched distinction, a negative quality which knows what *not* to do, but that rare positive quality, the ease of manner which tells us exactly how far we may go, and by setting us at our ease give us a perfect sense of social self-possession. I displayed an amount of geographical knowledge that astonished myself, satisfied the curiosity of my fair inquirer by telling her the names of all the towns that lay at our feet, looked them out and showed them to her on my pocket map, which I unrolled on the stone table in the middle of the observatory with the air of a regular professor. Several towns I failed to find, perhaps because I sought them with my finger rather than with my eyes, which were engaged in taking the bearings of the fair face and finding there more attractive regions than Schierke and Elend.[2] The face was one of those that always please, though we are rarely enchanted, and never fall in love with them. I like such faces because

[1] Matthias Claudius (1740-1815), a popular humorous poet. His "Rheinweinlied," in which this line occurs, is praised by Goethe as *ein glückliches Rundwort*.

[2] See Map. The names suggest *Schurke*, "rascal," and "misery."

they smile to rest my too susceptible heart. The lady was not married, although she had reached the full flower of beauty which gives its possessor a claim to matrimony. But it's a matter of every day experience that the prettiest girls find it hardest to get a husband. Even in ancient times this was the case, and we know that the three Graces were all old maids.

In what relationship the short gentleman stood to the ladies he was escorting I could not make out. He was a spare, odd-looking figure. A small head, with a sprinkling of grey hairs straggling over his low forehead as far as his green dragon-fly eyes; a broad prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the other hand, receding almost to the ears. The face seemed made of that soft, yellowish clay that sculptors use for their first models; and when he pursed up his thin lips, some thousands of faint semicircular wrinkles spread over the cheeks. The little man never said a word; only now and then, when the elder lady made some pleasant remark to him in a whisper, he smiled like a lap-dog with a cold in its head.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger, and had, like her, a most distinguished manner. Her eyes betrayed a sort of sickly mysticism, and the lips wore an expression of austere piety; yet I detected traces of past beauty, and it seemed to me as though they had laughed much, felt many a kiss, and given many a kiss in return. Her face was like a palimpsest, where beneath the black modern monkish manuscript of one of the Fathers you can trace the half-obliterated characters of an old Greek love-song. Both ladies had this year been to Italy with their companion, and were full of the beauties of Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked about the Raphaels in St. Peter's, the daughter of the opera in the Fenice theatre. Both were enchanted with the improvisatori. Their native town

was Nüremberg, but they could tell me little of its ancient glories. The divine art of the Meistersingers has grown dumb, and in Wagenseil's verse we hear its dying echoes. Now the dames of Nüremberg are edified by the silly extemporizations of Italians and the songs of castrati. Saint Sebaldus![1] thou art truly but an indifferent patron to-day.

Whilst we were conversing twilight approached; the air grew cooler, the sun was sinking, and the platform of the watch-tower begun to fill—students, mechanics, and a few respectable citizens with their wives and daughters, all intent on seeing the sunset. It is a solemnizing spectacle, which frames the beholder's mind to prayer. For full a quarter of an hour we all stood in solemn silence, and gazed at the fiery orb sinking slowly to the west. The ruddy glow lit up our faces, and our hands instinctively were clasped as in prayer. We seemed a silent congregation, standing in the nave of a giant cathedral, at the moment when the priest is elevating the Host, and the organ rolls forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was standing thus absorbed in devotion, I heard a voice near me exclaiming, "Generally speaking, how very beautiful Nature is!" These words proceeded from the sentimental breast of the young merchant who shared my bedroom. They restored me to my work-a-day frame of mind, and I was ready to address to the ladies any number of appropriate remarks about the sunset, and conduct them back to their rooms with perfect nonchalance, as if nothing had happened. They allowed me, moreover, to stay with them for an hour more. Our conversation, like the earth, revolved round the sun. The mother thought that the sun, as it sank in mist, looked like a glowing rose thrown down by her lover the heavens into the outspread white veil of his bride the earth. The daughter smiled and observed

[1] The principal church in Nüremberg is dedicated to St. Sebaldus.

that a too frequent sight of such natural phenomena would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected her daughter's heresy by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Reisebriefe," and asked me whether I had read his "Werther." I believe we talked besides of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, Maccaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset descriptions with a pretty lisp and sigh. The younger lady, who did not understand English, wanted to know something of the poems, so I recommended her the translation of my fair and accomplished countrywoman Baroness Elise von Hohenhausen, and I did not miss the opportunity of holding forth, as I make a point of doing to all young ladies I meet, on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, hopelessness, and Heaven knows what besides.

This business over, I went for a turn on the Brocken, for it's never quite dark on the summit. There was only a slight mist, and I made out the outlines of the two mounds called the Witches' Altar and the Devil's Pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was not an echo. Suddenly, however, I heard voices that I recognized, and felt myself embraced and kissed. It was a party of my college friends who had left Göttingen four days later than I, and they were now considerably surprised to find me again alone on the Blocksberg. At once we set to—telling the news, expressing our astonishment, making plans, laughing at old college jokes; in the spirit we were back again in our learned Siberia, where culture is carried to such a pitch that the bears in the public houses run up scores,[1] and the pussies[2] wish the hunter good evening.

In the dining-room of the inn supper was laid—a long

[1] An untranslatable pun. *Einen Bären anbinden*, "to tie up a bear," is slang for "to run up a score."

[2] In the German "sables," a slang word for cocotes.

table with two rows of hungry students. At first we had nothing but the usual university shop—duels, duels, and still duels. The company was composed mostly of Halle men, and so Halle was the chief topic. The broken windows of Councillor Schütz were exegetically illustrated. Then we heard that the last levée at the King of Cyprus's court had been very brilliant, that he had chosen as his successor a natural son, contracted a left-handed marriage with a Lichtenstein princess, and given the royal mistress her congé, and that the whole ministry, on hearing the sad news, had wept to order. I need hardly explain that all this gossip referred to the king and queen of the Halle drinking halls. The subject then changed to two Chinamen who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and now hold appointments as private teachers of Chinese æsthetics. Here was an opening for the wits. Suppose a German shown as a rarity in China; posters announcing the show, with certificates from mandarins Tsching-Tschang-Tschung and Hi-Ha-Ho attesting that he is a genuine German; announcing further his accomplishments, the principal being philosophy, smoking, and patience; finally warning visitors who came at twelve o'clock, when the beasts are fed, not to bring dogs with them, as dogs have a way of making off with the poor German's tit-bits.

A young students-club-man who had lately kept his feast of Purification at Berlin, was very full of that city, though his information was one-sided and partial. He had been to the theatre and Wisotzki's tea-gardens, but his criticism of both was erroneous. "Rash youth is ever ready with his word." He talked about extravagant costumes, scandals of actors and actresses, &c. The young man did not know that in Berlin of all towns appearances are everything, as even the common expression, "the correct thing," testifies; that this worship of outside show must flourish most

of all on the boards of a theatre; that the chief concern of managers is the colour of the beard in which a part is played, the fidelity of the costume, attested by historians on their oath, and executed by scientific tailors. And this is all important. If, for instance, Maria Stuart wore an apron, as aprons did not come in till Queen Anne's reign, Christian Gumpel the banker would have a right to complain that all illusion was dispelled by such a blunder. If, again, Lord Burleigh was dressed by mistake in Henry IV.'s hose, the wife of the minister for war, Frau Dunderhead (*née* Lilidew) would not lose sight of the anachronism the whole evening. This anxiety for illusion on the part of the managers is not confined to aprons and breeches; it extends to the persons they envelop. Thus Othello in future must be played by a real Moor, whom Professor Lichtenstein has engaged in Africa for the part. In "Menschenhass und Reue"[1] (Misanthropy and Repentance), the part of Eulalie is in future to be taken by a real runaway wife, Peter by a real blockhead, and the Stranger by a real wittol, though we need not send to Africa for any one of these three characters. In "Die Macht der Verhältnisse"[2] (The Force of Circumstances), the hero is to be a real author, whose ears have really been boxed. In the "Ahnfrau".[3] (The Ancestress), the artist who plays Jaromir must have really committed a robbery, or at least a theft. Lady Macbeth should be played by a lady, naturally amiable, as Tieck will have her, but at the same

[1] A play by Kotzebue.

[2] "Die Macht der Verhältnisse," a tragedy by Ludwig Robert (brother of the celebrated Rahel), published at Stuttgart, 1819. See "Norderney," p. 114.

[3] "Die Ahnfrau," a tragedy by Franz Grillparzer. The ancestress of the Borotin family is murdered by her husband, to whom she has proved faithless, and condemned to haunt all future generations. One of these, Jaromir, turns robber, woos his own sister, and murders his father.

time not unacquainted with the bloody aspect of a real assassination.

Lastly, for the representation of peculiarly shallow, empty-headed, vulgar dogs, the great Wurm should be permanently engaged—Wurm, who enchants all kindred spirits whenever he rises to his true greatness, and towers "every inch a clown." If my young friend misconceived the condition of the Berlin boards, he could hardly be expected to remark that the Spontini Janissary Opera Company, with their kettledrums, elephants, trumpets, and tomtoms, is an heroic cure for the unwarlike apathy in which our nation is sunk, a cure that shrewd politicians like Plato and Cicero have already recommended. Least of all could the young man grasp the diplomatic significance of the ballet. I had difficulty in proving to him that there was more policy in Huguet's feet than in Buchholz's head, that all his *pas* signified diplomatic negotiations, and each movement had some political import. For instance, when he leans forward with a languishing air and stretches out his hands, he means our Prussian cabinet; when he pirouettes round and round on one toe without advancing an inch, he means the German Diet; when he trips round as if his legs were tied together, he represents the petty German princes; when he sways backwards and forwards like a drunken man, he signifies the balance of power; arms crossed and interlaced mean a congress; and, lastly, when he gradually straightens himself to his full height, rests some moments in this attitude, and then suddenly indulges in a series of tremendous bounds, he is figuring our too powerful friend in the East. To my young friend this was a revelation. He saw for the first time why dancers are better paid than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible topic of conversation with the diplomatic corps, and why a minister so often has private

interviews with a fair figurante—of course he spends days and nights in labouring to indoctrinate her with his political views. By Apis! how great is the number of the exoteric theatre-goers, how small the number of the esoterics! Look at the mob of gobemouches gaping at the capers and twirls, studying anatomy in the poses of Lemière, clapping the *entrechats* of Röhnisch, and talking of grace, harmony, and legs, and not a soul has an inkling that he has before his eyes in terpsichorean cipher the fate of the German fatherland!

Such interchange of ideas did not make us lose sight of the practical, and the huge dishes liberally filled with meat, potatoes, &c., were done full justice to. But the quality was not equal to the quantity. I ventured to hint as much to my neighbour, who answered me rudely in an unmistakable Swiss accent, that we Germans knew as little of true contentment as of true liberty. I shrugged my shoulders, and remarked that royal lackeys and pastry-cooks all the world over were Swiss, in fact as well as in name, and that the present Swiss champions of liberty, who deafen the public with their swaggering politics, reminded me of the hares you see shooting off pistols at fairs. Their boldness sets the rustics and children staring, and yet they are hares.

The son of the Alps had certainly meant no offence. "He was a fat man, and therefore a good man," as Cervantes says. But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswald man, was nettled by his remark. He maintained that German vigour and simplicity had not degenerated, scowled, smote his breast, and emptied a monstrous glass of pale ale. "My good sir!" cried the Swiss, in a propitiatory tone; but the more he apologized the more the Greifswald man fumed and raved. He was a wild man, and seemed as if he belonged to the age when ver-

min had a good time of it, and hairdressers were in danger of starving. His hair streamed down his shoulders; he wore a military berretta and an old-fashioned black coat; his linen was dirty, and served both for shirt and waistcoat; inside it was a medallion, with a tuft of hair from Blücher's white charger. He looked a consummate fool. I like some excitement at supper-time, and was not sorry to break a lance with him on the subject of patriotism.

He maintained that Germany should be divided into thirty-three districts; I argued for forty-eight, to enable a systematic handbook on Germany to be written, and pleaded the necessity of correlating life and science. My Greifswald friend was besides a German bard, and confided to me he was at work on a national epic in commemoration of Hermann and the Hermann battle. I gave him some useful hints for his poem, and suggested that he might represent the swamps and trunk roads of the Teutoberg forest onomatopoeically by wishy-washy lines and jolting rhythms, and that it would be a delicate stroke of patriotism to make Varus and his legionaries talk sheer nonsense. I hope he will make as good use of this literary trick as other Berlin poets have, and succeed in sounds that are "echoes of the sense."

Our company meanwhile grew less stiff and more noisy; beer made way for wine, and wine for steaming punch bowls; we drank, we fraternized, we sang "The old German Worthy," and other grand songs of W. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, &c., were trolled out; pretty airs of Methfessel; best of all, the words of our German Arndt, "God planted iron ore to show he'd have no slaves on earth." And out of doors it roared as if the old mountain was taking a part in the music, and some of our reeling topers swore that he was nodding his bald head in approval, which accounted for the unsteadiness of the room. As bottles got lighter brains

got heavier; one bawled, another sang falsetto, a third recited passages from "Die Schuld" (*Guilt*),[1] a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached a sermon on temperance, and a sixth mounted a chair and began to lecture: "Gentlemen, the earth is a barrel, and men are pins stuck seemingly at random on its surface; but the barrel turns, and the pins strike and give a sound, a few frequently, the rest seldom, and this produces a curious complicated music which is called history. My subject then divides itself into three heads: music, the world, and history; the last head, however, is subdivided into matters of fact and Spanish flies"—and so on, with a strange jumble of sense and nonsense.

A jovial Mecklenberger, who had buried his nose in his punch-glass and was inhaling the fragrant steam with a silly smile, remarked that he felt as if he were again at the buffet of the Schwerin theatre. Another student put his wine-glass to his eye like a telescope, and gazed at the company through it, while the red wine trickled down his cheeks into his open mouth. The Greifswald man threw himself by a sudden inspiration on my breast, and shouted, "Sure you know me, a lover, a happy lover, his love returned—and I'm d—d if she's not accomplished—soft bosom, white frock, plays piano." But the Swiss wept, kissed my hand tenderly, and kept on whimpering, "O Bäbeli, Bäbeli!"

During all this mad carouse of dancing plates and flying glasses, I observed two youths sitting opposite me, pale as marble statues, the one like Adonis, the other more like an Apollo. The wine had tinged their cheeks with the faintest touch of pink. They gazed at one another with infinite passion, as though they could read in each other's eyes,

[1] A play of Adolf Müllner, which contains the stock quotation:—

"Und erklärt mir, Oerindur,
Diesen Zwiespalt der Natur."

and their eyes beamed as though they had caught the drops of light that fall from the love-lit lamp that the angels bear from one star to another. They whispered together, in a voice tremulous with emotion, sad stories, whose melancholy echo reached my ear. "Lory, too, is dead," said one, and sighed; and, after a pause, he told a tale of a Halle maiden who fell in love with a student, and when her lover left Halle, she shut herself up and starved herself, and wept day and night, and did nothing but gaze at the canary that her lover had once given her. "The bird died, and soon after Lory died too!" That was the end of the tale, and both youths ceased talking, and sighed as though their hearts would break. At last one said to the other, "My soul is sad! Come out with me into the darkness of night! I would drink in the breath of the clouds and the beams of the moon. Partner of my misery! I love thee; thy words are musical as whispering reeds; as rippling streams they find an echo in my breast, but my soul is sorrowful." [1]

The two youths rose, one threw his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roisterers of the supper-table. I followed, and observed them enter a dark room, where one of them opened a big wardrobe, mistaking it for the window. Both stood in front of it, and with sentimentally outstretched arms poured forth alternate strains. "Airs of the dusky night," cried the first, "how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! how sweetly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy mountain-top, beneath me lie the sleeping cities of men and the blinking blue waters! Hark, below in the valley is the rustle of pine-trees! Above me in the mist flit the spirits of my fathers! O! that I might fly with you on your cloud-steeds through the stormy night o'er the billowy sea, up, up to the stars.

[1] An obvious parody of Ossian.

But, O! I am laden with sorrow, and my soul is sad." The other youth had also stretched out his arms, like a lover, to the clothes-press. His eyes were streaming, and in a love-lorn strain he addressed a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he mistook for the moon. "Fair art thou, daughter of Heaven! Benign is the peace of thy countenance! Thy paths are paths of pleasantness, and the stars follow thy blue tracks in the East! The clouds rejoice in the joy of thy countenance, and their dark forms are illumined. Who is like thee in Heaven, thou progeny of night? The stars are abashed in thy presence, and turn away their green twinkling eyes. Whither when at morn thy face pales, dost thou fly from thy path? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dost thou live in the shadow of mourning? Have thy sisters fallen from Heaven? Thy fellow-pilgrims of the night, are they no more? Yes, bright orb! thy sisters fell from heaven, and thou hidest thyself to mourn them. Yes, the night will come, and then even thou wilt pass away, and thy blue paths know thee no more. Then will the stars lift their green heads, whom once thy presence shamed, and rejoice once more. But now thou art clad in radiant majesty, and lookest down from the gates of Heaven. Part the clouds, ye breezes, that the daughter of Night may shine forth, and the shaggy mountains shine forth, and the deep roll his billows in light!"

A well-known acquaintance of mine, a somewhat corpulent man, who had drunk more than he had eaten, though he had devoured for his supper as usual enough beef to have satisfied six life-guardsmen and a boy, happened at this moment to pass by as merry as a grig (as a pig, I ought to have said) and shoved the two maudlin youths somewhat roughly into the press; after which he blundered out of doors, and there swore at large. Indoors, too, the sounds of revelry grew more confused and less

articulate. The two youths in the press kept whining and whimpering. They thought they were lying crushed at the bottom of the mountain; the red wine streamed from their throats, and each was deluged by the other. One youth said to the other, "Farewell! I feel that I am bleeding to death. Why do ye awake me, O breezes of Spring? Ye woo me and whisper, 'We bedew thee with the dews of heaven;' but my days are in the yellow leaf, the storm will soon scatter my leafy honours. Soon will the wanderer come; to-day he beheld me in my beauty; to-morrow he will seek me and find me not—the flowers of the forest are a' wede away!" But high above the hubbub rose a well-known basso, bellowing and cursing and swearing outside, "Not a blessed lantern alight in the whole of the d—d dark Weenderstrasse, and how's a fellow to tell whose windows he's smashing."

Fortunately I can carry my liquor well — the exact tale of bottles my modesty forbids me to tell—and I reached my bedroom not much the worse for the carouse. The young merchant was already in bed, with his white nightcap and his yellow jacket of hygienic flannel, but not yet asleep, and ready to engage me in a conversation. He was from Frankfort-on-the-Main, and consequently he began on the Jews, and complained that they were lost to all sense of decency and honour, selling English wares twenty-five per cent. under cost price. I was tempted to try and mystify him a bit, so I told him that I was a somnambulist, and must beg his pardon by anticipation if I should chance to disturb him in his sleep. In consequence the wretched man, as he confided to me next day, did not get a wink, but lay the whole night in mortal terror that I might, in my sleep-walking, do him a mischief with my pistols, which I had placed at my bedside. After all, I did not fare much better than he. My sleep was troubled with

vague nightmare visions—a phantasia from Dante's "Inferno." Finally my dreams took form and shape. I thought I was present at the performance of a legal opera, "Falcidia,"[1] testamentary libretto by Gans, music by Spontini —a mad dream. The Roman forum was ablaze with light. Servius Asininus Göschenus, as prætor, on his chair, his toga draped in majestic folds, poured forth a blustering recitative; Marcus Tullius Elversus as *prima donna legetaria*, revealing all his exquisite femininity, sang the melting bravura *Quicumque civis Romanus;* referendaries rouged up to their eyes bawled out as a chorus of minors; private tutors as genii in flesh-coloured tights danced an anti-Justinian ballet and wreathed the Twelve Tables with flowers; amid thunder and lightning there rose from the earth the injured ghost of Roman legislation; a grand finish of drums, tomtoms, red fire, etc.

From this uproar I was awoke by the landlord, who called me to see the sunrise. I found on the tower some of the visitors already waiting and rubbing their half-frozen hands; others came stumbling in only half-awake. At last the silent congregation of the night before were all assembled, and we gazed in silence at the small crimson ball rising in the East, shedding a feeble wintry light; the mountains swimming in a sea of white vapour which hid all but their peaks. We seemed to be standing on a low hill in the midst of a flooded plain, with only here and there a knoll emerging from the waters. To fix my impression in words, I wrote the following little poem:—

Fast the Eastern sky is brightening;
Lo! the first faint ruddy streaks:
Islands in a sea of vapour,
Float the countless mountain-peaks.

[1] The "Lex Falcidia" of the Pandects related to the law of inheritance, hence the "testamentary libretto."

Oh, for seven-leagued boots to bear me,
Swifter than the winds to roam,
O'er the distant mountain summits,
To my pretty maiden's home!

To her bedside when she slumbers,
Oh, so lightly would I trip,
Draw the curtain, kiss her forehead,
Lightly kiss her ruby lip.

Lightly kiss her, lightlier whisper
In her little lily ear:
Dream on, dream we ne'er were parted,
Dream that I am near and dear.

Poetry did not stay my appetite for breakfast, and after a few civil speeches to the ladies, I hurried down to my coffee in the warm parlour. It was high time, for my stomach was as empty and bare as the church of St. Stephen's at Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage the warm Orient thrilled through my veins; I drank the scent of eastern roses and the jug-jug of bulbuls; the students turned to camels;[1] the maids with their rocket glances to houris; the philistine noses to minarets, &c. The book beside me was, however, not the Koran, though there was enough of nonsense in it, but the so-called Brocken book, where all visitors inscribe their names, most adding their reflections, or, in default, their feelings. Many are not content with prose, and the book is evidence of the awful consequences that ensue when the ragtag and bobtail of Philistinism seize on such an opportunity as a visit to the Brocken to become poetical. The palace of Prince Pallagonia[2] contains no such monstrosities as this book. Gentlemen of the excise with their mouldy platitudes,

[1] A "camel" in student slang is a man who does not belong to any of the students' clubs, "a smug," to use the Oxford equivalent.

[2] For a description of the palace, see Goethe's "Italian Travels," under date April, 1787.

counter-skippers with their maudlin effusions, dilettanti revolutionists of the old school with their commonplaces of the gymnastic club,[1] and Berlin schoolmasters with their flat raptures, hold a bad pre-eminence. Herr Johannes Hagel[2] tries, for once in his life, to prove himself an author. On one page a description of the purple pomp of sunrise, on the next complaints of the bad weather, disappointed hopes, and so forth. "Viewed the mist and missed the view." "Wet without we reached the inn, and we left it wet within," are standing witticisms which recur a hundred times. Caroline writes down, "I wet my feet in the ascent," and beneath some simple Jeannie writes a laconic "Ditto." The whole book reeks of cheese, beer, and tobacco; you might think you were reading a novel of Clauren's.[3]

While I was thus employed in drinking my coffee and turning over the pages of the Brocken book, my Swiss friend entered, his cheeks flushed, and full of enthusiasm at the magnificent sight he had enjoyed on the tower—"The pure calm light of the sun, type of truth and purity, struggling with the hosts of night and mist, a ghostly battle, grim giants lunging with their long swords, charges of harnessed knights on rearing steeds, war chariots, fluttering banners, shapes of outlandish monsters emerging from the cloud-rack, and all again fantastically contorted and intertwisted, melting gradually into dimness and leaving not a trace behind." Of this elemental *émeute* I had seen nothing, and, if it ever should lead to a judicial inves-

[1] The gymnastic clubs or *Turnvereine* were really political associations which sprang up during the War of Independence.

[2] The German equivalent of "Snooks, Esq."

[3] Clauren, a pseudonym of Carl Henn (1771-1854), author of "Mimili," the "Rose de Dijon," and other light loose novels. Hauff's "Man in the Moon" is an admirable parody of his style.

tigation, I can testify on oath that I know nothing about it, except the flavour of the good brown coffee I was drinking. Ah, that coffee! it made me forget my beautiful lady, and there she was standing at the door with her mother and their travelling companion, just stepping into the carriage. I had only time to hurry out and assure her that it was very cold. She seemed piqued at my tardiness, but I soon smoothed the wrinkles on her fair brow by presenting her with a rare flower that I had plucked the day before from the side of a precipice at the risk of my neck. The mother wanted to know the name, as if she thought it improper that her daughter should take a strange flower to her bosom without an introduction, for this was in fact the enviable position the flower attained, a promotion that it little dreamt of yesterday on its lonely height. The silent companion at last opened his mouth, and, after counting the stamens, dryly remarked, "The flower belongs to the eighth class." It always makes me angry to see God's own flowers divided like ourselves into classes, and like us distinguished by external differences such as the number of stamens. If we must have classification, let us rather follow Theophrastus, who proposed to class them by their souls, *i.e.*, their scent. As for me, I have my own system of natural history, under which everything falls into two categories, edible and inedible.

The mysterious nature of flowers was evidently an open secret to the elder lady, who spontaneously observed that it was a real pleasure to her to see flowers growing in a garden or in pots, but a faint dreamy sense of pain came over her whenever she saw a plucked flower—it was just like a corpse, drooping its sweet little faded head on its broken stalk like a dead child. The lady seemed half shocked at the gloomy association her remark called up, and I felt bound to neutralize the effect by quoting some

verses of Voltaire. How quickly a few words of French bring us back to the ordinary conventional tone! We laughed, kissed hands, smiled sweetly, the horses neighed, and the carriage jolted slowly and heavily downhill.

The students, too, showed signs of moving. Knapsacks were buckled on; bills, moderate beyond all expectation, settled; the maids, whose faces bore signs of recent flirtation, presented the customary Brocken bouquets, helped to fix them in our caps, and were paid with coppers or with kisses. So we all started on our way downhill; one party, among whom were the Swiss and the Greifswald man, bound for Schierke; the other, about a score of us, including my fellow-countrymen and myself, accompanied by a guide, on our way to Ilsenburg, through the so-called Snowholes.

Down we went, helter-skelter, head-over-heels. Halle students are quicker in their movements than the Austrian militia. Before I was aware of it, we had left behind the bare part of the mountain, with its scattered groups of boulders, and were passing through a pine wood such as I had noticed the day before. The sun shone merrily down on the merry students, and lit up their motley costumes as they fought their way through the underwood, now hidden, now in sight again; crossed the boggy places at a run, stepping over tree-stems that served as bridges; clambered down precipitous hollows by help of projecting roots, jodeling all the time with lusty voices, and answered no less gaily by the twittering birds, the rustling pines, the invisible plashing rivulets, and the ringing echo. When light youth and fair nature meet the rapture is mutual. The lower we descended the more musical was the sound of the underground waters, still invisible, except where, here and there, they slyly peeped out from rocks and bushes, as if watching for a safe moment to come out to the light. At

last one little spring leapt boldly out. And, as we see every day, if one bold man takes the lead, the faint-hearted ruck is suddenly, to its own astonishment, inspired with courage, and hurries to join the bell-wether, so now a multitude of other springs started from their hiding-places, and rallied round their leader, soon forming a considerable rivulet, which by innumerable waterfalls and wonderful meanders goes murmuring down the gorge. It is the Ilse, the lovely, sweet Ilse, which flows through the happy Ilsethal, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, and are covered to their very base with beeches, oaks, and similar broad-leaved trees, instead of pines and other conifers. For the common lowland timber prevails in the Lower Harz, as the east side of the Harz is called, in contradistinction to the west side, or Upper Harz, which is actually much higher, and better adapted to the growth of conifers.

All description must fail to render the impression of unmixed joyousness and artless grace that is left by a sight of the Ilse as it plunges over the fantastic fragments of rock that hem its path. Here its water spurts up wildly or overflows in a foaming cascade, there it jets in delicate curves from every cleft and cranny of the rocks, and again trips below over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the myth is true: the Ilse is a princess who leaps down the mountain side with the light laughter of youth. See her white foam-robe shimmering in the sunshine, her silver streamers fluttering in the wind, her diamonds sparkling and flashing! The tall beech-trees beside her are like solemn fathers regarding with secret satisfaction the waywardness of a favourite daughter; the white birches nod their heads like aunts, proud, but alarmed at the girl's mad leaps; the stately oak looks down like a surly uncle, who knows he must pay the piper; the birds of the air

trill out their approval; the flowers on the bank murmur tenderly, "O, take us with thee, take us with thee, sister dear!" But the merry maiden will not stay; on she bounds, and suddenly lays hold of the dreaming poet, and there streams upon him a flowery rain of rippling sunbeams and sunny ripples, and my senses fail with too much loveliness, and nothing but an echo of a flute-like voice remains on my ear.

I am the Princess Ilse,
And I dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come enter with me my castle,
And share my bliss divine.

Thy head I will besprinkle
With my spring waters bright,
Thy pains shall all be forgotten,
O weary, woeful knight!

Within my white arms lying,
To my white bosom pressed,
Thou shalt listen to fairy legends,
And dream thy griefs to rest.

And I will kiss thee and clasp thee;
So clasped I and kissed e'en so
My old love Kaiser Heinrich,
Who died long long ago.

The dead they are dead and buried,
The living alone abides;
And I am fair and winsome,
My heart leaps like a bride's.

When I laugh my laugh sets ringing
My crystal halls in the deep,
Sets lords and ladies a-dancing,
My merry men shout and leap.

They rustle the silken dresses,
They jangle the spurs of steel;
To the sound of my goblin music,
Drum, fiddle, and trumpet peal.

Round thee my arms shall be twinèd,
As I twined them once around
My Kaiser Heinrich, closing
His ears to the trumpet's sound.

How infinitely blissful is the feeling when the outer world of phenomena blends and harmonizes with the inner world of feeling, when green trees, thoughts, birds' songs, sweet melancholy, the azure of heaven, memory, and the perfume of flowers run together, and form the loveliest of arabesques. Women know this feeling best; this is why an amiable smile of incredulity plays about their lips when we men, with our pedantic conceit, expatiate on our logical achievements, our neat universal categories of objective and subjective, our provision of drawers and pigeonholes for thought, which makes our brain resemble an apothecary's shop—in one drawer reason, in a second understanding, in the third wit, in the fourth false wit, and in the fifth nothing at all—that is to say, the Idea.

Roaming on as in a dream, I hardly noticed that we had passed the deepest part of the Ilsethal, and were again ascending. The ascent was steep and laborious, and made more than one of us puff and pant. However, like our late cousin, the wag [1] who lies buried at Möllen, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we must descend again. At last we reached the Ilsenstein.

[1] An allusion to Till Eulenspiegel, the embodiment of rustic humour, half simpleton, half rogue. He has given the French language the word *espiègle*, and the old farce of Pathelin gives a good notion of his humours. His life was written towards the end of the fifteenth century, and printed about 1500. Julius Wolff's mock epic, under the title of "Till Eulenspiegel redivivus," has revived his memory. Möllen in Brunswick was the traditional burial-place of Till.

The Ilsenstein is a huge tall rock of granite, which rises boldly and abruptly from the gorge. On three sides it is shut in by high wooded hills, but northwards, from the fourth side, there is a wide open view over the Ilsenburg at its base and the Ilse to the lowlands beyond. On its tower-like summit there is a large iron cross, and standing-room for two at a pinch.

The natural picturesqueness of the Ilsenstein, due to site and shape, is heightened by the glamour of legend. To quote Gottschalk, "'Tis said that an enchanted castle once stood here, in which dwelt a rich and beautiful princess named Ilse, who still bathes every morning in the Ilse, and whoever is lucky enough to be there at the right moment will be led by her to the rocks where her castle is, and royally entertained." Other chroniclers relate a beautiful legend of the loves of Fräulein Ilse and the Ritter von Westenberg. This has been turned into a charming poem by one of our most famous poets, which appeared in the "Abendzeitung." Others, again, give a different version. According to them, it was the old Saxon Kaiser Heinrich who fleeted the time right royally with the fair water-fay Ilse in her enchanted rocky fortress. A later writer, the Honourable Mr. Niemann, author of a Guide to the Harz, in which he gives with laudable exactitude the heights of the mountains, the variations of the needle, the debts of each town, and so forth, asserts offhand that "what is related of the fair Princess Ilse belongs to the region of romance." That is the way with all those unfortunate people who never were blessed with the sight of such a princess, but we who have enjoyed the favours of the fair know better. Kaiser Heinrich knew it too. The old Saxon emperors had good reason for clinging to their native Harz. Look into the delightful Lüneberg chronicles, where the good old lords are represented to the

life in wonderfully lifelike woodcuts, well harnessed, mounted on their barbed battle-horses, the imperial crown on their anointed heads, grasping sceptre and sword in their strong hands; look at the expression of their bearded lips, and you will read there how often they yearned regretfully for the tender hearts of their Harz princesses, and the familiar murmur of their Harz forests, when sojourning in a strange country, aye, even in the southern land of orange-trees and of poison, whither they and their successors were so often beguiled by their craving for the title of Roman emperors—a genuine German craving, that for titles—which was the ruin of emperors and empire.

However, I advise anyone who is standing on the peak of the Ilsenstein not to think of emperors or empire, nor of the fair Ilse, but only of his feet. For as I stood there lost in thought I heard of a sudden the subterranean music of the magic castle, and saw the mountains round me standing on their heads, and the red roofs of Ilsenburg began to dance, and the green trees in the blue began to fly round, and all before me turned blue and green, and assuredly I should have fallen over the precipice in my giddiness if I had not clung for my very life to the iron cross. Considering my perilous position, I may hope that this action will not be misconstrued.

* * * * * *

The Harzreise is a fragment, and such it must remain. The bright threads that have been deftly woven together to form the many-coloured tissue are cut short as by the shears of the inexorable Fate. Some day I may attempt to gather up the broken strands and weave them into songs, which I hope will do full justice to what I have here treated so scantily and imperfectly. After all, it is indifferent when and where we speak, if only the thing gets spoken. No matter if the separate works are still

fragments, so long as in combination they form a whole. When they are thus combined, I hope that some present gaps will be filled up, some roughnesses toned down, and some asperities softened. Thus, even the opening pages of the Harzreise might perhaps seem less ill-natured than they otherwise would, if the reader was elsewhere informed that my dislike for Göttingen in general (though even more violent than I have expressed) is far feebler than my esteem for certain individuals there. And why should I conceal names? I mean in particular that worthy man who in my earlier years showed in me so kindly an interest, who inspired me even then with a passion for the study of history, and afterwards fired and fanned my zeal for this pursuit, thus leading my restless spirit into quieter paths, giving my morbid temperament a healthier direction, and finally providing me, in the philosophy of history, with the only consolation that could have enabled me to endure the pettinesses and miseries of the times. I mean Georg Sartorius,[1] the great student of history and of man, whose eye is a clear star in these dark times, and whose large heart is open to all the joys and woes of others, to the troubles of the beggar and the king, to the last sigh of perishing nations and their gods.

I feel bound also to add a caution. That part of the Harz which I have described before entering the Ilsethal, the Upper Harz, is far inferior in charm to the picturesque Lower Harz, to which it forms a striking contrast, with its gloomy fir-trees and its rugged beauty. The same agreeable contrast is noticeable in the three valleys of the Lower Harz formed by the Ilse, the Bode, and the Selke, and will strike anyone who can grasp the form and feature of each

[1] Georg Sartorius (1765-1828), Professor of History and Political Science at Göttingen during Heine's residence; wrote a history of the Hanseatic League; sat in the Hanoverian parliament in 1815.

separate valley. They are three lovely women, and it is not easy to award the prize of beauty.

Of the kind, sweet Ilse, and her sweet and kindly welcome, I have already said and sung. The Bode, a dark beauty, was not so gracious, and at the first sight I caught of her in the pitchy darkness of the Rübeland she seemed to me quite sulky, and hid herself in a silver-grey veil of rain; but suddenly her anger turned to love, and when I reached the heights of the Rosstrappe she had thrown off the veil, and her countenance beamed on me with sunny radiance; every feature breathed Titanic tenderness; her stony heart had yielded, and sounds upwelled as of love-sick sighs and languishing melancholy. Less tender, but merrier, was the fair Selke. Very fair and lovable she appeared to me, but her simple nobility and calm repose forbad all sentimental familiarity, though a half-hidden smile gave warning of arch mischief, to which I am inclined to ascribe the sundry mishaps I encountered in the Selkethal. For instance, when I was jumping a watercourse, I plumped into the middle. Afterwards, when I exchanged my wet boots for slippers, one of the pair was soon after not to hand, or rather not to foot; a gust of wind flew away with my cap; my legs were torn with brambles, and so it went on to the end. Yet for all her plaguing of me the fair lady has my full pardon—for fair she is. And now she stands before my fancy's eye in all her silent witchery, and seems to say, "Though I laugh, I mean you well, and I pray you sing of me." Then the proud Bode too steps forth, as memory recalls her, and her dark eye speaks, "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will that thou love me." Last comes the fair Ilse, tripping towards me, dainty and bewitching in mien, form, and motion, the very image of the bright being that blesses my dreams; like her, too, she gazes on

me with icy indifference, and yet so infinitely and transparently true. Well, I am Paris, and the apple falls to the fair Ilse.

To-day is the first of May. Like an ocean of life spring overfloods the earth; the white blossom-foam hangs on the trees; all is bathed in a hazy glow; in the town the windows of the houses flash in sunlight, and on the roofs the sparrows are at work on their nests; in the streets the townfolk are abroad, remarking how crisp the air is, and how wonderfully it suits them; the gaily-dressed peasant girls are selling bunches of violets; the Foundling children, with their blue jackets and their pretty, baseborn faces, are passing along the Jungfern-steg,[1] radiant as though each will find a father to-day; the beggar on the bridge looks as contented as if he had won the grand prize in the lottery; even the dark unhung villain of a broker, with his rascally shoddy face, as he passes me catches some rays of the all-tolerant sun. I will pass by the gate, and out of town.

It is the first of May, and I think of thee, fair Ilse—or shall I call thee Agnes,[2] my favourite name? I think of thee, and wish I were again there to see thee flash down the mountain-side. Best of all would it be to stand in the valley below and receive thee in my arms. It is a lovely day! Green everywhere, the colour of hope. Everywhere miracles are working, flowers bursting into blossom, and my heart, too, will blossom again. My heart, too, is a flower, a strange rare flower—no modest violet, no laughing rose, no pure lily, or simple flower that takes a maiden's fancy with its prettiness, and softly rests on her soft bosom, that fades to-day to bloom again to-morrow. No, this heart is rather like one of those monstrous out-

[1] The promenade along the Elster at Hamburg.

[2] Agnes, we can hardly doubt, stands for Heine's cousin, who married in 1821, and left Heine "bearing a lifelong hunger at his heart."

landish flowers from the forests of Brazil, which are said to blossom only once in a century. I remember as a boy seeing such a flower. We heard in the night a crack like a pistol-shot, and next morning the children next door told us that it was their aloe blossoming which had made the report. They led me into their garden, and there I saw to my astonishment that the low horny plant with its funny broad jagged leaves, sharp enough to inflict a serious wound, had now shot up, and bore on its head a glorious flower like a crown. We children were too small to look down on it, and silly old Christian, who was fond of us, constructed a wooden stand round the flower, up which we clambered like cats, and peered down on the open calix, and gazed at the spikes of gold, and snuffed the strange rich odours that issued from it.

Yes, Agnes, not often and not lightly does this heart blossom; to the best of my recollection it has blossomed but once, and that ages ago, at least a century. And however splendid the promise of its opening blossom, I fancy that from want of sunlight and warmth it must have shrivelled miserably, if it was not actually shattered by a dark wintry blast. But now it stirs again, and shoots in my breast, and if you suddenly hear a report—fear not, silly girl, I have not shot myself—but my love is bursting the bud, and is shooting up in lyric flashes, in immortal dithyrambs, in ebullience of song.

But if this high love is too high for thee, girl, set thyself at ease and mount the wooden stand, and look down on the blossoming of my heart.

It is still early, the sun has hardly run the half of his course, and my heart already exhales such strong odours that they mount to my head, and I can no longer tell where irony ends and heaven begins, that I people the air with my sighs, and that I myself am like to dissolve

into sweet atoms, into the uncreated godhead—What will it be by the time it is night, and the stars shine out in heaven, "the luckless stars who can to thee reveal——"

It is the first of May, and to-day the dullest errand-boy has a right to be sentimental. Will you deny the same right to a poet?

# Book II.

## NORDERNEY.

THE natives as a rule are miserably poor, and live by fishing, which does not begin till next month (October), when the weather is stormy. Many of the islanders also serve as sailors on foreign merchant vessels, and stay away for years together without sending any tidings of themselves to their families at home. It often happens that they perish at sea, and I came across several poor women on the island who had lost all their male relations in this way, a not uncommon occurrence, as father and sons generally embark on the same vessel.

With these people sea-faring is a passion, and yet they all seem happiest when at home. Even when they have reached the southern climes, "with suns more luminous and dreamier moons," not all the flowery south can fill the void, and in the odorous home of spring they pine for their sandy island, their low cabins, their hearths round which the whole family huddle close, wrapped in their warm woollen jackets, and watch the bickering flames, and drink a decoction of sea-water which passes for tea, and chatter in a jargon which one can hardly imagine their comprehending themselves.

The bond of union that links these people so closely together, and keeps them so contented, is not so much the mystic sympathy of love as custom and habit, the natural

solidarity caused by common interests and pursuits, the immediateness and directness of their social relations. Their minds are all at the same elevation, or, to speak more accurately, at the same low level; hence similar needs and similar desires; from similar experiences and ways of thinking there arises a mutual understanding. They sit cosily round the fire in their low-roofed cottages, huddling together when the weather grows cold; they see by each other's eyes what each man is thinking, and read on the lips the words before they are uttered; all the common relations of life are stored in their memories, and a single sound, a single look, a single dumb gesture enables them to excite such laughter, tears, or religious fervour as no orator could arouse in us without hours of expounding, expectorating, and perorating. For our inner life is at bottom a life of isolation; the particular education we have received, or the particular course of reading we happen to have chosen, has given to each individual character a special bent and ply; each of us masks his real self; thinks, feels, energizes, after a manner of his own; and thus there is so much misunderstanding in the world that even in big houses it is hard to live together; there is nowhere elbow-room; everywhere we are strangers in a strange land.

This community of thoughts and sentiments which I found existing among these island-folk has often prevailed among whole nations for whole generations. Such was the condition that the Roman Catholic Church of the Middle Ages doubtless wished to establish among all the corporate bodies of Europe, and that was why it took upon itself the tutelage of all the relations of life, all the forces and phenomena of human nature—in short, the whole physical and moral man. Indisputably much peaceful happiness resulted from its action; life was intensified and ennobled.

and the arts flourished like flowers in a garden close, producing those perfect fruits which still excite our admiration, and which, with all our haste for knowledge, we cannot emulate. But the human spirit has its rights, which are eternal, and will not be hemmed in by dogmas, or rocked to sleep by the lullaby of church bells. It burst its prison walls and broke the iron leading-strings of Mother Church. Intoxicated with its liberty, it traversed every land, scaled the highest mountain-peaks, shouted with exultation, revived old-world doubts, pored all day on the wonders of creation, and counted the stars of night. We have not yet learnt the number of the stars, nature's miracles are still unexplained, the old doubts are again dominant—are we happier for it all than before? We know that, as regards the mass of mankind, it would be difficult to answer in the affirmative; but we also know that happiness which depends on a lie cannot be true happiness, and that in the rare moments when we approach nearer to the divine nature we feel more happiness from our sense of moral and intellectual dignity than in the long years through which we vegetate, swaddled in the smouldering creed of charcoal-burners.[1]

In any case the supremacy of the Church was a tyranny of the worst kind. Who would warrant the good intentions for which I have given her credit? Who can prove that there was no admixture of sinister motives? Rome always aspired to empire, and when her legions fell she sent dogmas into the provinces. Like a monstrous spider Rome sat in the centre of the Latin world and enveloped it in her interminable web. Whole generations lived beneath it a peaceful existence, taking for a circumambient Heaven what was nothing but Rome's web. Only here and there

[1] "A charcoal-burner's creed" is a provorbial phrase for ignorant dogmatism and superstition.

some aspiring spirit, who saw through the meshes, felt himself cabined and confined, and on trying to break through was snapped up by the cunning spinner, who sucked his heart's blood. And was not such generous blood too dear a price for the visionary happiness of the senseless crowd? The days of spiritual serfdom are over; decrepit and feeble amid the broken pillars of her Coliseum sits the old Cross-spider,[1] still spinning her old toils, but her web is weak and rotten, and she catches only butterflies and bats, not as once the golden eagle of the North.

How ludicrous it is in the midst of a candid and friendly dissertation on the tendencies of the Roman Church, to find myself catching the spirit of a zealous Protestant, who always puts the worst interpretation on her actions. These contradictory feelings, of which I am myself conscious, are another illustration of the contending phases of thought of the present day. What we admired yesterday we hate to-day, and to-morrow we shall probably pass it by with a sneer of indifference.

Looked at from one point of view everything is equally great and equally small, and in contemplating the narrow world of these poor islanders I am reminded of the revolutions of thought which have passed over Europe. They, too, are standing on the margin of a new era, and their primitive simplicity is being undermined by the growing popularity of the island as a bathing resort. They daily observe, with eager curiosity, the strange ways of the visitors, which they cannot adjust to their old-fashioned habits. To stand by night outside the lighted windows of the Assembly Rooms and watch the behaviour of the ladies and gentlemen within, the meaning glances, the greedy grimaces, the voluptuous dances, the extrava-

[1] *Kreuz-spinne* (Eperia diadema), a poisonous spider with cross-shaped spots on its back.

gant suppers, the wild gambling—all this cannot help having a bad effect, which is no ways compensated by the money that the watering-place attracts. This money does not suffice for the new needs, which come in like a flood, producing moral anarchy, feverish excitement, misery, and ruin. When I was a boy I always felt a passionate craving whenever a tray of piping-hot tarts passed me, filling the air with its fragrance, and I knew they were not for me. As a youth I felt the same passionate longing when fair ladies with fashionably low dresses met me in the streets.

Now it seems to me that these poor islanders, who are still in the stage of childhood, must be often exposed to similar sensations, and I could wish that the proprietors of dainty tarts and ladies were more chary of displaying their charms. All these exposed delicacies on which the poor islanders can feast their eyes alone, must whet their appetites, and if their wives when *enceinte* develop a morbid craving for sweets of all sorts, and end by bearing children who resemble the visitors, the explanation is easy. Do not mistake me; I am not hinting at any improprieties. The virtue of these island women is fully protected by their ugliness and by an ancient fishy smell which, to me at least, was unendurable. Their virtue, as I have said, is irreproachable, and if their children bear a striking resemblance to the visitors, I should prefer to see in this likeness a psychological phenomenon, and to explain it by those mysterious physical laws which Goethe has so well illustrated in his "Elective Affinities."

The number of puzzling problems in nature that can be explained by these laws is astonishing. Last year, when, cast by a storm at sea on another of these East Frisian islands, I saw in a boatman's cabin a cheap engraving, which was called "La Tentation du Vieillard." It represented an old man disturbed in his studies by the appearance of a woman

emerging from a cloud and naked to her waist. Strange to say, the boatman's daughter had the very same wanton pug-dog face as the woman in the engraving. Another instance: in the house of a money-changer, whose wife attended to the shop, and was engaged from morning to night in carefully scrutinizing coins, I found that the children's faces bore a startling resemblance to the crowned heads of Europe, and when the family were all quarrelling together I could almost fancy that it was a Congress in miniature.

It follows that the striking of coins cannot be a matter of indifference for politicians; for as people are in love with money, and certainly gaze at it fondly, their children will often get the features of the sovereign that is stamped on it, and the poor monarch will be suspected of being the father of his subjects. The Bourbons had good cause for melting down Napoleons; they did not wish to see so many Napoleon faces among their subjects. Prussia is furthest advanced in her specie politics. They manage there by a judicious admixture of copper to make their sovereign's cheeks turn red with their new coinage of small change, and since that time Prussian children have a far healthier appearance than before, and it is a real pleasure to see their shining little silver-groschen faces.

While descanting on the moral corruption with which the islanders are threatened, I have omitted to mention their spiritual bulwarks, the pastor and the church. The former is a sturdy gentleman with a big head, innocent to all appearance both of rationalism and mysticism, and his chief merit is that one of the most beautiful women in the world lodged at his house. As to what his church is like, having never been inside it I can give no accurate information. God knows I am a good Christian, nay more, that I am often on the point of visiting His courts, but there's always

some fatal impediment in the way, generally a bore who buttonholes me on the road, and if I do reach the gates of the temple, I am sure to be seized with a sudden fit of merriment, and then it would be a sin to enter. This occurred to me only last Sunday. I was at the church-door when a passage of Goethe's "Faust" came into my head, the passage where Faust, in company with Mephistopheles, passes a cross and asks him—

> "Mephisto, wherefore hurry so?
> Why from the cross thus look aside?"

And Mephistopheles answers—

> "A foolish prejudice, I know,
> But crosses I could ne'er abide."

These lines, to the best of my knowledge, are not printed in any edition of "Faust," and we are indebted for them to the late Councillor Moritz, who quotes them from a manuscript of Goethe's in his "Philipp Reiser," a novel which nobody now remembers, wherein the author gives his own history, or rather the history of a few hundred thalers which the novelist did not possess, and for want of which his life was a long series of mortifications and self-sacrifices, though his wishes assuredly were not immoderate—as, for instance, his wish to go to Weimar and act as servant to Goethe under any conditions in order to be brought in contact with the man who of all living characters had made the deepest impression on him.

Strange that even then Goethe aroused such enthusiasm, and yet it is only "we weaklings of the third generation"[1] that are capable of estimating his true greatness.

Yet this age, too, has produced men whose own hearts are a fen of stagnant waters, and who would therefore like to stop the living springs of other hearts, men whose own powers of enjoyment are paralyzed, who abominate life,

[1] From Homer's description of Nestor.

and try to put others out of conceit with all the loveliness in the world by depicting it as a bait of the Evil One devised simply to tempt us; just as a cunning housewife leaves the sugar-basin out, after counting the lumps, to test her maid's abstinence. And these men have gathered round them a puritanical crowd, to whom they preach a crusade against the great heathen and his nude divinities, in whose stead they would set up their idiotic mummery of devils.

Their highest ideal is mummery, and naked divinity is an abomination in their eyes. Even a satyr finds favour with them if he wears breeches and insists that Apollo himself shall wear breeches. The world then calls him a moral man; they fail to see that the Clauren leer of a draped satyr is more offensive than the entire nudity of a Wolfgang Apollo,[1] and that the age of trunk hose which took sixty ells of cloth was not a whit more moral than ours.

But will not the ladies be angry with me for writing "breeches" instead of "trousers?" Oh, the sensibility of ladies! They'll end by letting none but eunuchs write their books, and those who minister to their minds in the West will have to be as harmless as their body-servants in the East. This reminds me of a passage in Berthold's diary:—"'After all,' said Dr. M. to a lady whom he had offended by a somewhat coarse expression, 'we are all naked under our clothes.'"

The Hanoverian aristocracy are in high dudgeon with Goethe, and accuse him of disseminating irreligion, which may easily lead to wrong views on politics, instead of bringing back the people to their old soberness and submissiveness by means of their old faith. And of late I have heard a good deal of discussion on the question whether Goethe was greater than Schiller, or *vice versâ*.

[1] Goethe.

The other day I was standing behind the chair of a lady of quality (a back view was enough to show that she counted sixty-four ancestors), and overheard a lively debate on this topic between her and two Hanoverian peers, whose ancestors' portraits may be seen on the Zodiac of Dendera.[1] One of them, a lank, lean, mercurial youth, who looked like a barometer, was attacking the virtue and purity of Schiller, while the other, who matched him in lankiness, was lisping some lines from the "Dignity of Woman," and smiling meanwhile as sweetly as an ass who has stuck his head into a treacle-barrel and is licking his chops. Both youths kept emphasizing their opinions by a refrain of protestations. "I tell you he's greater; indeed, he is greater; upon my honour, he is greater." The lady was gracious enough to bring me into this æsthetic conversation, and asked, "Doctor, what is *your* opinion of Goethe?" But I folded my arms across my breast, bowed my head in reverence, and said, "La illah ill allah, wamohammed rasul allah."

The lady without knowing it had put to me the shrewdest of questions. You can't ask a man, point-blank, "What do you think of heaven and earth? what are your views of man and life? Are you a reasonable creature or an ass?" Yet these delicate questions are all involved in the seemingly artless words, "What is your opinion of Goethe?" For as Goethe's works are open to all, we compare at once the judgment that anyone pronounces on them with our own, and thus have a sure standard by which to measure the critic's mental and moral capacity, and he has unconsciously pronounced his own sentence.

[1] The Zodiac of Dendera or Dendrah (a town in Upper Egypt) was found on the wall of the temple of Hathor, and placed in the Museum of the Louvre in 1822. The hieroglyphic animals represent to Heine the originals of the crests and devices of the nobility.

And as Goethe, by being as it were a universe which all alike behold, furnishes the best means of apprizing men, so we can best apprize Goethe by his judgment on common subjects, concerning which the most remarkable men have already expressed their views. For such a test I would refer to Goethe's "Italian Travels," for all of us, either by personal observation or by report, know something of Italy, and so cannot fail to notice how each man sees it through his own eyes; it may be the jaundiced eyes of an Archenholz, who sees only the seamy side, or it may be the bright eyes of a Corinne, who sees all *couleur de rose;* while Goethe with his open Greek eyes sees the whole, light and shade alike, never allowing his individual mood to distort or colour the picture, but portraying the country and people in the express form and image that they received from the Creator.

This is a merit of Goethe's that only later times will fully recognize, for we live in a morbid age, and nearly all of us are far too much wrapped up in the morbid, tattered sentimentalities which we have gathered from every country and age, to be able to see by intuition how healthy, how simple, how sculpturesque Goethe is as revealed in his works. He himself is as little aware of it as we. With naïve unconsciousness of his own powers he expresses astonishment when he hears himself described as an "objective thinker," and, while furnishing us in his "Autobiography" with invaluable aid for passing a critical judgment on his works, he gives us no absolute standard of criticism, but only fresh facts, new data for judging him, —another instance of the proverb that no man can jump out of his skin.

Besides this sculpturesqueness—this faculty of clear vision, thought and feeling—a later age will discover much in Goethe of which we, the present generation, have

no suspicion. Works of genius are immutable and immortal, while criticism shifts and changes. Criticism expresses the current views of the time being, and only appeals to that time; and unless it is itself, in some measure, a work of art (like Schlegel's[1]) it dies with its age. Each generation, as it gets fresh ideas, sees with fresh eyes, and discovers fresh beauties in ancient works of genius. A Schubarth[2] looks at the Iliad from a different point of view, and finds in it far more than the whole school of Alexandrian critics; and it is certain that there will arise critics who will see in Goethe far more than a Schubarth.

So, after all my protests, I have myself fallen into a long gossip on Goethe; but such digressions are natural on an island where the ear is filled with the murmur of the waves and the heart attuned to its wild melodies.

A strong north-easter is blowing, and the witches are again brewing mischief. The island, you must know, abounds with strange legends of witches who raise storms, and it is noticeable that all countries on the borders of the Northern Ocean are inclined to superstition. The sailors tell you that several islands are under the secret government of special witches, and ascribe to their malignity the contrary winds or other mischances that vessels encounter in passing these islands. When I was on a cruise last year I was told by our steersman that the witches were particularly powerful in the Isle of Wight, and tried to detain till nightfall any ship that was passing in the daytime in order to drive it on to the reefs or the island itself. When this happens (he added) you hear the

[1] In the "Romantic School" it will be seen how differently Heine, in his riper years, came to estimate Schlegel.

[2] Carl Schubarth published in 1821 his "Ideen über Homeros und sein Zeitalter."

witches hurtling through the air, and howling round the shrouds so loud that the Klabotermann has his work to do to resist them. To my question what the Klabotermann was, my informer answered in a solemn voice, "That's the good invisible guardian of ships, who keeps honest and sober seamen from harm, has an eye everywhere, and looks after good conduct as well as good passages." Dropping his voice a tone, the honest steersman went on to assure me that if I listened I might hear him myself in the hold, where he busied himself with re-arranging the stowage, which accounted for the rumbling of casks and chests when the sea was running high, and the creaking of our beams and timbers. Often, too, he might be heard hammering outside the ship, and that was a warning to the carpenter to mend a leak without delay. But his favourite place was on the top-gallant sail, and that was a signal that a fair breeze was blowing or about to blow. On asking whether I could not see him, I was told, "No, you can't see him, and no one would care to see him, for he only shows himself when all hope of safety is past." My honest steersman allowed that he was not speaking from personal experience, but he had it on good authority that the Klabotermann might then be heard on the top-gallant sail conversing with his attendant spirits; but when the storm prevails and shipwreck is inevitable, then he takes his post at the wheel, shows himself for the first time, and vanishes, breaking the helm in pieces. Those who behold him at this awful moment find at once a watery grave.

The skipper, who had overheard our conversation, smiled archly. I should never have believed his rough, weather-beaten features capable of expressing such subtle satire. He afterwards assured me that a century, or even fifty years ago, the belief in the Klabotermann was so strong among sailors that a cover was always laid for him at table, and

before each meal some choice morsels were put upon his plate, and he declared that this was still done on some ships.

I often roam about the beach and muse upon these marvellous legends of the seafaring folk. The most attractive of the tales is undoubtedly the story of the Flying Dutchman, who is seen in stormy weather scudding past with all sail set, and who sometimes puts out a boat with a whole budget of letters, to be handed over to captains whom he meets at sea, who know not what to do with them, as they are all addressed to persons long since deceased. I often think, too, of the lovely old tale of the fisher-boy who used to watch by the shore the nightly dances of the water-nixies, and afterwards wandered all over the world with his fiddle and charmed every heart when he played the nixies' waltz. This tale I was first told by a dear friend at a concert at Berlin apropos of such another wondrous boy whom we heard play,—I mean Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.

There is a peculiar charm in cruising round the island. Only the weather must be fine, the clouds must not behave as they do most days, and one must lie on one's back on the deck and look up at the heavens, and—this is absolutely essential—have a bit of heaven in one's heart. Then the waves murmur all sorts of strange things, words round which sweet associations hover, aery tongues that to the wistful ear syllable the name of "Evelina!" Ships go by, and you exchange greetings as if you might meet again any day of the week. Only the passing by night of strange craft out at sea is an eerie sensation;—you fancy your dearest friends whom you have not met for years may be sailing silently past you and disappearing for ever.

I love the sea as my own soul. I often feel as if the sea must be my soul. And as in the sea there are hidden water-plants, which come to the surface only at the moment

they blossom, and sink again the moment that they fade, so at times there float up from the depths of my soul wondrous flowers of fancy which gleam and bloom and die—"Evelina!" They say that near this island, where now is nothing but water, the loveliest villages and towns once stood, but the sea engulfed them all at once, and in clear weather the mariners still see the gleaming spires of the sunken churches, and on Sabbath mornings many have actually heard the holy bell knolling to church?[1] The tale is true, for the sea is my soul :—

> "Where a city once its glorious head was lifting
> Now beneath the waves a sunken ruin gleams;
> Oft, like golden stars across the azure drifting,
> Flits the image o'er the mirror of my dreams."
>
> W. MÜLLER.

Then, awaking, I hear a dying peal of bells and angel voices singing, "Evelina!"

It is a pretty sight, as you walk along the shore, to watch the ships passing. With their dazzling white sails full set they look like stately swans sailing by. The sight is still more striking when the setting sun casts a gigantic aureole round some passing vessel.

Shooting on the shore is also said to be a great attraction to visitors, but for my part I can find no great pleasure in it. The love of beauty, and goodness, and magnanimity may often be imparted by education, but a love of sport is in the blood. When a man's ancestors have shot roe-deer from time immemorial his descendants find a pleasure in their vested occupation. My ancestors belonged not to the hunters, but to the hunted, and blazing away at the present representatives of my progenitors goes against the grain. Nay, from experience I know that it comes easier to me to stand up at the measured distance, and let fly at one of those

[1] Cf. the Introduction to Renan's "Souvenirs de ma jeunesse."

sportsmen who sigh for the good old times when men, too, counted as big game. Thank God! those days are past. Now, if such sportsmen take a fancy to hunt men, they have to pay for it, as in the case of the prize-runner whom I saw one Sunday afternoon two years ago at Göttingen. The wretched man had already run in the broiling heat till he was pretty well tired out, when some Hanoverian young gentlemen who were studying the humanities offered him a few thalers if he would run the course again. The man did it, and he was deadly pale and wore a red jacket; and close at his heels, in a whirlwind of dust, galloped these well-bred, well-fed young gentlemen, mounted on gallant steeds, whose hoofs at times struck their harried, panting quarry—their quarry was a man.

Yesterday, by way of experiment, for I must keep my feelings in better order, I went out shooting. I shot at some gulls who were sailing round me in absolute security, though they could not know for certain that I was a bad shot. I did not want to hit them, but only to warn them to beware another time of men with guns; but I missed my aim, and had the misfortune to bring down a young gull. It was lucky that it was not an old bird, for what would have become of the poor young gulls still lying unfledged in their nest of sand on the dunes, and bound to starve without a mother? I had at starting a presentiment that I should meet with some mishap—a hare had crossed my path.

I am strangely affected as I walk along the seashore in the gloaming—behind me the flat dunes; before, the infinite heaving ocean; above, the heavens like a vast crystal dome. At such times I seem to myself 'minished to an emmet's size, and yet my spirit expands till it embraces the world. The grand simplicity of nature under this aspect cows and elevates me at the same time—and as a fact impresses me more than any other aspect, no matter how

sublime. I never saw a cathedral vast enough for me; ever my spirit, with its old Titan's prayer, aspired higher than the Gothic pillars, ever essayed to pierce the arched roof. On the top of the Rosstrappe the colossal rocks in their bold grouping had at first sight an imposing appearance; but this impression did not last long—I was startled, but not astounded—and the huge rocky mass gradually dwindled before my eyes, till at last it seemed to me only the puny ruins of a vast dismantled palace, in which my soul might have taken its ease and felt quite at home.

I know that I am laying myself open to ridicule, but the truth must be told: I am tormented not a little by the disproportion between body and soul; and when, as now, I am near the sea, the wide expanse of nature that stretches before me on all sides brings at times the contrast home, and I often ponder on the doctrine of metempsychosis. Who can understand the divine irony which delights in accentuating the manifold contradictions between body and soul? Who can tell what tailor now inherits the soul of a Plato, what dominie is heir to Cæsar's spirit? Who knows whether the soul of Gregory VII. is not seated in the body of the Grand Turk, and feels more comfortable now that it is patted and petted by a thousand fair hands than it was beneath the purple cowl of a celibate? On the other hand, how many pious Moslems of Ali's time may have transmigrated into our anti-Hellenic ministers of state! The souls of the two thieves who were crucified with our Saviour are now perhaps inside the fat paunches of the Consistory, glowing with all the zeal of orthodoxy. Perchance the soul of Yenghis Khan now animates a reviewer who, without knowing it, daily slashes the souls of his faithful Bashkirs and Kalmucks in the pages of a critical journal. Who knows? The soul of Pythagoras perchance has passed into some poor theological student, who is plucked because he cannot

explain the Pythagorean proposition,[1] while his examiners inherit the souls of those oxen that Pythagoras sacrificed to the immortals in his joy at its discovery. Hindoos are not so stupid as our missionaries think. They honour animals for the human souls they credit them with; and if they found hospitals for sick apes, on the model of our academies, it is quite possible that these apes have the souls of great scholars, seeing that with us the reverse is notoriously the case, and some of our greatest scholars have clearly the souls of apes. But who is able to look down on the ways of mortals from the heights of omniscience of the past? As I walk by night on the seashore, and listen to the song of the waves, all sorts of visions and memories flood my brain. I seem as though I had once looked down from above on the same shifting scene, and, dizzy with terror, had fallen to the earth. I seem as though, with telescopic eyes, I had seen the stars moving through the heavens large as life, and had been dazzled by all the mazy splendour; then, as from millennial depths, there surge up all sorts of thoughts, thoughts of primæval wisdom, but all so misty that I know not what they mean. This much I do know: all our cunning, all our mortal endeavours and productions, must to a higher being seem as small and insignificant as to me appeared that spider which I so often watched in the Library of Göttingen. There she sat, busily weaving on the folios of Universal History, with a look of philosophic superiority to the world around her and with the conceited airs of a Göttingen professor, and seemed proud of her mathematical attainments, her contributions to art, and her wrapt contemplation—and yet she knew nothing of all the marvels contained in the book on which she was born, had spent her whole life, and will die, unless that sneaking old librarian, Dr. L., comes and disturbs her.

[1] Euclid i. 47.

And who is this sneaking Dr. L.? His soul perhaps dwelt in just such a spider, and now he guards the folios on which he once sat, and, if he does read them, he knows no more than the spider about their contents.

What may not have happened on the ground where I now am walking? A headmaster who was staying here maintained that on this spot the rites of Hertha, or, more correctly speaking, of Forsete, so mysteriously alluded to by Tacitus, were once celebrated. I only trust that the authorities from whom Tacitus derived his information were well informed, and did not mistake a bathing-machine for the sacred car of the goddess.

In the year 1819 I was a student at Bonn, and attending in the same term four courses of lectures bearing mainly on German antiquities from the mouldiest times:—1. History of the German Language, by Schlegel, who consumed nearly three months in developing the wildest theories on the origin of the German race. 2. "Germania" of Tacitus, by Arndt, who sought in the old German forests those virtues which he missed in the salons of to-day. 3. German Constitutional Law, by Hüllmann (his historical views are the least vague). 4. History of Primitive Germany, by Radloff (at the end of the term he had not got farther than the times of Sesostris). In those days I naturally took more interest in the legend of the ancient Hertha than now. I certainly did not fix her abode at Rügen, but inclined to one of the East Frisian islands. A young savant likes to have a private hypothesis of his own. But I never thought then that there was the slightest chance of my ever walking by the shores of the North Sea without a spark remaining of my patriotic enthusiasm for the ancient goddess.

Well, here I am, and thinking, too, of goddesses, though they bear no resemblance to the venerable Hertha. Par-

ticularly is this the case when I pass that dangerous spot on the shore where the loveliest of ladies have just been swimming about like mermaids. For here neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe under cover, but walk about in the open sea. For this reason the bathing places of the two sexes are separate, but not very far apart, and he who carries a good glass can always see much worth seeing, wherever he may be. The story goes that a new Actæon chanced in this way to see a bathing Diana, but, strange to relate, it was not he, but the husband of the beauty, who got the horns.

The bathing-machines (the hackney-coaches of the North Sea) are here pushed only to the edge of the water. They are mostly nothing but square wooden structures covered with stiff linen. Now they are laid up for the winter in the Assembly Rooms, and doubtless carry on among themselves as stiff and wooden conversations as the *beau monde* they displaced. By the *beau monde*, I do not mean the good citizens of East Friesland. The race is as flat and prosaic as the land they inhabit; they can neither pipe nor sing, and yet they possess a talent worth all the bravuras and penny whistles in the world—a talent which ennobles man and lifts him far above those lordlings with menial souls who deem themselves the only nobility on earth—I mean the talent for liberty. The heart which beats for liberty is knighted already, and needs no stroke of the sword. That the free Frisians know well, and they well deserve their national epithet. Except in the period of chieftains there was never a dominant aristocracy in East Friesland; very few noble families settled there, and the spreading influence of the Hanoverian aristocracy in the army and bureaucracy troubles many a free Frisian heart. There is a growing feeling in favour of the Prussian government, to which they were previously subject.

But with the general complaint in Germany of the aris-

tocratic pride of Hanoverians I cannot wholly sympathize. It certainly does not apply to Hanoverian officers. It is true that, as in Madagascar only nobles have the right of being butchers, so in former days the Hanoverians enjoyed a similar privilege, only nobles being allowed to attain the rank of officers. But in consequence of the numerous distinctions gained by men of the middle class who have won their epaulettes in the German Legion, even this survival of feudal times has fallen into desuetude. And, further, the German Legion, men and officers alike, have done much towards softening down prejudices. They have travelled about in the world, and there's much to be seen in the world, especially in England. They have picked up various knowledge, and it's a pleasure to listen to them conversing about Portugal, Spain, Sicily, the Ionian Islands, Ireland, and other distant lands where they have fought and "seen many cities and their manners learnt," so that it is like listening to an Odyssey—an Odyssey, alas! without a Homer. And the officers of the corps have retained many independent English customs, which are a greater contrast to the traditional Hanoverian manners than we other Germans, who fancy that the example of England has been powerful in Hanover, would easily credit. All through Hanover nothing is to be seen but genealogical trees, to which horses are attached; the whole land is overshadowed with trees, and in spite of all the horses it never advances. No, there never penetrated through this forest of Hanoverian stems one ray of British freedom, and no note of British freedom ever made itself heard amid the neighing of Hanoverian steeds. What the note of British freedom means I never really understood till the other day, when I saw an English vessel sailing past when it was blowing big guns, and listened to the crew on deck, whose voices rose above the roar of wind

and wave as with almost impious defiance they shouted the ancient strain of "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never shall be slaves!"

The general complaint of Hanoverian pride of birth has, indeed, some foundation in the case of the hopeful youths of certain families, who fancy that they rule the realm, or at least govern it indirectly. But even these noble youths would soon cast off their faults of breeding, or rather their ill-breeding, if they had a little knocking about in the world or enjoyed a better education. It is true that they are sent to Göttingen, but there they hang together in cliques, talk of nothing but dogs and horses and quarterings, hear nothing of modern events, or if they do by chance hear anything of them, it makes no impression; their thoughts are all absorbed with the high table which at Göttingen is reserved for "tufts"—a characteristic trait of that university. If only the young noblemen of Hanover were better educated, we should hear little of these complaints of aristocratic pride. Unfortunately, the sons grow up just like their fathers. The same conceit that they are the flowers of creation and we the weeds; the same foolish attempt to screen their own demerits behind the merits of their ancestors; the same blindness to the problematical nature of those merits—scarcely one reflecting that patents of nobility are seldom conferred by princes on their truest and worthiest servants, but most commonly on the pander, the flatterer, and other vile parasites of the same kidney. Scarcely one of them can quote chapter and verse in justification of their ancestral pride —all they can do is to point to their names in Rüxner's "Tournament." Could they even show that their ancestors were among the Crusaders who delivered Jerusalem, they would still be bound before taking credit to themselves to show that those knights were leal and true, that

they did not show the white feather above the red cross, that they were gentlemen as well as Templars. If we had no Iliad, but only a catalogue of the warriors who fought beneath the walls of Troy, and the names were still existent, what airs a *Von Thersites* would give himself! I pass by the question of purity of blood. Philosophers and horse-breeders have some strange theories on that subject.

My strictures, I repeat, are directed mainly against the bad education of the Hanoverian nobility and the superstitious reverence for social forms and ceremonies which they imbibe almost from the cradle. How often have I laughed outright to see what store they set by these forms! As if, forsooth, it were a difficult matter to master these ceremonies of presenting a card or representing a court, these arts of smiling without saying anything, and of saying something without the trouble of thinking, and all the other noble accomplishments, which set the honest bourgeois gaping as if they were as rare as the sea-serpent; whereas any French dancing-master is more at home with them than the German nobleman, who has painfully practised them in the cub-licking city of Lutetia, and brought them home with him to transmit them with German thoroughness and German laboriousness to his descendants. It reminds me of the fable of the showman's dancing bear who escaped from his leader and returned to his fellows in the forest and bragged to them about the difficulty of the art and his proficiency as a dancer, and actually the performance that he gave commanded the admiration of the poor ignorant brutes. This clan, as Werther calls them, formed the distinguished company of this season at Norderney. They ruffled it on land and water and were simply charming, and all played their parts to perfection.

There were besides among the visitors royal personages, and I must confess that these were less pretentious than

the lower ranks of the nobility. How far this unpretentiousness of royalty is genuine or assumed as a necessity of their position, I must leave an open question. In either case, my remarks apply only to the mediatized German princes. These princes have recently suffered a great injustice. They have been robbed of sovereignties to which they had just as much right as the greater princes, unless, indeed, we agree with my fellow-sceptic Spinoza that what cannot maintain itself by its own force has no right to exist. Still, for a country so subdivided and split up as Germany, it was a manifest advantage that this crowd of duodecimo princes were forced to give up the business. It is frightful to think how many of them we poor Germans have to support, for though these mediatized princes no longer wield the sceptre, they still know how to wield a knife and fork, and they don't eat oats, though oats would be dear enough, in all conscience. I hope that before long America may take some of this burden of princes off our hands; sooner or later the presidents of the republics will turn into sovereigns, and will probably be wanting consorts of the genuine royal stamp. In that case, they will be delighted to accept from us our princesses, and if they agree to take half a dozen, we'll throw them a seventh into the bargain; and in course of time they may even find our young princes useful for their daughters. So it was very politic of the mediatized princes to fight tooth and nail for their royal rank, and prize their pedigrees as highly as an Arab does his horse's, and indeed for the same reason—Germany, as they well know, having been from all times the great princely stud, which has to supply the reigning families of Europe with the mares and stallions they require.

In all watering-places it is an established privilege of the visitors who remain to pull to pieces those who have

left, and as I am the last left I have felt myself fully justified in exercising my rights to the full.

At present the island is so deserted that I feel like Napoleon on St. Helena; except, indeed, in this point—I have found an occupation which was lacking to the emperor. And my occupation is none other than the great emperor himself. A young English friend has sent me Maitland's book,[1] which has just appeared. Captain Maitland gives a full account of the circumstances of Napoleon's surrender to the author, and of his behaviour on board the "Bellerophon," till by command of the English ministry he was transferred to the "Northumberland." The narrative makes it clear as daylight that the emperor was induced to put himself in the hands of the English by the desire to give the world peace at last, that he acted under a romantic sense of confidence in English magnanimity, and considered himself their guest rather than their prisoner. That was a mistake such as no other man, least of all a Wellington, would have fallen into, but the verdict of history will be that this error is so noble, so grand, so glorious, that it took more greatness to commit than could be extracted from the sum total of the achievements of common mortals.

The motive that has led Captain Maitland to publish his book appears to be simply the need of a moral whitewashing that every man of honour must feel who by some fatality has been mixed up in a doubtful piece of business. But the book itself is a priceless contribution to the history of Napoleon's captivity. It gives us the last act of his life, helps wonderfully to solve the riddle of the previous acts, and fulfils the definition of a true tragedy[2]

[1] Captain F. L. Maitland's "Narrative of Surrender of Buonaparte," published in 1824.

[2] See Aristotle, "Poetics," cap. vi.

by terrifying, purifying, and calming our minds. To appreciate properly the different characteristics of the four principal authors who have treated of Napoleon's imprisonment, the peculiar style of each, and distinctive way of looking at things, we must examine them side by side.

Maitland, the storm-proof English sailor, describes events as coldly and impartially as if he were entering an observation on the weather in his log-book. Las Casas,[1] an enthusiastic courtier, prostrates himself in every line he writes at the feet of the emperor, not indeed like a Russian serf, but like a free-born Frenchman, who is forced against his will to bend the knee in admiration of superhuman heroism and grandeur. O'Meara,[2] the surgeon, though by birth an Irishman, yet at heart an Englishman, and, as such, at starting a sworn foe of the emperor, but compelled to recognize the majesty of misfortune, gives a plain unvarnished matter-of-fact narrative almost like a Latin inscription. On the other hand, a stiletto, rather than a style, is the right word for the pointed pungent writing of the French doctor Autommarchi,[3] an Italian by birth, and grimly drunk with the rage and poetry of his native land.

Both nations, British and French, supplied two men of average capacity and unbribed by the ruling power, to form the jury which sat upon the emperor, and this was the verdict they returned: to live for ever, ever honoured, ever mourned.

Many great men have trod the earth; here and there we see the gleaming tracks of their footsteps, and in solemn hours their shadowy forms flit before us. But an equally great man sees his predecessors far more clearly than we;

[1] Las Casas, "Mémorial de Sainte Hélène."

[2] O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile," published in 1818.

[3] Autommarchi. The doctor sent out by Napoleon's sister Pauline when O'Meara was dismissed.

from solitary sparks that trace their meteor path across the horizon, he comprehends their most secret actions; a single word they have left behind them gives the clue to the windings of their hearts. And thus they dwell, in a mystic communion, the great men of all times; across the ages they nod to one another, exchanging looks full of meaning, and their eyes meet across the graves of departed generations that have passed between them, and they understand one another and love one another. But for us little men, who cannot stand in this intimate relation to the great men of the past, and see but seldom their tracks and shadowy forms, for us it is a priceless advantage to learn so much about one of them that it is easy to form in our minds a living image of him, and so to enlarge our minds. Such a man is Napoleon Buonaparte. Of him, his life and his genius, we know more than of the other great ones of this earth, and we are daily learning more and more. We see the godlike statue[1] slowly emerging from the rubbish that encumbered it, and as each spadeful of earth is cleared away our wonder and delight at the symmetry and beauty of the noble form that stands revealed is increased, and the lightnings of his foes that would fain shatter the colossal figure, serve only to set it in a brighter light. Such are the angry flashes of Madame de Staël, who, for all her bitterness, only says that the emperor was not an ordinary mortal, and that we cannot measure his genius by ordinary standards.

Kant must have had in his mind's eye such a genius when he says that we can imagine an intellect which is not like ours discursive, but intuitive, and so proceeds from general synthesis—from the intuition of a whole as a whole—to the particular, *i.e.*, from the whole to the parts. And so it was

[1] Can this be an allusion to Canova's nude statue of Napoleon as a Roman emperor, now in the courtyard of the Brera at Milan?

with Napoleon; what we comprehend by a tedious process of analytical thought and a long chain of arguments, that Napoleon was able to grasp and apprehend by simple intuition. Hence his power of understanding the spirit of the age, of cajoling it, never offending, and always using it.

But seeing that the spirit of the age is not simply revolutionary, but a product of the two contending forces, the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary movement, Napoleon's policy was never wholly revolutionary nor wholly counter-revolutionary, but always in harmony with the two opposite tempers, principles, and tendencies, which he combined and reconciled; consequently his policy was consistently natural, simple, and great, never spasmodic and violent, always calm and equable. He never condescended to petty intrigues, but effected his great strokes by his genius for understanding and guiding the masses. Intricate and prolonged intrigues are the favourite devices of petty analytic minds, whereas synthetic minds are able, by a sort of natural magic, to combine the means that the present moment offers them, and turn them to their immediate use. The former class often make shipwreck, because no amount of human cleverness can foresee all the accidents of life, and the factors of life are never long in stable equilibrium. The latter class, the men of intuition, succeed most readily in their schemes because they need only a just estimate of present circumstances, and act so promptly that these circumstances are not liable to any sudden shifting in the ebb and flow of mortal life.

It is a happy coincidence that Napoleon lived at the very time when the taste for history, for historical research and composition, was most flourishing. Thanks to contemporary memoirs, hardly a detail of his life has been lost to us, and every day adds to the number of histories written more or less with the immediate object of portraying the relation

in which he stood to the rest of the world. The announcement of such a history from the pen of Sir Walter Scott cannot fail to excite the liveliest anticipation.

All admirers of Scott must tremble for his fame. Such a book might easily prove a Russian campaign to the splendid reputation that he has laboriously gained by a series of historical novels which have taken all Europe by storm, though more by reason of the subject than of the poetical power they display. The subject is not simply an elegy over the gradual undermining of Scottish nationality and independence by foreign rule and foreign manners and modes of thought. It is rather a tragic wail over the loss of national peculiarities which are swallowed up by the general advance of modern culture; a wail that finds an echo in the heart of every nation. For national memories have deeper roots than is commonly believed. Only have the courage to unearth the old images, and you will see in a single night the old love spring up with them and blossom again. This is no figure of speech, but a simple fact. A few years ago Bullock dug up an ancient stone idol in Mexico, and the next day he found that it had been crowned during the night with flowers; and yet the Spaniard had exterminated the old Mexican religion with fire and sword, and for three centuries had been engaged in ploughing and harrowing their minds and implanting the seed of Christianity. Such, too, are the flowers that blossom forth in the romances of Walter Scott; the romances themselves awaken old feelings; and as once in Granada men and women rushed from their houses with a wail of despair when they heard in the streets the song of the Moorish monarch's entry, so that it was forbidden on pain of death to sing it, even so the dominant note in Scott's romances has sent a thrill of pain through the world. It has found an echo in the hearts of our nobility, who see their castles and escutcheons crumbling

to dust; it has found an echo in the hearts of the middle classes, who see the cosy corner in which their forefathers lived swamped by the dreary uniformity of modern fashion; it echoes in Catholic cathedrals from which faith has fled, and in rabbinical synagogues from which even the faithful are flying; it echoes over the whole world, even to the banana groves of Hindustan, where the sighing Brahmin foresees the decay of his gods, the dissolution of their primitive cosmogony, and the universal triumph of the English.

But this note, the most stirring of all the stirring notes that the Scottish bard strikes on his giant harp, is not the imperial strain that a Napoleon demands—Napoleon the modern man, the man of our times, the man in whom this new age mirrors itself so brightly that we are almost blinded by the reflection and lose all sight of the dim past and its faded glories. From his predilections we should naturally expect that Scott would admirably seize the element of stability in Napoleon's character to which we have alluded—the anti-revolutionary side of his genius, while other authors recognize only his revolutionary bias. Byron, for example, would have portrayed him from the latter point of view—Byron, whose tendencies were all in the contrary direction to Scott's; who, instead of bewailing, like Scott, the decay of ancient forms, feels himself cabined and confined by such as still remain, and tries to demolish them by revolutionary laughter and gnashing of teeth, and in his blind rage sears the most sacred flowers of life with the venom of his verse, and like a mad harlequin stabs himself to the heart to bespatter in grim jest lords and ladies with the blood that gushes from the death-wound.

At the present moment I have a lively sense of the fact that I am not a Byron worshipper; I had rather said, Byron blasphemer. My blood is not so

splenetically black, all the gall of my writings is in my ink, and, if I *am* venomous, my venom is nothing but an antidote against the poisonous serpents who lurk beneath the rubbish of old cathedrals and castles. Of all great authors there is none who jars my nerves so intolerably as Byron, whereas Scott in all his writings enchants and soothes and invigorates me.

I delight even in his imitators, Willibald Alexis,[1] Bronikowski,[2] and Cooper. The mocking "Walladmor" of the first of these authors is closely modelled after Scott, and in one of his later romances also he displays such a wealth of characters and wealth of invention as to prove his ability to give us a living picture of the great crises of German history in a series of historical novels, borrowing, indeed, the form from Scott, but preserving his own poetical originality.

But no true genius will suffer anyone to prescribe the paths it should follow, nor can any critic presume to indicate its probable course. Hence *prejudgment* (I can think of no more neutral expression) on Scott's history of Napoleon must be regarded as an innocent play of the imagination. Only one thing is certain—the book will be read from the uprising of the sun even to the down-setting thereof, and will be translated by us into German.[3]

[1] The pseudonym of Wilhelm Häring (1797-1871). His three-volume novel, "Walladmor," was published in 1823-4. In order to mystify the public he put on the title-page, "freely rendered after Scott." His later novels, such as "Cabanis," "Roland of Berlin," "The false Woldemar," republished in twenty volumes under the title of "National Romances," fully justify Heine's prediction.

[2] Bronikowski, a Polish merchant (1783-1834), who attempted to do for Poland what Scott had done for Scotland.

[3] The foregoing pages were written in 1826 and printed the year after in the second volume of the "Reisebilder." In 1828 appeared the "History of Napoleon Buonaparte," by Walter Scott, and with pain and grief I observed that my prognostications had been fulfilled. The

We have a German translation of Ségur.[1] A splendid epic poem, is it not? We Germans write as well as translate epics, but the heroes exist only in our imagination; whereas the heroes of the French epic are actual heroes, who accomplished far greater deeds and suffered far greater hardships than we can invent in our garrets. And yet we Germans have much imagination, and the French have very little. Perhaps this is why Providence has compensated the French by another gift; and they need only relate truly what they have seen and done in the last thirty years to possess a literature of real life such as no nation or age has yet produced. The memoirs of statesmen, soldiers, and highborn women, such as appear every day of the week in France, form a cycle of Sagas which will supply posterity with food enough for thought and song, and at the centre of this cycle the life of the great Emperor will tower aloft like some giant of the forest. Ségur's history of the Russian campaign is a song, a French *Volkslied* which forms part of this cycle, and in manner and matter it may be compared with the epic poem of all times, and will stand the comparison. A race of heroes which leaped up from the soil of France at the magic words "Liberty and equality," has marched through the world as in a triumphal progress, intoxicated with glory and led by the goddess herself,

book, too, was a complete fiasco, and since this sad catastrophe the literary star of the Great Unknown has set. Scott's health had given way under the mass of work that he undertook to satisfy the claims of his creditors; notwithstanding, he struggled to produce a tedious, almost stupid novel, and shortly afterwards died. At the time when his work on Napoleon, a blasphemy in twelve volumes, appeared, I was at Munich editing a monthly periodical, the "Politische Annalen," and for this journal I wrote a criticism of the work, which I afterwards included in the fourth volume of the "Reisebilder" ("English Fragments," v.).—*Note by* HEINE *in the French edition.*

[1] Comte Philippe de Ségur, "Histoire de Napoléon en 1812."

startling and irradiating the world as they pass, till at last, upon the ice-fields of the North, they dance to the music of their swords the Pyrrhic dance, and the ice breaks, and the sons of fire and freedom perish by cold and by Sclavs.

Such a description or prophecy of the destruction of a world of heroes is the keynote or theme of the epics of every nation. On the rocks of Ellore and other Indian rockhewn temples a like epic catastrophe is graven in gigantic hieroglyphics, the key of which is to be found in the Mahabarata. The North, too, has its tables of stone, the Eddas, which tell of the downfall of gods. The Niebelungen-Lied sings of the same tragic ruin, and its conclusion bears a strong resemblance to Ségur's description of the burning of Moscow. The "Chanson de Roland" on the battle of Roncesvalles, the words of which have perished, though the story has not died out, and quite lately has been conjured up for us by one of the greatest of German poets, Immermann,[1] is the same old song of misfortune. Nay, the tale of Troy divine is the grandest illustration of the old theme, and yet it is not grander or more tragic than the French *Volkslied* in which Ségur has sung the destruction of his world of heroes. Moreover, this is a true epic; the martial youth of France is the hero who dies young, the fate of all such heroes who perish through misfortune and treachery, of Baldur, of Siegfried, of Roland, and Achilles; and the heroes whom we admired in the Iliad we find again in the song of Ségur; we see them consulting, wrangling, fighting, as once before the Scæan gate; and if the King of Naples'[2] jacket be somewhat too gaudy and modern, in prowess and pride he can match the son of Peleus; a Hector in gentleness and bravery

[1] Karl Immermann (1796-1840), in his drama, "Das Thal von Ronceval."

[2] Murat, who loved to appear in the red jacket of a colonel of hussars.

is Prince Eugène,[1] the noble knight; Ney fights like an Ajax; Berthier is a Nestor in years, if not in wisdom; into Davoust, Daru, Caulincourt, &c., have passed the souls of Menelaus, Odysseus, Diomede—only the emperor himself has no counterpart, his head is the Olympus of the poem; and if, as concerns the externals of sovereignty, I compare him to Agamemnon, it is by reason of the tragic fate that attended him and most of his companions in arms, and because his Orestes is still living.[2]

Like Scott's romances, Ségur's epic strikes a chord that vibrates in our hearts, but it does not, like them, awaken our sympathies for a past that is dead and buried; its key-note is the living present, and it inspires us with enthusiasm for the present.

We Germans are, in fact, the real Peter Schlemihls. Even in these later days we have seen much and endured much —soldiers billeted upon us, nobles riding roughshod over us, &c.—we have spilt our noblest blood—*e.g.*, for England, which still has to pay yearly a considerable sum on account of German arms and legs shot off, to their former owners; we have achieved such great deeds on a small scale, as in the Tyrol, that if all were reckoned up they would form an heroic sum total; we have lost much—*e.g.*, our Schlemihl-shadow, the Holy Roman Empire; and yet, with all our losses, sacrifices, privations, disasters, and achievements, our literature has not gained one single monument of fame like those undying trophies which we see our neighbours erecting daily. Our Leipzig fairs have got but little change out of the battle of Leipzig. A gentleman of Gotha, I am told, is intending to bring out a sort of supplement in the form of an epic, but as he cannot yet tell whether he belongs

[1] Heine applies to Eugène Beauharnais the popular title of Eugène of Savoy.

[2] The son of Napoleon and Maria Louisa, born 1811, died 1832

to the 100,000 inhabitants which go to Hildburghausen, or to the 150,000 which Meiningen acquires, or to the 160,000 which Altenburg gains, he can't make a start with his epic, unless he chooses to begin: "Sing, O immortal habitant, whether to Hildburghausen, or Meiningen, or Altenburg thou belong, no matter, sing! sing the deliverance of sinful Germany!" It is this human traffic in the very heart of our fatherland, this dismemberment and mutilation of our country, that checks any sense, let alone any expression, of pride. Our noblest deeds become ridiculous by their abortive results, and while we are sullenly wrapping round us the royal purple dyed with our heroes' blood, there comes a political wag and crowns us with cap and bells.

We have only to compare the literature of our neighbours across the Rhine and across the Channel with our bagatelle literature to see the emptiness and inanity of our bagatelle life. When I read the "Morning Chronicle," every line of which reveals to me the English nation—its horse-racing, prize-fights, cock-fights, assizes, parliamentary debates, and other national institutions, I often turn despondingly to some German paper in hopes of tracing there the main currents of a nation's life, and find nothing but feminine gossip and tittle-tattle of the theatre. And yet what else could be expected? If the public life of a nation is suppressed, it takes refuge in some other topics of common interest, and these are supplied in Germany by authors and players. Instead of the Derby, we have the booksellers' sweepstake at the Leipzig fair. Instead of prize-fights we have our Mystics and Rationalists, who belabour one another in their pamphlets till the one party is brought to reason and the other is deafened and blinded, and so converted to the faith. Instead of cock-fights, we have journals in which poor devils kept for the purpose tear out each other's eyes, while philistines look

on and shout, "That's a game cock! That fellow's got his dander up! He knows how to peck! That young cockerel must wear down his quills a bit;[1] we must spur him!" and so on. In the same way we, too, have our public assizes—our blotting-paper Saxon literary journals, in which every dunderhead is judged by his peers, on the principle of a literary criminal code drawn up on the deterrent theory of punishments, and treating each book as a crime. If the author shows any wit, that is treated as an aggravation of the crime. But if he can prove an alibi for his wit, he gets a milder sentence. An equally great defect in this literary court of assizes is that so much is left to the discretion of the judge, more especially as our literary censors, like Falstaff, refuse to be bullied into giving their reasons, and often are themselves offenders in secret and foresee that to-morrow they will be standing in the dock, and tried by the very prisoners whose sentence they pronounced to-day. Youth, with our literary court of assizes, counts decidedly as an extenuating circumstance, and many a hoary old sinner gets a light sentence because he is mistaken for a child. In fact, the discovery we have lately made that young people about the time of puberty develop a mania for incendiarism, has influenced literary criticism, and we may attribute to it the milder judgments that are passed on the fire-and-fury tragedies now current, *e.g.*, the tragedy of the fiery youth who is satisfied with nothing less than burning down the royal palace at Persepolis. We have also to pursue the comparison on parliamentary debates—I mean our theatrical criticisms—and our drama itself may appropriately be termed our House of Commons by reason of the

[1] Literally "wear down his quills by writing," *i.e.* acquire the style of the literary hack. The fighting-cock had his neck trimmed, his wings clipped and his tail docked triangular-wise like a hunter's. See Pierce Egan's "Book of Sports," p. 152.

commonplaces with which it abounds, and the hackneyed French obscenities which the German public contentedly devours, even when a comedy of Raupach [1] has been played the very same night, just as a fly, after being driven from the honey-pot, settles down at once on offal, and finishes its meal with the best appetite in the world. I am thinking in particular of Raupach's "The Converts," which I saw played last winter at Hamburg by a first-rate company, and, I admit, with quite as much applause as "Schoolboy Jokes," a perfumed piece of obscenity that was given the same evening. But on our boards, not only obscenity, but poison also, flourishes. Verily, when I hear the purest feelings of our nature, the sanctities of domestic life so wantonly prostituted and vulgarized by our playwrights that the audience itself gets accustomed in time to regard them as matters of utter indifference—when I hear declarations of love such as a valet would make to a chambermaid, sentimental vows of friendship exchanged between confederates in imposture, comic plots to deceive parent, husband, or wife, and all the other stereotyped motives of comedy—such a spectacle fills me with horror and infinite sadness, and I gaze with sorrowful forebodings at the poor little angel-faces looking down from the boxes, knowing well that innocence cannot view with impunity such scenes as these.

The laments over the corruption and decay of our drama which every right-minded German cannot help uttering, the vigorous criticisms of Tieck and Zimmermann, who have a harder task to purify our stage than Hercules had when he cleansed the stables of Augias, inasmuch as the cattle are

[1] Raupach (1784-1852), for some ten years the favourite dramatist for the German stage. He began with sensational plays; then, in company with Menzel, composed some eighty historical dramas, all of which are now deservedly forgotten.

still there; the efforts of highly-gifted men to found a romantic drama; satire as perfect and piercing as Robert's "Bird of Paradise;"[1] lamentations, counsels, experiments, castigation—all is impotent, a mere beating of the air, and all our preaching and admonishing falls on deaf ears.

Our House of Lords, Tragedy, is a far more brilliant spectacle—that is to say, the side-scenes, wardrobe, and stage decorations. But even this has a limit. The Roman stage produced elephants who danced and gambolled on the tight-rope, but that was the culminating point, and the Roman Empire perished, and with it the Roman stage. On our German stage, too, there is no lack of dances and capers, but here the performers are our youthful writers of tragedies; and as we read of a woman turning into a man with a single bound, so it may be reckoned a stroke of art for a female poetaster to attempt the bounding Alexandrine pas with her lame iambics.

As I intend to treat more fully of this topic—the decadence of German literature—at some future time, I will make good my own shortcomings by interpolating the following witty "Xenia," which my distinguished fellow-worker Immermann has recently composed and sent me. All congenial spirits will, I am sure, be grateful to me for communicating these epigrams, and, with a few exceptions, indicated by an asterisk, I gladly endorse them as my own sentiments.[2]

[1] Ludwig Robert (1778-1832). The full title of "The Bird of Paradise" was "Cassius and Phantasus, or the Bird of Paradise, an arch-romantic comedy, with music, dances, fête, and transformation in five great and three small acts, with a propitiatory prologue by the famous dog of Aubry." It was produced at Berlin in 1824.

[2] I have not thought it worth while to translate Immermann's "Xenia." They are mostly on the ephemeral literature of the day, and are wholly unconnected with the "Reisebilder."

# Book III.

## BOOK OF IDEAS.

### Chapter I.

"The mighty race of Oerindur
Shall for aye and aye endure,
Pillars of our throne, secure
'Mid the ruins of a world
Back again to chaos hurled."[1]

Müllner.

"She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play*.

YOU know the old play, Madame? It is quite above the common run of plays, only perhaps too melancholy. I once played the chief part in it, and made all the ladies weep; only one lady did not weep—no, not a single tear; and that was the whole point of the play, the real catastrophe.

O! that single tear! It still tortures me in memory. Satan, when he plots my soul's ruin, whispers in my ear a song of that tear which never fell, a rueful song with yet more rueful music—ah! only in Hell is this music heard!

What life in Heaven is like you can quite imagine, Madame; the more readily as you are married. The amuse-

[1] The motto is taken from Müllner's tragedy, "Guilt." The race of Oerindur are the Napoleons.

ments are superlative—every conceivable enjoyment, a life of jollity and pleasure, a very land of Cocagne.[1] Eating from morning till night; the *cuisine* as good as at Jagor's;[2] roast geese fly about with gravy-boats in their bills, and feel flattered if they are eaten; golden tartlets grow wild like sunflowers; everywhere soup and champagne in streams; napkins flutter on every tree; one eats, wipes one mouth, and goes on eating again with no fear of indigestion. You sing psalms, or flirt and joke with the dear little cherubs, or go for a stroll in the green Hallelujah Meadow, and you feel so comfortable in the white flowing garments, and nothing disturbs your serenity—not one ache or discomfort. Even if someone accidentally treads on your corns and says "*Excusez*," you smile like a saint and reply, "Thy foot, brother, gives no pain; *tout au contraire*, it sent through my heart a diviner, deeper thrill."

But of Hell, Madame, you can form no idea. Of all the devils in existence, you know probably only the least and gentlest, the pretty little croupier of Hell, named Cupid. Of Hell itself your notions are taken from "Don Juan," and for such a gay deceiver you doubtless think no hell hot enough, if only as a warning to others, though our praiseworthy stage-managers expend on him as much blue flame, brimstone, and resin as any good Christian could desire in Hell itself.

And yet it's much worse in Hell than our stage-directors picture it; their ignorance is the only excuse for their permitting such stuff as they do to be played. In Hell it is hellishly hot, and once when I was there in the dog-days, it was more than I could stand. I assure you, Madame, you can form no idea of Hell. We get thence very few official returns. That the poor souls down there are compelled to read all day all the dull sermons that are

[1] "Like God in France," the German phrase runs.

[2] A Berlin restaurateur.

printed here above, is a calumny. Even in Hell it has not come to that; such refinement of torture will never be invented even by Satan. On the other hand, Dante's description is, on the whole, too mild, a trifle too poetical. To me Hell appeared like a vast *bourgeois* kitchen, with an endless fire-range, with three rows of iron pots in which the damned were stewing. In one row were placed the Christian sinners, and—would you believe it?—their number was not insignificant, and the devils were stoking the fire below them with special zest. In the second row were the Jews, who kept up a continual howl. Occasionally the devils would poke fun at them. Thus I could not help laughing to see a fat wheezy pawnbroker, who complained of the excessive heat, having a few pails of cold water poured on his head, to show him (as a small devil explained) the comfort and refreshment of baptism.[1] In the third row were the Heathen, who, like the Jews, have no part in Heaven, but must go into everlasting fire. I heard one of these, as a lubber-fiend was stoking the fire beneath him, cry out from his pot, "Spare me! I was Socrates, the wisest of mortals; I taught truth and justice, and sacrificed my life in the cause of virtue." But the stolid lubber-fiend went on with his work just the same, muttering, "Bah! all heathens must burn; we can't make an exception for a single case like yours." Upon my word, Madame, the heat

[1] The "soul's tragedy" of Heine's own baptism is apparent through the burlesque. Shortly after the fatal day (28th June, 1825), Heine wrote to his friend Moser: "I am told on good authority that Gans is preaching Christianity and converting the children of Israel.. If he is doing so from conviction he is a fool; if from time-serving motives, he is a villain. I shall not cease to love him, but, I swear, I would rather have heard that he had stolen silver spoons. I should be heartily grieved, dear Moser, if I thought you regarded my own baptism in a favourable light. I assure you, if the law had made the stealing of silver spoons permissible, I should not have been baptized."

was terrible; such a screaming, sighing, sobbing, squealing, shrieking, and gnashing of teeth; and through all this awful hubbub I could still catch the fatal melody of the song of the tear which never fell.

## Chapter II.

"She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play.*

MADAME, the old play is a tragedy, though the hero is neither murdered nor commits suicide. The eyes of the heroine are beautiful, most beautiful (you catch, Madame, the scent of violets?), most beautiful, and yet so piercing that they went through my heart like crystal daggers, and must have come out at my back; still, I was not killed by these assassin eyes. Beautiful, too, is the heroine's voice (hark! Madame, a nightingale's trill), a soft silken voice, a silken web of sunniest harmonies, and my soul was tangled in its meshes, choked, and tortured. I myself (the speaker now is the Count of Ganges, and the scene is laid in Venice), I myself was getting weary of these tortures, and before the first act was over had thoughts of cutting short the play and blowing out my cap and bells, brains and all. So I went to a *bric-à-brac* shop in the Via Burstah, and saw in the window a pair of beautiful pistols in a case. I remember perfectly they were lying next various nicknacks of gold and mother-o'-pearl, iron hearts on gilded chains, porcelain cups with tender mottoes, snuffboxes with pretty pictures, *e.g.*, the edifying story of Susannah, the swan song of Leda, the rape of the Sabines, Lucretia, a fat, virtuous wench, with bosom bared to receive the dagger thrust, but in no great hurry,

the late prima donna Bethmann, *La belle Ferronière*, and all sorts of bewitching faces—and yet I bought the pistols without much chaffering, then bullets, and then powder, and then I went to Signor Zampetti's "shades" and ordered oysters and hock.

I could not eat, still less could I drink. Hot tears fell into my glass, and in that glass I saw my beloved home, the blue waters of the sacred Ganges; the Himalayas, with their eternal snows; the giant banyan forests, in whose glades there roamed wise elephants and white-robed pilgrims; strange dreamy flowers gazed at me with mystic meaning; strange birds, with golden plumage, trilled their raptures; flickering sunbeams played hide and seek with me, and merry apes mowed and jabbered at me. From distant pagodas came the voices of praying priests, and louder than their prayers was the heart-rending wail of the Sultana of Delhi. She was raging up and down her tapestried chamber like a lioness in her cage, tearing to shreds her silver veil, felling with her peacock fan her black slave, weeping, raging, shrieking (why, I could not understand; from Signor Zampetti's shades to the harem at Delhi is 3,000 leagues; moreover, the fair Sultana died 3,000 years ago), and I drank up my wine, the bright generous Rhine wine, but my spirit grew only darker and sadder. I was sentenced to death.

* * * * * *

On emerging from the shades I heard the bell tolling for an execution; the crowd streamed by, but I let it pass, and, standing at the corner of the Strada San Giovanni, spoke the following monologue:—

> As in old tales we read of golden castles,
> Where harpers play and pretty maidens dance,
> Gay liveries sparkle, and the scent of roses,
> Myrtle, and jasmine perfume all the air;

And yet a single word of disenchantment
Can in a twinkling break the magic spell,
And ruin all the splendour; nought remains
But marish waste and screeching birds of night;—
So have I disenchanted with one word,
One single word, all Nature's loveliness.
Lifeless and cold and wan she lies outstretched,
Like to some monarch's corpse laid out in state
With rougèd cheeks, a sceptre in his hand,
And clayey lips that they forgot to paint;
And mice run up and down the royal nose
Mocking the sceptre that the dead hand bears.

It is quite *selon les règles*, Madame, to deliver a monologue before shooting yourself, Most people borrow for the occasion Hamlet's "To be, or not to be." It is an excellent passage, and I should like to have given it here; but every man for himself, as the saying is; and when a man has written tragedies, as in my case, with dying speeches like my immortal "Almansor," it is but natural to prefer one's own words even to Shakespeare's. In any case, these speeches are a very useful custom; they give one pause. And so it happened in my case, that I stood some time at the corner of the Strada San Giovanni, and as I stood there, a doomed man awaiting death, I suddenly beheld *her*.

She had on her blue silk dress and rose-coloured hat, and she cast on me such a mild, death-vanquishing, life-restoring look—Madame, you know from your Roman history that when in ancient Rome the vestals met on their road a criminal led to execution, they had the privilege of pardoning him, and the poor wretch was granted his life. With a single glance she rescued me from death, and I stood before her a new-created being, dazzled by the sun of her beauty, and she passed on her way and let me live.

## Chapter III.

AND she let me live, and I live, and that is the main point.

I leave to others the satisfaction of having their graves wreathed with flowers by their sweethearts, and watered with faithful tears. O woman! hate me, mock me, jilt me, but let me live! Life is so comically sweet, and the world is so delightfully topsy-turvy, the dream of some half-tipsy god, who has taken French leave of the Olympian carousal, has lain down to sleep on a solitary star, and knows not that while he dreams he is creating; and the dreams themselves are a jumble of motley madness and harmonious design. The Iliad, Plato, the Battle of Marathon, Moses, the Venus de' Medici, the Strasburg Cathedral, the French Revolution, Hegel, steamboats, &c., are some of the happy thoughts in the sleeping god's dream; but it won't be long before the god awakes and rubs his drowsy eyes and smiles—and our world, like a dream, has melted into nothing—nay, it *was* nothing.

No matter, I live. If I am only the shadow of a dream, even this is better than the cold black empty nothingness of death. Life is the highest good, and the worst evil is death. Berlin Lifeguardsmen may jibe as they like, and call it cowardice for the Prince of Homburg[1] to shudder

[1] Heinrich von Kleist (1776-1811), a dramatic poet of the Romantic School. In his "Prince Frederick of Homburg," the prince has attacked the enemy contrary to orders, and won a victory by his personal gallantry. For this he is summoned by the Grand Elector to be tried by a court-martial. It turns out that he is a somnambulist, and had won the battle while sleep-walking, in which state he had also declared his love to the Elector's niece, Nathalie. Climax, acquittal and marriage.

at the sight of his open grave; yet Heinrich Kleist had quite as much pluck as his padded tight-laced fellow-officers, and, alas! he proved it. But all vigorous natures love life. Goethe's Egmont does not like to leave "the familiar habit of existing and acting." Immermann's Edwin [1] clings to life "as an infant to its mother's breast," and though it irks him to owe his life to the mercy of another, he yet prays for mercy:

> "For life and breath is still the highest good."

When Odysseus in the underworld finds Achilles, the leader of dead heroes, and envies him his fame with the living and his high place even with the dead, Achilles answers:—

> Talk not of comfort in death, O noble son of Laertes,
> No! I would liefer far be tilling the soil with the living,
> Serf to some landless man who farms the land of another,
> Than to be ruler in Hell, sole monarch of all the departed.

Yes, when Major Duvent challenged the great Israel Löwe, and said, "If you refuse to meet me, Herr Löwe, you are a hound," Löwe replied, "I had rather be a living dog than a dead Löwe" (lion). And he was right. I have fought duels enough,[2] Madame, not to be afraid to say this.

Kleist's romanticism had a tragic ending. Henriette Vogel, a lady who had inspired him with a platonic passion, bound him by a vow to perform any act of friendship she should require of him. In November, 1811, she summoned him to Potsdam, and reminding him of his vow, ordered him to kill her. They passed the night in letter-writing, and the next morning went out to the lonely Wansee, when Kleist shot her first, and then himself.

[1] Karl Immermann (1796-1840), an intimate friend of Heine, and still remembered by his novel "Münchhausen," though his plays have long been forgotten.

[2] It was for provoking a duel that Heine received a *consilium abeundi* (was rusticated) at the University of Göttingen.

God be praised! I live. The red blood courses in my veins, the earth throbs beneath my feet, like a lover I embrace trees and statues and they live in my embrace. Each woman is a world presented to me, I revel in the harmonies of her countenance; with a single glance of my eye I can enjoy more than other men with their whole bodies in a whole lifetime. For me every instant is an eternity; I measure not time with the Brabant yard measure or short Hamburg ell; I want no priest to promise me a second life, for I can live my full in this life by living backwards in the life of my forefathers, and win an eternity in the realm of the past.

And I live! In my heart also beats the great pulse of nature, and when I shout for joy a thousand echoes answer me. I hear a thousand nightingales. They are the heralds of Spring to waken the earth from her morning slumbers, and the earth shivers with rapture; her flowers are inspired hymns that she pours forth to the sun; the sun moves all too slowly, I would fain lash and quicken his fiery-footed steeds. But when they plunge hissing into the waves, and Night draws on with her large languorous eyes, then, O then, am I thrilled and stirred by real pleasure; like fond maidens the evening breezes fling themselves on my burning breast, the stars beckon, I mount on wings, and hover far above this petty earth and the petty thoughts of men.

## Chapter IV.

BUT the day must come at last when the fire in my veins is quenched; in my heart is winter, and its white flakes flutter round my head, its fogs dim my eyes. My friends are all laid in weather-beaten graves, and I alone am left like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper.

A new generation has blossomed, with new desires and new thoughts; new names and new songs fall strangely on my ears; the old names have passed into silence, and I myself have passed, still honoured perhaps by a few, scorned by the many, and loved by none. And the rosy-cheeked boys of the new race come running to me and thrust the old harp into my trembling hand, and laugh and say, "Thou hast long been silent, lazy greybeard! sing us again a song of the dreams of thy youth!"

Then I take my harp; the old joys and pains awake, the mists melt away, tears well forth once more from my dead eyes; in my heart it is once more Spring; sweet tones of melancholy tremble on the harp-strings; again I see the blue river, the marble palaces, and the faces of fair women and maidens—and I sing a song of the flowers of the Brenta.

'Twill be my last song. The stars will gaze on me as in the nights of my youth, the lovesick moon will kiss again my cheek, a spirit-chorus of disembodied nightingales comes wafted on the breeze, my eyes are drunk with sleep, my soul expires like the tones of my harp—sweet are the flowers of the Brenta.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I would have chosen a palm-tree, but palms do not flourish in the North. Let it be a linden, and on summer evenings lovers will sit and whisper beneath it; the greenfinch swinging in the branches has hushed his song to watch them, and my linden murmurs softly above the happy pair, so happy that they have not one moment to read what is written on the white tombstone. But if in years to come the lover should lose his sweetheart, he will come again to the well-known linden tree, and sigh and weep and look on the gravestone long and often, and read the epitaph upon it: *He loved the flowers of the Brenta.*

## Chapter V.

MADAME, I deceived you. I am not the Count of Ganges. Never in my life did I see the sacred stream or the lotus-blossoms mirrored in its sacred depths. Never did I dream beneath Indian palms, never did I kneel to the diamond god Juggernaut; if I had he would doubtless have helped me. I have no more been to Calcutta than the Calcutta cock [1] that was roasted yesterday for my dinner. But my ancestors came from Hindostan, and that is why I feel at home in the Valmiki's [2] jungle of song; the heroic sufferings of god-like Ramo touch my heart like a familiar tale of woe; Kalidasa's flowery lays cause sweet memories to revive and blossom; and when, a few years ago, a kind lady in Berlin showed me some miniatures that her father, who had long been a magistrate in India, had brought home with him, the delicately painted placid faces were so familiar to me that I seemed to be looking at a gallery of family portraits. Franz Bopp—of course, Madame, you know his "Nalus" and his Sanscrit paradigms—has given me many new lights about my ancestors, and I now know for certain that I am descended from Brahma's head, not from his corns. I have, too, a shrewd suspicion that the whole of the Mahabarata, with its 200,000 verses, is simply an allegorical love-letter from my great-great-grandfather to my great-great-grandmother. Ah! they did love then! Their souls kissed, their eyes kissed, they twain became one kiss.

[1] *Calcuttahahn* = "turkey."

[2] Valmiki's "Ramayane," the great Hindu epic, consists of about twenty-five thousand verses. Heine would know it through A. Schlegel's text and translation.

An enchanted nightingale is sitting on a branch of red coral in calm ocean, singing a song of the loves of my ancestors; pearls peep curiously from their shells, strange water-flowers shiver with emotion, wise sea-snails with iridescent china towers on their backs crawl out to listen, sea-roses blush with confusion, yellow star-fish and myriad-hued jellyfish stir and stretch themselves—all is alive and agape.

But, Madame, this nightingale song is too long to be quoted here—it is great as the world itself. The mere dedication to Anangas, the god of love, is as long as all Walter Scott's novels. There is a reference to it in Aristophanes;[1] I will give you the German rendering by Voss—

> "Tiotio, tiotio, tiotinx,
> Totototo, totototo, totot inx."

No, I was not born in India. I first saw the light on the banks of that fair river where on every green hill grows Folly, which in autumn they gather, press, put in casks and export. In truth I yesterday heard a piece of folly uttered, which was lodged in '11 in a grape which I saw growing on the Johannisberg. But at home, too, there is a large consumption of it, and people here are much the same as elsewhere: they are born, eat, drink, sleep, laugh, weep, slander, are eager to propagate the race, try to appear what they are not, and to do what they cannot, will not shave till they have a beard, and often have a beard before they come to years of discretion, and when they have arrived at discretion muddle themselves again with folly—white or red.

*Mon Dieu!* Had I but faith so that I could remove mountains, the Johannisberg would be the mountain that I would choose to follow me about. But as my

[1] Aristophanes' "Birds," l. 770.

faith is too weak, I must summon fancy to my aid, and she will transport me in a twinkling to the fair Rhine.

Oh! it is a fair land, full of loveliness and sunshine. The blue stream mirrors the rocky banks with their ruined castles, wooded heights, and ancient towns. The townsfolk sit before their doors on summer evenings and drink from deep cans and chat and gossip together—"A good year, thank God, for the wine! law-courts should all be open to the public. So they've guillotined Marie Antoinette without saying 'by your leave'! How tobacco's risen since it's become a government monopoly! All men are equal, and Görres [1] is the right sort."

I never troubled myself much with the men's talk, but preferred sitting with the girls in the bay-window, laughing at their laughter, letting them pelt me with flowers, and pretending to be angry till they told me their secrets or made me their confidant. Pretty Gertrude was wild with joy when I chose a seat beside her. "Red as a rose was she," and once when she fell on my neck, I thought she would have caught fire and evaporated in my arms. Fair Catherine melted into vocal tenderness when she addressed me, and her eyes were a pure intense blue, such as I have never seen in man, woman, or animal, and very seldom in flowers; to look into them was heaven, or a semblance of heaven. But beautiful Hedwig loved me, for whenever I approached her, she bent her head so low that her black ringlets fell over the blushing face, and the bright eyes shone out like stars from a dark sky. Her bashful lips were silent, and I could not utter a word. I hemmed and hawed, and she trembled. Often she sent me

[1] Joseph Görres (1776-1848), a prominent publicist and leader of the Patriotic party, editor of the "Rhenish Mercury" in 1814. See "Romantic School."

a message by her sister to entreat me not to climb so recklessly, and not to bathe in the Rhine when I was heated with walking or wine. Once I surprised her in prayer before a Madonna which used to stand in a niche in the hall, the tinsel glittering in the dim lamplight, and overheard her earnest prayer to the Virgin, "O let him not climb, or bathe, or drink!" I should certainly have fallen in love with her if she had been indifferent to me, and I was indifferent to her because I knew that she loved me. Madame, if you wish to be loved by me, you must treat me *en canaille*.

Fair Johanna was a cousin of these three sisters, and I liked to sit beside her. She knew the loveliest legends, and as she sat at the window and pointed with her white hand to the mountains (everything in her tales happened in the mountains), I felt myself in fairyland; I *saw* the old knights rise from their ruined castles, and blows fall thick on their coats of mail, the Lorelei stood again on her mountain crag, whence came floating down to me her fatal mermaid's song; the Rhine rolled on so staidly peaceful and yet so falsely fair, and the beautiful Johanna looked at me—a strange, eerie, mysteriously significant look, as though she herself were a part of the tale she was telling. She was slight and wan; her face was of a deathlike pallor; her dreamy eyes were clear as truth itself; her lips compressed like a nun's; on her features was plainly written some eventful story, of a surety a sacred story—can it have been a legend of love? I know not, and I never had the courage to ask her. When I looked at her long, I grew calm and serene, as though it were Sabbath in my heart and the angels were at prayers within.

In blissful hours like these I told her stories of my childhood, and she would listen with rapt attention, and, strange to say, when I could not recall names, she would

remind me of them. When I asked her in astonishment how she came to know them, she would answer with a smile that the birds who built under her window-sill had whispered them. She even tried to make me believe they were the same birds that I had bought as a boy with my pocket-money from the hard-hearted country lads to let them fly again. But I believe she knew everything, because she was so pale and so near her death. She knew, too, when she would die, and wanted me to leave Andernach the day before. When we parted she gave me both her hands—white soft hands, and pure as the Host—and said, "You are very good, and if ever you are naughty, remember your little dead Veronica."

Did she get this name, too, from the tell-tale birds? Often when conjuring up the past I had racked my brains in vain to recall this beloved name.

Now that I have got it back, the memories of my earliest childhood will revive. I am a child again, playing with other children on the Schloss-platz at Düsseldorf on the Rhine.

## Chapter VI.

YES, Madame, at Düsseldorf I was born, and I mention the fact expressly for fear that after my death seven towns—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstedt [1]—should contend for the honour of being my birthplace. Düsseldorf is a town on the Rhine with sixteen thousand living souls, not to reckon the many hundred thousands that are buried there. Among the latter are many of whom my mother says, "It would be

[1] The Abderas or Gothams of Germany. Krähwinkel is the Little Peddlington where the scene of Kotzebue's "Die Deutschen Kleinstädter" is laid. We need hardly point out the allusion to the seven towns which claimed to be the birthplace of Homer.

better if they were still alive," *e.g.*, my grandfather and my uncle, Herr von Geldern senior and junior, both celebrated physicians, who saved so many patients from death and yet were forced to die themselves. The good Ursula, too, who carried me in her arms as a child, lies buried there, and a rosebush grows on her grave—in life roses were her favourite scent, and her heart was all roses and kindness. There, too, is buried the clever old Prebendary. How wretched he looked when last I saw him! He was nothing but soul and plasters, and yet he went on studying day and night as though he feared the worms would find some ideas lacking in his brain. There, too, little Wilhelm[1] is buried, and that is my fault. He was my schoolmate in the Franciscan monastery, and one day we were playing together on that side of it where the Düssel flows between stone walls, and I said, "Wilhelm, there's a kitten fallen in, get it out!" and he merrily jumped upon the plank that crosses the stream and pulled the kitten out, but fell in himself, and when he was taken out he was drowned and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age.

The town of Düsseldorf is very beautiful, and if you think of it when far away, and happen to have been born there, it affects you strangely. I was born there, and the very name sets me longing to go home. When I say *home*, I mean the Bolkerstrasse,[2] and the house where I was born. This house will some day be famous, and I have told the old woman who owns it, as she values her life not to sell

[1] A true incident, which happened exactly as recorded, except that Heine's memory has played him false as to the name. It was Fritz Wizewsky who was drowned, and Wilhelm was a younger brother.

[2] The house where Heine was born is now 53, Bolkerstrasse, a stationer's shop. It was in 1811 or 1812 that his parents moved across the street to a larger house.

it. The whole house would hardly fetch as much now as the tips which green-veiled English ladies of quality will give to the housekeeper who shows them the room where I first saw the light, and the henhouse[1] where my father used to lock me up for stealing grapes, and the barn-door on which my mother taught me to write my letters with chalk. Heavens! Madame, if I turn out a famous writer it cost my poor mother trouble enough to make me one.

But at present my fame is still sleeping in the marble quarries of Carrara. The laurel wreath of scribbling paper with which they have crowned my brows has not yet spread its perfume over the universe, and when green-veiled English ladies visit Düsseldorf, they pass by the famous house and go straight to the market-place to look at the colossal black equestrian statue which stands in the middle of it. They tell us that the statue represents the Prince Elector Jan Wilhelm.[2] He is clad in black armour, and has a long pigtail. As a boy, I was told that the artist who made the statue noticed to his horror during the casting that there was not metal enough, and so all the citizens came running with their silver spoons to make up the deficiency,[3] and I used to stand before the statue for hours, calculating how many silver spoons it contained, and how many apple-tarts all this silver might have purchased. For apple-tarts were then my passion—now it is love, truth, freedom, and crayfish soup—and, as good luck would have it, close to the Elector's statue at the corner of the theatre there was generally stationed a comical-

[1] The scene of the well-known Lied, "Mein Kind wir waren Kinder."

[2] Johann Wilhelm, Elector Palatine in 1699, who, when his palatinate was in the occupation of the French, removed his court to Düsseldorf, and laid the foundation of the town's prosperity.

[3] A similar story is told by Cellini of his moulding the bronze Perseus. See "Life of Benvenuto Cellini" (Bohn's Standard Library), chap. xli.

looking, bow-legged fellow, with a white apron and a basket of piping hot apple-tarts, which he cried in an irresistible falsetto voice: "Apple-tarts, straight from the oven, smelling delicious!" Indeed, when, in riper years, the tempter tried to seduce me, he spoke with the same insinuating falsetto, and I should never have stayed twelve full hours in Signora Julietta's company, but that her voice was pitched in sweet, savoury, apple-tart key. And, indeed, apple-tarts would never have had such an attraction for me, had not bandy-legged Hermann covered them up so mysteriously with his white apron—and it is those aprons that—— but I am losing the thread of my story. I was talking about the equestrian statue that has so many silver spoons inside him, and not a spoonful of soup—the statue which represents the Elector Jan Wilhelm. By all accounts he must have been a fine fellow, a great lover of art, and no mean artist himself. He founded the picture-gallery at Dusseldorf, and in the observatory they still show a most curious telescopic goblet of wood which he carved in his leisure hours—he had twenty-four of them every day of his life.

In those days princes were not so plagued and pestered as they now are; their crowns grew firm on their heads, and at night they pulled a nightcap over head and crown, and slept peacefully. Their people slept peacefully at their feet, and on awaking in the morning they said, "Good morning, father!" and the prince answered, "Good morning, dear children."

But suddenly all this was changed. One morning when we awoke at Dusseldorf, and were going to say, "Good morning, father," we found our father had departed; the whole town was in a state of dull stupefaction and wore a funereal air, and the people stole silently to the market-place and read the long placard on the door of the Rath-

haus. The weather was rainy, and yet Kilian, the lean tailor, was standing in his nankeen jacket, which he generally kept for home wear, and his blue woollen stockings hung down and exposed his bare shrivelled shanks, and his thin lips quivered while he muttered to himself the placarded proclamation. An old pensioner of the army of the Palatinate read in a somewhat louder tone, and once and again as he read a bright tear dropped on his honest grizzled moustache. I stood by his side and wept, and asked him why we wept. He answered, "The Elector thanks you," and began reading again, and at the words "for your proved loyalty," and "releases you from your allegiance," his tears fell faster. It is a strange sight to see a veteran with faded uniform and scarred face suddenly burst into tears. While we were reading, the electoral arms were taken down from the Rathhaus, and all assumed a dull leaden aspect, as if an eclipse were coming on. The town-councillors went about with a languid out-of-office sort of gait, even the magisterial town-beadle looked as if he had no more orders to give and stood calmly indifferent, though crazy Aloysius was at his old tricks again, standing like a stork on one leg and clattering out the names of the French generals with idiotic grimaces, whilst the drunken cripple Gumpertz rolled in the gutter singing, "*Ça ira, ça ira!*"

But I went home sobbing as if my heart would break, "The Elector thanks you." My mother had a hard time of it, I knew what I knew and refused to be comforted. I went to bed weeping, and that night I dreamt that the world was coming to an end; flower gardens and meadows were rolled up and put away like carpets; the town-beadle climbed up a high ladder and took down the sun; tailor Kilian looked on and said to himself, "I must go home and put on my best clothes, for I am dead and am to be buried this very day"—and it grew darker and darker; a

few stray stars glimmered fitfully, and even these fell like yellow leaves in autumn; everyone had gradually disappeared, and I wandered about disconsolately, till at last I found myself by a row of willows which bounded a desolate homestead, where was a man digging, and a hideous old shrew beside him with something in her apron that looked like a severed head; it was the moon, and she carefully laid it in the open trench—and behind me was the old pensioner sobbing, and spelling out, "The Elector thanks you."

When I awoke the sun was shining through my window as usual; in the street drums were beating, and when I entered the parlour and bade my father "good morning" (he had on a white wrapper), I heard the volatile *friseur*, whilst operating with his curling irons, telling him *to a hair* every detail of the coronation that was to take place to-day at the Rathhaus, that the new Archduke Joachim belonged to the best families and was married to the Emperor Napoleon's sister, and was himself a gentleman of royal presence and wore his black hair in lovely curls, and was shortly going to make his entry, and could not fail to please all the ladies. All this while the drumming in the streets never stopped, and I went to the front door and saw the French troops marching in, that famous light-hearted nation that marched through the world with song and clatter, the calm stern faces of the grenadiers, the bearskin shakoes, the tricolour cockades, the gleaming bayonets, the *Voltigeurs*, all smiles and *point d'honneur*, and the omnipotent silver-laced drum-major, throwing his gold-knobbed bâton as high as the first storey, and his eyes as far even as the second if there chanced to be pretty faces at the windows. I was delighted at the prospect of having soldiers billeted on us—my mother was not—and I hurried to the market-place. There everything was

changed, as if all the world had been fresh painted. On the Rathhaus there was a new coat-of-arms; the iron railings of the balcony were hung with embroidered velvet; French grenadiers were on guard; the old town-councillors had changed their faces and wore their Sunday suits, and bowed to one another *à la française*, and said *bon jour;* ladies were peering out of every window, gaping citizens and smart soldiers filled the great square, and boys, of whom I was one, clambered up the colossal horse of the Elector, and looked down on the motley mob in the market-place.

Our neighbour's boy Pitter and lanky Kunz nearly broke their necks on this occasion, though that would have been no misfortune; for Pitter afterwards ran away from home, enlisted, deserted, and was shot at Mayence; while Kunz subsequently went on voyages of discovery in other peoples' pockets, was elected for his services an active member of a public treadmill company, broke the fetters which bound him to the company and to his country, crossed the water in safety, and died in London from wearing a tight choker which tied of itself when a state official pulled the board on which he happened to be standing.

Lanky Kunz told us there was no school to-day on account of the coronation. We had a long time to wait for the show. At last the balcony of the Rathhaus filled with gentlemen in uniform, flags, and trumpets, and the Burgomaster, in his famous red coat, made a speech which extended indefinitely, like india-rubber or a knitted night-cap twirled round with a stone in it (not in this case the philosopher's stone), and a few sentences even I could catch, for instance, that they meant to make us all happy—and as he sat down the trumpets blew, the flags waved, the drums beat, and there were shouts of *Vivat!* and I too shouted *Vivat!* holding fast to the old Elector. I had

need to hold on, for I was growing quite giddy, and beginning to think that the world was upside down and people standing on their heads, and the Elector seemed to wave his iron pigtail and whisper in my ear, "Hold fast to me," and it was only the sound of the cannon being fired on the ramparts that brought me to my senses, and I slowly got down from the Elector's horse and made my way home.

On my way I again saw crazy Aloysius hopping about on one leg and quacking out the names of the French generals, and the cripple Gumpertz rolling drunk in the gutter and roaring, "*Ca ira, ça ira;*" and I told my mother that they meant to make us all happy, and that's why there's no school to-day.

## Chapter VII.

THE next day the world had recovered its usual aspect, and school went on as usual with the old repetitions —the Roman kings, dates, nouns in *-im*, irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, geography, German, mental arithmetic—the very thought of it all makes my head swim—all had to be learnt by heart. Much of it, indeed, served me afterwards in good stead. Thus, if I had not known by heart the Roman kings, it would have been a matter of indifference to me whether Niebuhr has proved, or failed to prove, their non-existence. And if I had not learnt my dates, how could I have found my way about Berlin, where the houses are as like one another as drops of water or grenadier guards, and where it's impossible to find one's friends unless one can remember the numbers of their houses. I used, when I was living there, to connect every new acquaintance with some historical event the date of which corresponded with the number of his house, so that the sight of a friend at once recalled by association an his-

torical event. For instance, on meeting my tailor I at once was reminded of the battle of Marathon; on meeting the flashily-dressed banker Christian Gumpel I thought at once of the destruction of Jerusalem; on seeing my Portuguese friend, who was *criblé de dettes*, I instantly thought of the flight of Mahomet; a sight of the university judge, whose strict integrity is proverbial, suggested instantly the death of Haman; a glimpse of Wadzeck brought before me Cleopatra—alack-a-day! the poor creature is dead now, those lachrymal ducts are now dry, and one may say with Hamlet, "She was a wench, take her for all in all, we oft shall look upon her like again!" Dates, I repeat it, are indispensable. I could name fellows that had nothing in their brains but a few dates, and yet by help of them made their way at once in Berlin, and are now appointed professors. But at school these endless numbers were the plague of my life. Arithmetic proper was still worse. I understood subtraction best; for subtraction sums there's an excellent rule of thumb, "Four from three you can't, borrow one," only I should advise you while you're about it always to borrow a few pence more; one can never tell——

But Latin! Madame, you have no idea of the intricacies of the Latin language. The Romans would certainly not have had time to spare for conquering the world if they had first had to learn Latin. Happy men! they knew in their cradles what nouns formed their accusatives in *-im*. *I* had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my face; but after all it is a good thing that I know them. For if, on the 20th July, 1825, when I had to read my Latin thesis for a doctor's degree in the Senate-house at Göttingen—it would have been worth your while to be present, Madame—if on that occasion I had said *sinapem* instead of *sinapim*, it is possible that some of the freshmen present would have noticed it, and that would have been

an indelible stigma.[1] *Vis, buris, sitis, tussis, cucumis, amussis, cannabis, sinapis*—the reason that these words have made such a noise in the world is because they form a definite class and yet are exceptional. This is why I hold them in such respect, and the consciousness that they are always at hand if I should ever be called upon to use them affords me much inward peace and satisfaction in the darker hours of my life. But, Madame, the *verba irregularia*—the difference between them and the *verba regularia* is that they entail far more floggings—are frightfully difficult. In the dank cloisters of the Franciscan convent which were close to our schoolroom there used to hang a big crucifix of grey wood, a grim carving which even now at times haunts my dreams and stares at me mournfully with bleeding eyes—before this image I often stood and prayed, "O thou poor Deity, once tortured like myself, if it be possible grant that I may remember the *verba irregularia!*"

Of Greek I cannot trust myself to speak. The monks of the Middle Ages were not altogether wrong when they pronounced Greek an invention of the devil. God knows the woes it caused me. With Hebrew I fared better, for I always had a strong liking for the Jews, though to this very hour they crucify my good name. But even in Hebrew I could not get on so well as my watch, which was on intimate terms with the pawnbrokers, and thus picked up much of the manners and customs of the Jews—for instance, not to go on a Saturday—and learnt the language of Holy Scripture, of which it afterwards used to con the accidence. By the same token, I often, as I lay awake, was amazed to hear it ticking to itself, "Katal, katalta, katalti—kittel, kittalta, kittalti—pokat, pokadeti—

[1] An allusion to a slip that Heine made in his examination for Doctor of Laws—"legitur hoc in *caput* 7."

pikat—pik—pik." But I got far more German into my head, and even German, I can tell you, is not child's play. For as if the quartering of soldiers upon us, military service, the poll tax, and the thousand other ills that German flesh is heir to, were not sufficient burden, we have saddled ourselves with an Adelung[1] and plague one another with accusatives and datives. A good deal of my German I learnt from Rector Schallmeyer, a good old cleric who took an interest in me from my earliest childhood. For some of it I was also indebted to Professor Schramm, who wrote a work on everlasting peace, and in whose class we were always at fisticuffs.

Whilst rambling on in this strain and ruminating, I have unconsciously slipped into gossip about my old school-days, and I may as well avail myself of the occasion to convince you, Madame, that it was not my fault if I learnt so little geography at school, that in after life I failed to make my way in the world. The fact is, that when I was at school the French had upset all the boundaries; every day some country was freshly illuminated; the blue suddenly turned green, not a few turned actually blood-red; the populations set down in our class-books got so mixed and muddled that no one could make head or tail of them; in the products of the countries there was like confusion, chicory and beetroot now growing where before there was nothing but hares, and country squires hunting them; in national characters there was a similar revolution, Germans becoming nimble-witted, Frenchmen refraining from compliments, Englishmen ceasing to scatter sovereigns broadcast, Venetians failing in subtlety; crowned heads got rapid promotion, the old kings got new uniforms, new

[1] Johann Christoph Adelung (1732-1806). His great German Dictionary in five quarto volumes ("Versuch eines grammatisch-kritischen Wörterbuches") was begun in 1774 and completed in 1786.

kingdoms were put in the oven and sold off like hot rolls; several monarchs, on the contrary, were turned out of house and home, and had to earn their bread as best they could, and some in consequence set to work betimes to learn a trade, made sealing wax,[1] or . . . . Madame, I must cut short this period, if only for lack of breath—it all comes to this, that in times like these one can't get far in geography.

In natural history there are not the same drawbacks. The science is not liable to so many changes, and we have stereotyped plates of apes, kangaroos, zebras, rhinoceroses, &c. These engravings were firmly stamped on my memory, and this explains how in after life many people whom I met for the first time seemed to me like old acquaintances.

In mythology, too, I made good progress. I was delighted with the merry rabble of gods who ruled the world in their free and easy nudity. No schoolboy in old Rome ever learnt by heart the chief article of his catechism, the amours of Venus, more perfectly than I. To be candid, I think that as we had to get by heart the old gods, we were bound to retain them, and perhaps we are not much better off with our Neo-Roman trilatry, or even with our Jewish monolatry. Perhaps, after all, the old mythology was not so immoral as it is made out to be; for instance, Homer shows a delicate sense of propriety in making an honest woman of such a quean as Venus.

But I got on best of all in Abbé d'Aulnoi's French class. The abbé was a French *émigré* who wrote a number of grammars and wore a red wig, and capered about when he was giving a lecture on his *Art Poétique* and his *Histoire Allemande*. He was the only master in the school who taught German history. But French, too, has its dif-

[1] An allusion to the hobby of the Emperor Francis II.

ficulties, and before you acquire it you must have had many soldiers billeted on you, much drumming, much *apprendre par cœur*, and, above all, you must not be a *bête allemande*. In the French lesson there were many hard words. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the trouble into which I got over *la religion*. Six times, at least, I was asked, "Henry, what is the French for *der Glaube?*" and six times I answered, each time with a greater burst of tears, "*le crédit.*" And the seventh time my questioner, turning purple with rage, shouted, "It is *la religion*," and a rain of blows followed, and all my schoolfellows burst out laughing. Madame, since that day, I never hear the word *religion* without feeling a cold shiver down my back and my cheeks reddening with shame. And in honest truth I have found *le crédit* more useful to me through life than *la religion*. At this moment I remember that I still owe the landlord of the Lion at Bologna five thalers, and upon my honour I will pledge myself to owe him another five on condition of never having to hear again that miserable word *la religion*.

*Parbleu*, Madame! I have attained considerable proficiency in French. Not only do I understand *patois*, but even aristocratic nursery-governess French. Not long ago, at a fashionable party, I understood nearly half the discourse of two German countesses, each of whom could reckon more than sixty-four years and as many ancestors. More wonderful still, at the Café Royal in Berlin I once heard Monsieur Hans Michel Martens *parlez-vous*, and caught the sense of every word, though there was not a word of sense in what he said. One must get to know the genius of the language, and that is but taught by drumming. *Parbleu!* how much I owe the French *tambour* who was so long billeted on us, looked like a very devil, and yet was such an angelic character, and such an incomparable drummer.

A little nervous figure, never still for an instant; a fierce black moustache, beneath which the red lips curled defiantly; fiery eyes which glanced hither and thither.

With all a small boy's devotion I stuck to him like a burr, helped him to polish his buttons till they shone like mirrors, and to pipeclay his waistcoat, for Monsieur Le Grand was somewhat of a dandy, and I followed him, like a dog, on guard, to the roll-call, to parade—all, *then*, was glitter and gladness, *now, les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand only knew a little broken German—only the indispensable phrases, *Brot*, *Kuss*, *Ehre*—but he could make himself perfectly understood on the drum. For instance, when I did not know the meaning of *liberté*, he would beat the *Marseillaise*, and I understood him. If I did not know what *égalité* meant, he played the march *Ca ira, ça ira . . . les aristocrats à la lanterne!* and I understood him. If I did not know the German for *bêtise*, he beat the Dessau March,[1] which we Germans, as even Goethe allows, beat in Champagne,[2] and I understood him. Once he wanted to explain to me the word *Allemagne*, and he beat a very primitive simple measure which is often played at fairs for dogs to dance to, the tune of *dum, dum, dum*;[3] I was angry, but still I understood him.

In the same way he taught me, also, modern history. I did not understand a word of what he said, but as throughout his discourse he accompanied himself on the

[1] A military march with which it is said that Prince Leopold of Dessau was received on his triumphal entry into Turin in 1706, and which afterwards became popular in Germany.

[2] Alluding to the campaign of 1792, when the Prussian troops under the Duke of Brunswick invaded France, and were repulsed at Valmy by the raw Republican levies. Goethe accompanied the staff as a spectator, and wrote on the evening of the battle, "On this spot and on this day begins a new epoch in the history of the world."

[3] *Dumm* is the German for "stupid."

drum, I knew what he meant. This, after all, is the best method of teaching. The taking of the Bastille, of the Tuileries, &c., are never fully realized till one knows to what beat of the drum they were taken. In our history primers we read merely: "Their excellencies the barons and counts and their noble consorts were beheaded; their highnesses the dukes and princes and their very noble consorts were beheaded; his majesty the king and his most noble consort were beheaded," but when one hears the drums beating the bloody guillotine march one begins to realize the scene, and perceives the why and the wherefore. A truly marvellous march, Madame! When first I heard it, it thrilled me to the very marrow, and I was glad when I forgot it. One does forget such things as one grows older; a young man has nowadays so much else to remember—whist, boston, genealogies, acts of the Diet, dramaturgy, liturgy, carving at table—and as a fact I have for some years past been unable to recall that impressive tune, though I often racked my brains in the effort. But strange to say, Madame, I was dining the other day with a regular menagerie of counts, princes, princesses, chamberlains, ladies in waiting, court butlers, mistresses of the robes, keepers of the plate, mistresses of the chase, and the Lord knows how many other titled lacqueys of the court, and their under-lacqueys were waiting behind their chairs and filling up the plates as they guzzled, while I sat idly by unheeded and unserved, with nothing to occupy my jaws, making pills of bread crumbs, and drumming on the table to while away the time—and to my horror I found myself suddenly drumming the bloody long-forgotten guillotine march!

"And what happened?" Madame, these people never let themselves be put out when eating, and do not know that other people when they've nothing to eat take sud-

denly to drumming, and drum very curious marches, supposed to have been long forgotten.

Drumming may with me be an innate talent, or I may have acquired it at a very early age; in either case, it runs in the blood, in my hands, in my feet, and it comes out often quite involuntarily. For instance, at Berlin I was once attending the classes of Privy Councillor Schmalz,[1] the distinguished publicist who saved the country by his treatise on the dangers of the Black coats and the Reds.—You remember your Pausanias, Madame, how an equally dangerous plot was once discovered by the braying of an ass; and you know from Livy or from Becker's "Universal History" how the geese saved the Capitol; and of course you remember from Sallust how Catiline's terrible conspiracy was brought to light by a gossiping harlot, Dame Fulvia.—But to return to my muttons (I mean Councillor Schmalz), I was attending a course of his lectures on the rights of nations, and one drowsy summer afternoon I sat there hearing less and less, my brain fast asleep, when suddenly I was awakened by the sound of my own feet, which had stayed awake and apparently heard the exact opposite of the rights of nations propounded, and constitutionalism abused; and my feet—whose little *œils-de-perdrix*[2] can observe the tendencies of the times far better than the councillor's great Juno-eyes—my poor dumb feet, unable to articulate their modest dissent, tried to express themselves by drumming, and drummed so hard that they nearly got me into trouble. Devil take those giddy feet!

[1] Schmalz, Theodor A. H. (1760-1831), author of "Das Recht der Natur," and other legal works. Heine knew him as a judge of appeal at Berlin.

[2] *Hühneraugen*, cocks'-eyes, is the German for "corns." I have rendered the pun in French, despairing of finding an equivalent in English.

They played me a like turn when I once dropped in at Professor Saalfeld's lecture at Göttingen. The professor was dancing about the platform with the agility of an elephant, and working himself into a passion for a set tirade against the Emperor Napoleon, when those accursed feet of mine—no, poor feet, I cannot blame you for drumming then, nay, I could not have blamed you had your dumb instinct thus outraged expressed itself in a yet more forcible fashion. How can I, a pupil of Le Grand, hear the Emperor abused? The Emperor! the great Emperor!

When I think of the great Emperor, in my mind's eye it is summer again, all gold and green. A long avenue of lime-trees in blossom rises up before me; on the leafy branches sit nightingales singing; the waterfall ripples; in the borders are flowers dreamily waving their fair heads.

Between me and the flowers there was a strange communion; the painted tulips bowed to me with the pride that apes humility, the sickly lilies nodded to me with tender sensibility, the roses with wine-flushed cheeks laughed a welcome from afar, the night-stocks sighed—with myrtles and laurels I was not then acquainted, for they had no bright blossoms to attract me, but with mignonnette (we have since quarrelled) I was then on the most intimate terms. I am speaking of the palace gardens at Düsseldorf, where I used to lie on the grass reverently listening to Monsieur Le Grand as he told me of the great Emperor's heroism, and beat the marches to which those heroic exploits were performed, so that my eyes and ears drank in the very life of it all. I saw the march across the Simplon—the Emperor in front and the brave grenadiers climbing up behind, while the startled eagles screamed and the glaciers thundered in the distance; I saw the Emperor clasping the standard on the bridge of Lodi; I

saw the Emperor in his grey cloak at Marengo; I saw the Emperor on horseback at the battle of the Pyramids—nothing but smoke and Mamelukes—I saw the Emperor at Austerlitz—twing! how the bullets whizzed over the smooth ice—I saw, I heard, the battle of Jena—*dum, dum, dum*—I saw, I heard, the battle of Eilau, of Wagram—no, I could hardly stand it! Monsieur Le Grand drummed till my own ear-drum was nearly cracked.

## Chapter VIII.

BUT what were my feelings when I saw him at last with my own eyes—O beatific vision!—himself, the Emperor.

It was in the *allée* of the same palace gardens at Düsseldorf. As I shouldered my way through the gaping crowd, I thought of the deeds and battles which Monsieur Le Grand had portrayed to me with his drum; my heart beat the grand march—and yet I thought at the same time of the police regulations which ordered that no one should ride through the *allée* under a penalty of five thalers. And the Emperor with his retinue rode right through the *allée!* The shuddering trees bowed down to him as he passed; the sunbeams peeped timidly through the green foliage, and in the blue heavens above there sailed in sight a golden star. He wore his plain green uniform, and his small world-famous cap. He rode a white palfrey, which stepped with such calm pride, such assurance and dignity—had I been the Crown Prince of Prussia, I should still have envied that pony. Carelessly, with a loose seat, the Emperor held up the reins in one hand, and with the other patted good-temperedly his horse's neck. It was a sunlit marble hand, a mighty hand, one of those two hands that

had tamed the hydra of anarchy, and quelled the feud of nations; and now it patted good-temperedly his horse's neck. His face, too, was of the same hue that we see in marble busts of Greek and Romans; the features wore the same expression of calm dignity that the ancients have, and on it was written, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me." A smile that warmed and calmed every heart played about his lips, and yet we knew that those lips had only to whistle and—*la Prusse n'existait plus;* those lips had only to whistle, and the last stroke of clericalism had sounded;[1] those lips had only to whistle to set dancing the Holy Roman Empire. And now those lips smiled, and his eye smiled—an eye clear as heaven, an eye that read men's hearts, an eye that at a glance embraced all earthly things, while we mortals see them only one by one, and only the painted shadows. The brow was not so clear; it was haunted by the ghosts of coming battles, and at times a frown passed across it; these frowns were the creative thoughts, seven-league-boot thoughts, with which the Emperor's mind strode invisible over the world—and I fancy each of these thoughts would have furnished a German writer with materials to employ his whole life.

The Emperor rode calmly down the *allée;* no policeman stopped his way; behind him, on snorting chargers, bedizened with gold and jewels, rode his retinue; the drums beat, the trumpets blared; at my side mad Aloysius spun round and round, and clattered out the names of his generals; close by drunken Gumpertz bellowed, and the people shouted with a thousand voices, "Long live the Emperor!"

[1] *Hätte ausgeklingelt*, literally "would have ceased ringing their bells." The French version paraphrases, *Et le Vatican s'écroulait.*

## Chapter IX.

THE Emperor is dead. On a desolate island in the Atlantic is his lonely grave, and he for whom the earth was all too narrow rests peacefully beneath the hillock where five weeping willows droop their green tresses in agonized despair, and a tender-hearted rivulet ripples by with melancholy plaint. There is no inscription on the tombstone, but Clio has graven thereon, in invisible letters, her just sentence that will echo through the centuries like spirit voices.

Britannia! thou art queen of the ocean, but all great Neptune's ocean cannot wash from thee the stain that the dead Emperor bequeathed thee on his deathbed. Not that windbag Sir Hudson, but thou thyself wast the Sicilian sbirro whom the allied sovereigns suborned to avenge in secret on the man of the people what the people had once done openly to one of thy sovereigns. And he was thy guest, and had seated himself at thy hearth.

To the end of all time the boys of France will talk and sing of the fell hospitality of the "Bellerophon," and when their songs of bitter mockery are heard across the Channel the cheeks of all honourable Britons will blush with shame. But a day will come when this song will be wafted across the Straits, but not to Britain; the British nation is humbled in the dust, the tombs of the abbey are in ruins, the royal ashes they hold are forgotten; and St. Helena is the Holy Sepulchre to which the peoples of the East and of the West make pilgrimages in scarfèd barks, and comfort their hearts with the great memories of the saviour of the world who suffered under Hudson Lowe, as it is written in the gospels of Las Casas, of O'Meara, and of Autommarchi.

Strange, the three greatest adversaries of the Emperor have already found an awful fate. Londonderry cut his throat; Louis XVIII. rotted on his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still professor at Göttingen.

## Chapter X.

ONE clear frosty autumn morning, a young man, who seemed from his appearance a student, was walking slowly through the *allée* of the palace gardens at Düsseldorf. Now and again, as if in childish wantonness, he kicked the rustling leaves which strewed the ground, but as often he gazed up sorrowfully at the bare trees on which a few golden leaves were still left hanging. As he thus gazed upwards he thought on the words of Glaucus:[1]—

> "As are the leaves of the forest, e'en so are the races of mortals.
> Leaves that are scattered to earth by the blasts of winter, but others
> Bud and burgeon anew when spring re-clothes the forest;
> So are the races of men; one grows as the other decayeth."

In earlier days the young man had gazed up at these self-same trees with far other thoughts. Then he was a boy looking for birds'-nests, or for cockchafers which enchanted him when they buzzed merrily past, rejoicing in this fair world, and contented with a sappy green leaf, with a drop of dew, with a warm sunbeam, and with the sweet scent of plants. Then the boy's heart was as joyous as the creatures that flitted round him. But now his heart had grown older, the faint rays of sunlight had died, all the flowers had faded, even the fair dream of love had vanished, and in his poor heart was nothing but rage and bitterness; and, saddest of all, that heart was my heart.

On that day I had returned to my old native town, but

[1] "Iliad," vi., 146-149.

I did not mean to spend the night there, and was longing to reach Godesberg, in order to sit at my mistress' feet and talk to her of the little Veronica. I had visited the graves of my dear ones. Of all my friends and relations I had found living only one uncle and one aunt. A few known faces I met in the streets, but no one knew me, and the town itself looked on me as a stranger; many of the houses had been freshly painted since I saw them; strange faces appeared at the windows; decrepit sparrows fluttered round the old chimneys; everything had a look of life in death, like green herbs growing in a churchyard; where French was once spoken, they now spoke Prussian, and a small Prussian court had actually established itself in my absence; court titles had become common; my mother's coiffeur had been made coiffeur to the court, and there were court tailors, court shoemakers, court lady-bug-exterminators, court gin palaces—the whole town seemed one court lazaretto for court lunatics.

Only the old Elector recognized me; he still stood in the old market-place, but seemed to have grown thinner. Standing always in the middle of the market-place he had witnessed all the *misère* of the times, and on such sights one does not grow fat. I seemed in a dream, and thought of the legend of enchanted cities, and hurried out of the gates in order not to awake too early. In the palace gardens I missed many a tree and many were mere wrecks; the four great poplars which once appeared to me like green giants had dwindled to dwarfs. Some pretty girls were walking about in gay dresses like moving tulips; and these tulips I had known when they were still in the bulb. Ah me! they were neighbours' children with whom I had once played at Tom Tiddler's ground. But the fair maidens whom I had once known as blooming roses now appeared as faded roses, and across many a high fore-

head whose pride had once charmed me the scythe of Saturn had traced deep wrinkles. Then first, too late, alas! I discovered what that look meant which they once cast on the boy already half a man; light had since been thrown on their meaning by many parallel passages observed in other fair eyes. It moved me deeply to see a man humbly taking off his hat to me; I remembered him as a rich man of rank, and now he had sunk to beggary —an instance of the common observation that when once a man begins to go downhill, he goes to ruin with ever increasing velocity, as if by the law of gravitation. The one man who seemed to me absolutely unchanged was the little Baron who was tripping gaily through the palace gardens, just as he used to trip, holding up his left coat-tail with one hand, and swinging his dainty cane with the other. It was the same good-natured little face, its ruddy hues concentrated, as it were, in the nose; the same old conical hat, the same old pigtail, only from beneath it, instead of the black locks of old days, there peeped a few white hairs. But, in spite of his sprightly air, I knew that the poor Baron had seen no little trouble. His face would fain have hid it from me, but the white hairs of his pigtail betrayed the secret behind his back; and the pigtail itself would fain have given them the lie, and wagged with a most tragical liveliness.

I was not tired, but the fancy seized me to sit once more on the wooden bench whereon I had once cut the name of my sweetheart. I had difficulty in finding the name, so many new ones had been carved over it. Ah me! I had once fallen asleep on this bench, and dreamt of happiness and love. "Dreams are but gleams."[1] My old childish games, too, came back to me, and the old

[1] *Träume sind Schäume* is the German proverb, turned in French by *Les songes sont mensonges.*

delightful fairy-stories of my childhood, but all the while there was uppermost in my mind the later memory of an unfair game, of a hideous fairy tale—the story of two poor souls who proved faithless to each other, and then went on from worse to worse in faithlessness till they broke faith with God himself. 'Tis a miserable story, and if one happens to have nothing better to do, one might weep over it. O God! once the world was so glorious, and the birds sang Thy everlasting praises, and the little Veronica gazed at me with her quiet eyes, and we sat before the marble statue on the Schloss-platz. On one side of it is the old ruined castle which is haunted by a headless lady in a black silk dress with a long rustling train; on the other side is a high, white building, the upper chambers bright with gay pictures in golden frames; on the ground floor thousands of huge tomes, which the little Veronica and I so often marvelled at when the good Ursula lifted us up to peep in at the big windows. Later on, when I had grown a big boy, I used to climb every day the tallest steps in that library and get down the tallest books, and read so deeply that I was afraid of nothing, least of all of headless ladies, and got so clever that I forgot all the old games and stories and pictures and the little Veronica, and even her name.

But as I was sitting on the old bench in the palace gardens, letting my thoughts wander back to past times, I heard behind me a confused sound of voices, laments for the fate of the poor French prisoners in the Russian war who had been carried off to Siberia, kept there for years in spite of the peace, and were only now on their way home. Looking up I actually beheld before me these orphans of *la gloire*. Bare misery peeped out through their torn and tattered uniforms; hollow eyes looked forth from weather-beaten faces; and, though crippled, careworn, and mostly limping, they still managed to keep a sort of military step.

and, strange to say, a drummer with his drum staggered on in front of them. With a cold shudder I thought of the legend of the soldiers who fall on the day of battle and at night rise from the battlefield, and with the drummer at their head, march back to their native town, as the old ballad tells:

Rataplan! rataplan! he beat his drum;
Home from the bivouac they come;
Down the bright street they pour.
Tralleri, trallerei, trallera!
Halt at the sweetheart's door.

The morrow grinning skulls and bones
Stand rank and file like churchyard stones,
And at their head the drum.
Tralleri, trallerei, trallera!
That she may see him come.

Actually the poor French drummer seemed to have risen from the grave, half-decomposed—a mere shadow in a soiled and tattered grey capote, a corpse-like clayey face, with a heavy moustache which hung down over livid lips, eyes like burnt-out tinder with a few sparks left in it, and yet by the glimmer of one of these sparks I recognized Monsieur Le Grand.

He, too, recognized me, and pulled me down on to the grass, and there we sat, as in days gone by, when I attended his courses of French and Modern History on his drum. It was the same well-known old drum, and I kept wondering to myself how he could have preserved it from Russian greed. He drummed just as he used, but without speaking. But if his lips were forbiddingly compressed, his eyes were all the more eloquent, and flashed triumphantly as he played the old marches. The poplars near us shivered as he again beat out the red guillotine march. The old wars of independence, the old battles, the achievements of the Emperor, all these he beat as before, and it seemed as if the drum itself were a living creature delighted

to express its sense of joy. Again I heard the thunder of the cannon, the whizz of the bullets, the din of battle; again I saw the death-courage of the Guards; again I saw the streaming pennons; again I saw the Emperor on horseback—but gradually a minor tone of sadness crept into these sounds of revelry; with jubilant pæans the drum sent forth a strangely-mingled wail; it seemed at once a song of triumph and a funeral march. Le Grand's eyes dilated in ghostly wise, and I saw in them nothing but a wide, white ice-field, strewn with corpses—it was the battlefield of the Moskwa.

I should never have thought that the old shrivelled drum could have emitted such heartrending sounds as Monsieur Le Grand now drew forth. Its beats were tears; they grew fainter and fainter, and like a mournful echo deep sighs came from Le Grand's breast. And he grew weaker and more ghostlike, his shrunken hands shivered with cold; he sat as in a dream, beating the air with his drumsticks and listening, as it seemed, to distant voices. At last he gazed on me with a deep, cavernous, beseeching look (I understood it), and then his head sank down upon his drum.

Monsieur Le Grand never drummed again in this life. His drum, too, has never given forth another note; it was not made to be a slave, and sound the tattoo for any foe to freedom. I understood right well Le Grand's dying look; I drew the sword from my stick and pierced the drum.

## Chapter XI.

*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!* Aye, and life is at bottom so awfully serious that none of us could endure it without this blending of pathos and comedy. Our poets knew this well. The ghastliest portraits of human frenzy are revealed by Aristophanes

but they flash upon us from the mirror of his wit. The aching void of the thinker who feels his own nothingness Goethe dared not utter except in the doggerel rimes of a puppet play, and the woefullest wail over the world's misery is put by Shakespeare in the mouth of a fool, jingling all the while the bells of his coxcomb.

They have all caught the trick from the Arch-Poet himself, who in his thousand-act tragedy (which we call Life), carries humour to the highest point, as we see every day. Exeunt the heroes, enter the clowns and harlequins with their baubles and swords of lath. After the bloody revolution-scenes and imperial acts, come waddling on the stage again the fat Bourbons, with their stale old gags and their thin legitimist *bon-mots*, and the *ancienne noblesse* trip forward with dainty steps and hungry smiles, while a troup of saintly cowls with tapers and crosses and church banners bring up the rear. And even at the climax of this world-tragedy some comic touch will slip in. The desperate republican who, like Brutus, plunges the knife into his breast has, it may be, first sniffed at the blade for fear that it has served to split a herring. And on this all-the-world stage things go on much as they do on our paltry boards. There, too, are drunken heroes, kings who do not know their parts, scenery which sticks fast, prompter's voices overheard, *figurante* who draw down the house with the poetry of legs, costumes which make the play. And up in Heaven the little cherubs in the dress circle are all the while eying through their opera glasses our comedians below, and God Almighty is sitting solemnly in His state-box, bored with the performance, or possibly calculating that the company can't last, for one is paid too much, and another too little, and all act vilely.

*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!* As I was finishing the last chapter, and relating the death of

Monsieur Le Grand, and my conscientious execution of the *testamentum militare* written in his dying looks, there was a knock at my study door, and in walked a poor old woman, who gently asked me if I was a doctor. I told her that I was, and she then requested me in the same gentle voice to accompany her home, and perform an operation on her husband's corns.

## Chapter XII.

THE censors of the German press * *
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* * * * * *
* * * blockheads *
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## Chapter XIII.

MADAME, the whole Trojan war was incubated beneath the hemispheres of Leda's brooding breast, and you could never understand the famous tears of Priam if I did not first tell you the old tale of the swan's eggs. Do not then complain of my digressions. In all the previous chapters there is not an irrelevant line; my style is condensed; I avoid all that is superfluous, often what is strictly necessary. For instance, I have not once invoked the spirits of the mighty dead—I am not alluding to the black art, but, on the contrary, to authors—and yet nothing so delights a young writer as to quote from books ancient and modern, and by help of half-a-dozen erudite quotations he walks in glory. You must not infer, Madame, that my acquaintance with the titles of books is limited I have learnt not only titles, but the mystery of those

master-minds who know how to pick out the plums from the cake, and the quotations from their school notebooks; I know all the tricks of the trade. At a pinch I could draw for quotations on the banks of my learned friends. My friend Gans, at Berlin, is a sort of Rothschild in the matter of quotations, and would gladly lend me a few millions, and if his stock happened to be low, he could easily collect them from some other cosmopolitan literary banker. —Apropos, Madame, the three per cent. Böckhs are dull, but there is a rise in five per cent. Hegels.—But at present I have no occasion to borrow; I am a man of substance with some ten thousand a year of quotations to spend, let alone an invention I have recently patented for passing off false quotations for genuine. If any rich savant, Michael Beer for instance, would like to buy my secret, I shall be glad to sell it him for 19,000 thalers sterling; indeed, I'm open to all reasonable bids. Another invention of mine I will publish gratis for the benefit of literature:—Advice to authors. In citing obscure writers, remember to give the number of their house.

These "good people and bad musicians" (as the orchestra is apostrophized in "Ponce de Léon"[1]) always keep a copy of their little book which all the world has forgotten, and in order to ferret it out one must know the number of their house. For instance, if I wanted to quote Spitta's "Songs for Artizans,"[2] where on earth should I find it? But if I were to quote thus, "*vide* 'Songs for Artizans,' by P. Spitta, Lüneburg, Lünerstrasse, No. 2, round the corner to the right," then, Madame, you would be certain to procure the

[1] "Ponce de Léon," an eccentric drama of Clemens Brentano, published at Göttingen in 1804; the hero is the famous Spaniard, the captor of Alhama.

[2] Spitta, Karl J. P. (1801-1859), a hymnologist, author of the popular "Psalter und Harfe."

book, if you thought it worth your while. In my opinion it is not.

Moreover, Madame, you have no idea of my fertility in quotation. At every turn I am finding some opportunity for displaying my erudition. Suppose that eating is my subject. I observe in a note that the Romans, Greeks, and Hebrews likewise ate, quote all the dainty dishes prepared by Lucullus's cook—bad luck to me that I was born a millennium or so too late!—I add that the public meals of the Greeks were called so and so, and that the Spartans lived on vile black broth. After all it's lucky that I did not live in those days; I cannot imagine for myself any more horrible fate than to have been a Spartan; soup is my favourite dish. Madame, I intend shortly to visit London; but if, as I hear, it is true that there's no soup to be had in London, I shall soon be driven home again by my craving for the fleshpots of my fatherland. On the food of the ancient Hebrews I might expatiate for ever, bringing down my researches to the most modern Jewish *cuisine*, and quoting apropos the whole Steinweg. I might also note the kindly expressions of several Berlin professors concerning the food of the Jews, and this would bring me to other excellencies of the Jews, *e.g.*, the service they have done us in inventing bills of credit and Christianity—— Wait a bit, the last service must not count for very much, for, as a fact, we have hitherto made but little use of it. I fancy that the Jews themselves have turned it to less account than their bills of credit. Apropos of the Jews I might quote Tacitus (he says they worshipped an ass in their temples), and apropos of asses what a vista of quotations is opened up! What weighty remarks on ancient asses contrasted with modern asses! How wise the former and how stupid the latter! How wise, for instance, were the words of Balaam's ass! (*vide* Numbers, ch. — v. —). Madame,

I haven't the book at hand, and will leave a blank for the nonce. On the other hand, to illustrate the silliness of modern asses I would cite * * *

* * * * * *

No! this quotation, too, shall remain a blank, else I shall be cited in my turn—I mean for libel. Modern asses are great asses. The old asses, a highly cultured breed according to Gesner (*vide* Gesner, "De antiqua honestate Asinorum," in Comment, Göttingen, vol. ii., p. 32), would turn in their graves if they heard what the world says of their descendants. Once the name of "ass" was honourable, and carried much the same meaning as the modern Privy Councillor, Baron, Doctor of Philosophy. Jacob compares his son Issachar to one; Homer, his hero Ajax, and now we call Herr von Stuhr an ass. And apropos of asses, Madame, I might dive into literary histories and quote all the famous authors who have been in love; *e.g.*, Abelard, Pico della Mirandola, Borbonius, Cartesius, Angelo Politiano, Raymundus, Lullius, and Henricus Heineus. Again, apropos of love, I might quote all the great men who did not smoke, *e.g.*, Cicero, Justinian, Goethe, Hugo, Myself—it so happens that all five of us are lawyers more or less. Mabillon could not even endure the smell of tobacco smoke; in his "Iter Germanicum," writing of German inns, he complains, "quod molestus ipsi fuerit tabaci graveolentis fœtor." *Per contra*, other great men are credited with a liking for tobacco. Raphael Thorus wrote a hymn to tobacco—you may not be aware, Madame, that Isaac Elzevir published this hymn in a great edition at Leyden, *anno* 1628, and that Ludovicus Kinschot wrote an introduction to it in verse. Grævius actually wrote a sonnet on tobacco. The great Boxhornius, too, loved tobacco. Bayle, in his "Dictionnaire historique et critique," informs us that it had been reported to him that this

great man wore whilst smoking a broad-brimmed hat with a hole cut in the front, through which he used to stick his pipe, so as not to be incommoded by it while working. Speaking of the great Boxhornius, I might incidentally mention all the learned men who ran away from men in buckram;[1] but I will content myself with a reference to Joh. Georg. Martius, "De fuga literatorum," &c., &c. Search through history, Madame, and you will find that all great men have had to run away at least once in their lives: Lot, Tarquin, Moses, Jupiter, Madame de Staël, Nebuchadnezzar, Benjowsky, Mahomet, the whole Prussian army, Gregory VII., Rabbi Jizchak Abarbanel, Rousseau, —I might go on for ever; *e.g.*, all the great men who have been posted on the Stock Exchange.

You see, Madame, in erudition and profundity I am not to seek; but in system, I confess, I am still lacking. As a German born and bred, I ought to have begun this book with an explanation of the title, according to the traditional usage of the Holy Roman Empire. Phidias, it is true, produced his Jupiter without preface; likewise in the Venus de Medici I have not discovered a single quotation, though I looked at her from all sides. But the old Greeks were Greek, while we are honest Germans, and cannot wholly dissemble our German character. I must therefore, by way of supplement, treat of the title of my book. I treat, Madame, then—

I. Of Ideas.

A. Of Ideas in general.

*a.* Of rational ideas.

*b.* Of irrational ideas.

*α.* Of commonplace ideas.

*β.* Of ideas encased in green leather.

[1] "*Die sich in's Bockshorn jagen liessen*," who were frightened out of their wits. The pun is untranslatable.

These again are subdivided into—but we shall come to this in due time.

## Chapter XIV.

MADAME, have you any general idea of an idea? What is an idea? "There are some good *ideas* in this coat," said my tailor, contemplating with the approval of a connoisseur my overcoat, which dated from my days of dandyism at Berlin, and was now to be turned into a sober dressing-gown. My washerwoman complains that Pastor S. has put *ideas* into her daughter's head, which have quite turned it and made her deaf to reason. My jarvey, Pattensen, is always muttering, "That's an *idea;* that's an *idea!*" but he turned quite crusty yesterday when I asked him what he understood by an *idea*, and muttered sulkily, "H'm, an idea's an idea; an idea is any silly stuff that one gets into one's head." The same meaning must be attached to the word as used by Councillor Heeren[1] of Göttingen for the title of his book.

Jarvey Pattensen is a man who could find his way on a foggy night across the Luneberg Heath. Councillor Heeren, with the same unerring instinct, can trace the old caravan roads of the East, and has been trudging along them for years past as safely and patiently as the camels he describes. Such people can be depended on; we may safely follow in their footsteps, and therefore I have entitled this book "Ideas." Consequently, the title of the book is as unpretentious as the title of the author. He was not actuated by learned pride in choosing it, and

[1] Arnold Heeren (1760-1842), Professor of Philology at Göttingen, author of "Ideen über die Politik, den Verkehr und den Handel der vornehmsten Völker der alten Welt" (1793-1805).

the choice argues the very opposite of vanity. Accept, Madame, my most sorrowful assurance—I am not vain. This observation is not unnecessary, as you will see later on. I am not vain, and if a forest of laurel were sprouting from my brows, and a sea of incense deluging my young heart, still I should not grow vain. Thanks to my friends and the rest of my neighbours and contemporaries, there is no fear of that. You know, Madame, how old wives like to cry down their foster-children a bit, when their beauty is praised, for fear the praise should hurt the dear little things. You know, Madame, that at Rome when the triumphant general, crowned with glory and clad in purple, drove from the Campus Martius in his gilded car drawn by white steeds, towering like a god above the festal train of lictors, musicians, dancers, priests, slaves, elephants, trophy-bearers, consuls, senators, and soldiers—the rabble played their part, and sang all sorts of ribald songs. And you know too, Madame, that in dear old Germany we have plenty of old wives and rabble. I repeat, Madame, the ideas we are here discussing are as far removed from Plato's as Athens is from Göttingen, and you must not expect great things of the book any more than of the author. That the writer could by any possibility raise any great expectation is indeed as incomprehensible to him as it is to his friends. Countess Julia has an explanation of her own. If at times the author does hit on something really clever and witty, this (she assures us) is all pretence, and he is really just as stupid as the rest. This is not the fact: there is no pretence about me; I'm a plain-spoken man; I write in perfect innocence just what comes into my head, and it's not my fault if it happens to be clever. However, in writing, I've had rather better luck than in the Altona lottery—I wish the reverse had been the case—and then there comes from my pen many a home-thrust,

many a quire of thought, and that is God's doing. Yes, from His own sweet singers, the psalmodists and hymnologists He has withheld all brave translunary things, all literary glory, lest they should be puffed up by their fellow-creatures' praise and so forget Heaven, where angels have got a lodging all ready for them; but us profane, sinful, heretical writers, against whom Heaven is as good as barred, He blesses all the more with happy thoughts and mortal fame, and this out of His divine grace and pity, in order that the poor soul for whose creation He is after all responsible, may not go quite empty away, but may taste, at least here on earth, a portion of the bliss that is denied it above (*vide* Goethe and the tract-writers).

You see then, Madame, that you may safely read my writings. They testify to the grace and pity of God; I write with blind faith in His omnipotence; I am in this respect a truly Christian writer, and in penning this very period (as Gubitz [1] would tell you) I know not how I shall end it, or what exactly I intend to say, and I leave the matter with God. How could I write without this pious trust? At this very moment there's the printer's devil from Langhoff's in my study waiting for copy; the words scarce hatched go warm and wet to the press, and what I am thinking and feeling at this moment may, by twelve o'clock to-morrow, be waste paper.

It is all very well for you, Madame, to remind me of the Horatian precept *nonum prematur in annum*. His rule, like so many others, may be very well in theory, but in practice it is worthless. When Horace laid down the famous rule that the author should let his work lie for nine years in his desk, he ought at the same time to leave him the recipe for living nine years without food. When Horace invented

[1] Gubitz, F. W., the editor of "Der Gesellschafter," in which periodical Heine's earliest poems appeared.

this rule, he was perhaps dining with Mæcenas on turkey and truffles, pheasant pie with game sauce, larks' breasts with Teltow carrots,[1] peacocks' tongues, Chinese birds'-nests, and God knows what besides, and nothing to pay. But we, degenerate wretches, live in different times; our Mæcenases act on different principles; they think that authors, like medlars, come to perfection by lying in straw for a while; they think that hounds are spoilt both for sport and thought-hunting if they are overfed; and if they do throw a bone to a poor dog, it is to the wrong one who least deserves it; for instance, the dachshund who licks one's hand, or the pet Italian greyhound who snuggles in my lady's scented lap, or the docile poodle who has had a commercial education, and learnt to fetch and carry, to dance and drum. As I write these lines my little pug-dog sits up and begins to bark behind my chair. Quiet, Ami, I did not mean *you*. You love me, and follow your master through good report and evil report, and would die on his grave, as faithfully as many another German dog who has been turned out of doors and now lies starving and whining at the gates of Germany. Excuse this digression, Madame; I owed an explanation to my dog. I return to the Horatian maxim and its inapplicability to the nineteenth century, in which poets are forced to make cupboard love to the Muse. *Ma foi*, Madame, I could not hold out for four-and-twenty hours, much less for nine years; I have no stomach for immortality; I've made up my mind for a half immortality and a whole dinner, and if Voltaire made a bid of three centuries of his immortal fame for a good digestion, I am prepared to offer double for the food itself. And what dainty toothsome food there is in the world! Doctor Pangloss was right; it is the best of

[1] Teltow is a parish in the district of Potsdam, famous for its carrots.

all possible worlds. But in this best of all possible worlds one must have money, money in one's purse, not manuscripts in one's desk. The landlord of the "King of England," Herr Marr, is himself an author, and he too knows (like you) the Horatian rule, but I do not think he would feed me for nine years while I was practising it.

After all, why should I practise it? I've such lots of good things to write that I need not stay to pick and choose. So long as my heart is full of love, and the heads of my neighbours are full of folly, I shall never lack materials. And my heart will be full of love as long as there are women in the world; if it cools to one, it straightway warms to another; and as in France the king never dies, so the queen of my heart never dies, and its motto likewise is: *La reine est morte, vive la reine!* Likewise, the folly of my neighbours will never die; for wisdom is one and strictly circumscribed, but folly is manifold and illimitable. Even Schupp, that learned casuist and divine, says, "In the world there are more fools than men" (*vide* Schuppius, Op., page 1121). If we remember that the famous Schuppius lived at Hamburg, his statistics will not seem exaggerated. I, too, am living at Hamburg, and can testify to my constant sense of satisfaction at the thought that I can make use in my writings of all the fools I see here. They are my fee-simple; I can draw on them at sight; I am now living in clover. This year Heaven has favoured me; the fools have turned out exceedingly well, and like a good economist I husband them—pick out the ripest, and keep the rest for a rainy day. I am often to be seen on the promenade, and always cheery and merry. Like a rich merchant who moves about the chests and casks and bales in his warehouse rubbing his hands with satisfaction, I, too, move about among my belongings. Yes, you all belong to me; you are all dear

to me alike, and I love you as you love your money, and that's saying a good deal. It afforded me a hearty laugh the other day to hear that a certain one of my belongings had expressed anxiety about me, and wondered however I should manage to live. Why the fellow himself is such a capital fool, that I can reckon on him as a small capital.

Some fools, moreover, I look upon not only as ready money, but I have actually determined what I shall do with the ready money to which I convert them by my pen. For instance, for a certain well-lined fat millionaire I shall get a certain well-lined easy-chair, which the French call *chaise percée*. The millionaire's fat wife will buy me a horse. Well, when I see the fat man—it is easier for a camel to get to Heaven than for this man to go through the eye of a needle—when, I say, I meet him waddling on the public promenade, I feel a strange sensation. Though he is a perfect stranger to me, I involuntarily greet him, and he returns the greeting, so cordially, so invitingly, that I feel inclined to avail myself of his kindness on the spot, and am only prevented by the crowd of well-dressed people passing. His lady is not a bad-looking woman—she has, it is true, only one eye, but it is all the greener for that; her nose is like the tower that looketh towards Damascus; her bosom is an ocean, and on it flutter all sorts of ribbons, pennons as it were of the ships that have sailed this heaving ocean—the very sight of it is enough to make one sea-sick—her neck is as fair and round as—for the comparison *vide infra*—and on the violet drapery which hides this comparison thousands upon thousands of silk-worms must have spun away their lives. You see, Madame, what a gallant steed I shall make out of her. When I meet the lady on the public promenade, my heart leaps into my mouth, I feel as though I could straightway mount my steed, I flourish my riding-whip, I snap my fingers,

I clack my tongue, I move my legs like a jockey—gee up! forrards!—and the good lady looks at me so sentimentally, so intelligently, her eye whinnies, her nostrils dilate, she prances and curvets, and goes off at a jog-trot. And I stand there with folded arms, looking complacently after her, and meditating whether I shall ride my steed with a curb or a snaffle, give her an English or a Polish saddle, &c., &c. People who see me standing and staring cannot make out what there is in the lady to attract me. Meddling mischief-makers have already been at work trying to excite her husband's suspicion, and hinting that I was looking on his better half with the eyes of a *roué*. But my honest soft-leather *chaise percée* is reported to have answered that he regarded me as a simple and somewhat shy young man, and that the curious way in which I looked at him showed a desire for nearer acquaintance restrained by blushing bashfulness. My noble steed, on the contrary, maintained that I was a free unconventional chivalrous character, and that my advances in politeness meant nothing but a wish to be invited to dinner.

You see, Madame, I can turn everybody to account, and the directory is as good as an inventory to me. And so I can never become bankrupt, for I should turn my very creditors into a source of income. Besides, as I remarked, I am economical, d—d economical. For instance, while writing this I am sitting in a dark, dingy room in Grub Street, but it pleases me to be there, and if I chose I might be sitting in luxurious gardens, like my friends and lovers; I have only to realize my clients at the bar. These consist, Madame, of broken-down hairdressers, ruined pimps, eating-house keepers who've nothing left to eat themselves, all the ragged rascals who know where to find me, and when I treat them to a drink, tell me all the *chronique scandaleuse* of their neighbourhood. You wonder, Madame, that I do

not once for all show such people the door. What are you thinking of, Madame? These people are my flowers. I intend some day to put them into a lovely book, and the lump sum I get for it shall buy me a garden; their faces, red, yellow, blue, and mottled, I imagine even now as flowers in my garden. My friends' noses aver that my flowers smell of nothing but brandy, tobacco, cheese, and the stews. What reck I? My own nose, the chimney of my head, up and down which my fancy journeys like a sweep, flatly contradicts them; to it they smell of nothing but roses, jasmine, violets, pinks, and stocks. How delightful it will be to sit in my garden listening to the birds, basking in the sun, inhaling the fresh fragrance of spring, and recalling at the sight of the flowers the memory of my old rapscallions. For the nonce I am sitting in my dingy room in Grub Street, and amusing myself by hanging up in the centre of it the greatest obscurantist in the country—"*Mais y verrez-vous plus clair alors?*" *Evidamment*, Madame, but don't mistake me; it's not the man himself I am hanging, but only the chandelier I shall get with the money that he will bring me when turned to copy. But it would be better still, and would brighten up matters in a moment, if obscurantists were literally hung. If I am not allowed to hang them, I would brand them. This again is a figure of speech; I would brand them in effigy. It is true that Herr von Weiss (his fame is white and spotless as his name) was fool enough to believe that I had spread the report in Berlin that he was literally branded. He actually appeared before the Court to get whitewashed, had himself examined by the authorities, and obtained a written certificate to attest that he had no armorial bearings branded on his back. This negative coat-of-arms he looked upon as a diploma that would admit him to the best society, and was much astonished at being cut in spite of

it. Now he breathes fire and slaughter against me, and carries a loaded pistol to shoot me the first time we meet. And what steps, think you, I mean to take? Why, Madame, for this fool (I mean for the publisher's fee he will bring me), I mean to buy myself a good cask of Rüdesheimer. I tell you this for fear you should set down to malice the look of triumph that comes over me whenever I meet Herr von Weiss in the street. Upon my word, Madame, I look on him simply as my favourite Rüdesheimer; as soon as I meet him my spirits rise, and I can't help humming "The Rhine, the Rhine, where grows the vine," "This image is enchanting fair," "O Lady white!" &c. That makes my Rüdesheimer look sour, and you'd think he was all gall and wormwood, but I assure you he's a sound wine, and even if he has no brand connoisseurs know his value. It will be a white day when I broach this cask, and if it gets in too great a ferment and threatens to burst, I will have it bound over (with some iron hoops) to keep the peace.

You see then, Madame, you need be under no alarm on my account. I can take all in this life very calmly. The Lord has blessed me with worldly goods, and if He has not filled my cellar while I sat idle, He has let me work in His vineyard. I have only to gather, to tread, to press, and to bottle, and the god-like liquor is mine. Even if the fools do not drop down ready-cooked whenever I open my mouth (they generally come to me raw and tasteless), I know how to turn them round and round on my spit, and roast and pepper them till they are tender and palatable. You shall see, Madame, when I give a dinner party. I know you'll praise my *cuisine*, and confess that I entertain my satraps as sumptuously as the great Ahasuerus, who ruled from India to Mauritania, and was king of one hundred and twenty-seven provinces. Whole hecatombs

of fools shall be slaughtered for you. The great Philoschnaps, our modern Jupiter, who pays his court to Dame Europa in the form of an ox, shall provide our roast beef. That doleful tragedian who put upon the stage, dressed in black to represent the fall of the Persian empire, a doleful Alexander, in whose education Aristotle can have had no part—he, of course, will make an admirable boar's head with the proper grimly comical smile, and my *chef* shall put a slice of lemon in his mouth, and garnish him with laurel leaves. The sweet singer of coral lips, swan-like necks, heaving hillocks of snow, of sweet things and sweet ankles, sweet Mimili's, sweet kisses and sweet assessors, Herr Clauren, or, as the sisters of St. Bernard in the Friedrichstrasse call him, "Father Clauren! our Clauren!"[1]—he shall furnish me with all those dainty dishes which he so glowingly describes in his yearly novelettes of the bagnio with the taste of a sweet-toothed scullion, among which dishes I remember is a superlative *hors d'œuvre* with celery sauce, "which sets your heart all in a flutter." A clever court-lady, whose body is wizened, and only her head worth anything, will provide her exact analogy in the shape of asparagus. There will be no lack, too, of Göttingen sausages, Hamburg smoked meats, Pomeranian goose-breasts, ox-tongues, steamed calves'-brains, bullock's mouth, stock fish, and all sorts of jellies, Berlin pancakes, Vienna tarts, preserves, &c., &c. Madame, I have already in imagination had a surfeit! Confound such guzzling. I cannot stand much; I have a weak digestion. Boar's

[1] Clauren's "Mimili" was published in 1816. "In this repulsive romance the idyllic novel reached its lowest level. Prussian patriotism, Swiss scenery, High German interlarded with Swiss German, prurient naturalism, æstheticism and sensuality, form a disgusting mixture, which the public of that day, however, greedily swallowed."—Scherer, "Hist. of Germ. Lit."

head disagrees with me as it does with the rest of the German public; I must take a dose of Häring as a purgative. O! that accursed boar's head, with the more accursed sauce, neither Greek nor Persian, but tasting of tea and soft soap. Bring me my fat millionaire!

## Chapter XV.

MADAME, I notice a faint cloud of displeasure on your fair brow, and you seem to question whether it is not wrong of me to treat fools in this fashion—Spit them, cut them up, lard them, and wantonly slaughter more than I can consume, thus glutting the maw of greedy mocking birds, while widows and orphans are crying for hunger.

*Madame, c'est la guerre!* I am going to make a clean breast of it. Though I am not one of the wise myself (that goes without saying), I have made common cause with them, and for the last 5,588 years we have been at war with the fools. The fools have a grievance against us; there is, according to them, only a modicum of wisdom in the world, and the wise (Heaven knows how) have monopolized this. It's a monstrous shame, they say, to see how a single individual often appropriates to himself so much wisdom that he throws into the shade all his neighbours and the whole country-side. This is the secret reason of the war, and it is a veritable war of extermination. The wise are, as usual, the calmest and most moderate, in fact, the wisest; they entrench themselves behind their ancient Aristotelian works, are well supplied with artillery and ammunition to boot (are they not themselves the inventors of gunpowder?), and from time to time

throw some well-tested shells among the enemy. But, alas! their foes are too numerous for them, and their noise is deafening, and they practise atrocities every day of their lives. (Is not every stupidity an atrocity in the eyes of the wise?) Their stratagems are often exceedingly cunning. Some leaders of the great army take good care not to reveal the secret cause of the war. They have heard that a well-known deceiver, who was such a master of his art as to forge his own memoirs (I mean Fouché [1]), once said, "*Les paroles sont faites pour cacher nos pensées*," [2] and so they use many words to conceal that lack of ideas, and make long speeches and write big books, and when you listen to them their discourse is of wisdom, "the source of thought and the sole fountain of joy," and when you see them they are working at mathematics, logic, statistics, mechanical inventions, civism, fattening of cattle, &c.; and just as an ape the nearer it resembles man the more ridiculous it becomes, so, too, these fools appear all the more ridiculous the more they affect an air of wisdom. Other leaders of the great army are more candid, and confess that they have been endowed with a very scanty portion of wisdom—that, in fact, they have inherited none at all. At the same time they cannot help declaring that wisdom is a white elephant, and of little worth to the possessor. This may be quite true, but unfortunately

[1] Fouché died in 1820. His "Mémoires," which appeared in 1824, were declared by the family to be apocryphal, but there can be no doubt that the editor, Alphonse de Beauchamp, had access to Fouché's private documents and memoranda.

[2] Voltaire, in his "Dialogues, Le Chapon et la Poularde," had said: "*Ils n'employent les paroles que pour déguiser leurs pensées.*" The phrase is generally attributed to Talleyrand, but, as Fournier tells us in his "L'Esprit dans l'Histoire," Harel, as was his wont, fathered it on Talleyrand without any authority, in order to give it currency in the "Nain Jaune."

they have not even sufficient wisdom to prove it; so they catch at all sorts of empty truths, discover new powers in themselves, tell us that these are quite as efficacious as wisdom, and in certain cases more so—sentiment, faith, inspiration, and so forth—and with this succedaneum, this beet-root wisdom, they console themselves. I, poor wretch, am the special object of their hatred, for they declare that by race and blood I am one of them, that I am a deserter and turncoat who has broken the most sacred bonds, and am now actually a spy in the camp, collecting secret information of what they, the fools, are doing, in order to hold them up to the ridicule of my new comrades, and yet I am so stupid, they add, as not to see that my new friends are laughing at me all the while, not reckoning me as one of themselves—and in this the fools are perfectly right.

Yes, the wise do not consider me as one of themselves, and their suppressed titterings are often at *me*. I know it well, but I affect not to notice it. My heart bleeds inwardly, and when I am alone, my tears flow. I know full well that I am in a false position. All I do is foolishness to the wise, and to the fools an abomination. They hate me, and I feel the truth of the proverb, "A stone is heavy, and the sand weighty; but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both." And they hate me not without a cause. It is perfectly true that I have broken the most sacred bonds; God and justice required that I should live and die among the fools. And oh! how comfortable I should have been with them! Even now, if I would return, they would receive me with open arms. They would watch my every look to do me some favour. They would invite me to dinner every day, and take me every evening to their tea-parties and clubs, and I might play whist with them, smoke with them, and talk politics, and if I chanced to yawn, I should hear them whispering, "What a heavenly character, what piety,

what faith!" (Allow me, Madame, to shed a tear of emotion.) Ah me! I should be drinking punch with them till I caught the proper inspiration, and then they would escort me home in a sedan-chair, and take every precaution against my catching cold, and one would run for my slippers, another for my silk dressing-gown, a third for my nightcap; and then they would make me professor extraordinary, or president of a missionary society, or chairman of a company, or director of the school of excavation at Rome; for I should be the very man who could turn his hand to anything, seeing that I know the difference between declensions and conjugations in Latin, and am not likely to mistake, as some people do, a Prussian postillion's boot for an Etruscan vase. My sentiment, my faith, my inspiration might besides be most valuable in devotional exercises (to myself, I mean), to say nothing of my remarkable poetical talent, which would stand me in good stead at birthday and wedding festivities, and it would not be a bad idea to compose a great national epic, celebrating all the heroes of whom we know for certain that their corpses have bred worms, who call themselves descendants.

Many who are not born fools, and were once endowed with wisdom, have been seduced by attractions such as these to go over to the fools, and now live like fighting cocks. The follies which at first cost them some effort have now become a second nature; in fact, they must no longer be regarded as hypocrites, but as true believers. One of these, whose mind is not yet in total eclipse, is a great friend of mine, and the other day when I was alone with him, after first bolting the door, he addressed me thus: "Fool," he said, "you affect wisdom, and yet have less sense than an unborn child. Are you so witless as not to know that our nobles exalt only the man who humbles himself and avers that their blood is bluer than his? And you actually are

at loggerheads with the religious people! Surely it is not a hard matter to turn up the whites of your eyes, to muffle up in your cloak-sleeves the hands clasped in prayer, to hang your head like an *agnus Dei*, and repeat by rote a few texts of Scripture. Take my word for it, no Right Honourables will reward you for your godlessness, the saints will hate, slander, and persecute you, and there's no *carrière* open to you either in Heaven or on earth!"

Alas! it's all true as gospel; but it all comes of this fatal passion of mine for wisdom. I love her, though my love is not returned; I give her all, and she gives me nothing; I cannot part with her. And even as in his Song of Songs the Jewish king Solomon sang the Christian Church, but figured her as a dark-skinned amorous maiden to put his countrymen off the scent, so I, in countless songs, have sung the very opposite, I mean Wisdom, but have figured her as a fair, cold virgin, who attracts and repels me, smiles and frowns by turns, and ends by turning her back on me. This secret of my unreturned affection which I confide to no one, will serve you as a standard, Madame, to measure my folly. You will judge thereby that it is unique of its kind, and towers far above the ordinary follies of common men. Read my "Ratcliff," my "Almansor," my "Lyric Intermezzo"—wisdom, wisdom, nothing but wisdom — and you will shudder at the height of my folly. In the words of Agur, the son of Jakeh, I can say, "I am the most foolish among men, and wisdom is not within me."

High in air rises the oak forest, high above the oak forest soars the eagle, high above the eagle move the clouds, high above the clouds the stars shine—is it not getting too high for you, Madame?—*eh bien*, high above the clouds hover the angels, high above the angels—no

Madame, there I stop; higher than that not even my folly can extend. 'Tis high enough; it is giddy at its own elevation; it makes me feel like a giant with seven-league boots. At dinner-time I feel as if I could eat up all the elephants of Hindostan and pick my teeth with the Strasburg cathedral; in the evening I grow so sentimental that I should like to lap up the milky way, without considering that the small fixed stars might prove somewhat indigestible; and at night it's a regular Midsummer Night's Dream—a congress of all nations, past and present, sits in my brain:—Assyrians, Egyptians, Medes, Persians, Hebrews, Philistines, Frankforters, Babylonians, Carthaginians, Berliners, Romans, Boers, and *Bores*.[1] It would take me too long, Madame, to describe to you all these nations; I must refer you to Herodotus, Livy, the *Haude and Spener Times*, Curtius, Cornelius Nepos, the *Gesellschafter*. While you are consulting them, I will breakfast; I am not in the vein for writing any more this morning; I am conscious that the gods have left me in the lurch. You, Madame, I fear, have been aware of this for some time past; in fact, I am conscious that the real inspiration has not been with me at all to-day. Madame, I will begin a new chapter, and tell you how, after Le Grand's death, I reached Godesberg.

## Chapter XVI.

ON reaching Godesberg I went straight to my lady's house, and sat myself down again at her feet, and by my side lay her brown dachshund, and both of us gazed up into her eyes.

[1] *Türken, Kümmertürken*, an impossible pun. *Kümmeltürken* is students' slang for "philistines."

*Benedicite!* in those eyes was all the glory of this earth, and a whole heaven besides. I could have died of very bliss while looking into those eyes, and had I died at such a moment, my soul would have flown straight into her eyes. No, I cannot describe those eyes. I must fetch from a lunatic asylum some poet who has gone crazed with love, to call from the abyss of madness an image to express them; though, between ourselves, I had no need of such a *collaborateur*, so crazed was I myself. "God d—n!" I once heard an Englishman remark, "when she looks at a fellow from top to toe with that calm way she has, you feel the brass buttons of your coat begin to melt, and your heart into the bargain." "F—e," exclaimed a Frenchman, "she has eyes like a thirty-pounder, and when they discharge a glance, bang! you're shot through the heart!" I remember a red-headed lawyer of Mainz comparing her eyes to two cups of *café noir*. He thought he was paying a sweet compliment, for he was in the habit of emptying the sugar basin into his coffee. The devil take all comparisons!

I and the brown dachshund lay still at my lady's feet, gazing and listening. She was sitting with an old grizzled soldier, who looked like an ancient cavalier, his wrinkled forehead scored with deep scars. They were both talking of the Sieben Gebirge, now bathed in the evening glow, and the blue Rhine, flowing calm and broad at our feet. What cared we for the Seven Hills, and the evening glow, and the blue Rhine, and the white-sailed boats upon it, and the music which came wafted from one of the boats, and the mild student in it with his melting melodies,—what cared I and the brown dachshund? We gazed into our lady's eyes, and watched her faintly flushing face shine forth from her dark tresses like a moon from cloudy skies.

Her features were pure Greek; round the bold curve of

the lips there played mild melancholy, rapture, and child-like caprice, and when she spoke the words were deep-toned, breathed forth almost like a sigh, and yet with rapid, impatient utterance, and when she spoke and her accents fell from the fair mouth like a summer rain of flowers, oh! then my soul was steeped in the evening glow; they set the chords of childish memories all vibrating within me, and above them all, like silver bells, I heard the voice of the little Veronica—and I seized my lady's fair hand and pressed it to my eyes, till the echoes in my soul had died away—and then I leapt up, and laughed, and the dachs barked, and the wrinkles in the old general's brow grew deeper, and I sat down again, and again seized the fair hand and kissed it, and spoke and told her of the little Veronica.

## Chapter XVII.

MADAME, you would have me tell you what the little Veronica[1] was like, but I must decline. You, Madame, are under no compulsion to read farther than you like, and I likewise claim the privilege of writing only what I choose. However, I will tell you what the little hand was like that I kissed in the last chapter.

And, to start with, I must make a confession. I was not worthy to kiss that hand. It was a beautiful hand,

[1] It is an idle task to attempt to winnow the *Wahrheit* from the *Dichtung* in Heine's "Confessions;" but in the "Florentine Nights" we seem to get a hint of what is the groundwork of fact on which the story of Veronica is built. He tells us there that "Very" was a girl whom he had seen and admired for some three days without in the least falling in love with her; that he had heard of her death shortly after with indifference; that seven years afterwards at the sight of some statue her face came suddenly across his fancy, and that for six months he remained at Potsdam, solitary and absorbed in his passion for a dead love.

soft, transparent, gleaming, sweet, odorous, tender, charming; upon my word, I must send to the chemist's for a shilling's-worth of epithets.

On the middle finger was a pearl ring—I never saw a pearl cut so sorry a figure; on her third finger she wore a blue antique—I've studied archæology for hours together gazing on that ring; and on her forefinger was a diamond, a talisman—for as long as I looked at it I was happy, seeing that where it was, there was the finger also with its four brethren, and with all five fingers she would often hit me on the mouth. Since feeling their magic touch, I have become a firm believer in animal magnetism. But she did not hit hard, and I had always deserved the blow for some godless speech, and after the blow she was instantly penitent and took a cake, broke it in two, and gave one half to me, and the other to the brown dachshund, and smiled and said: "Both of you have no religion or souls to save, and you must be fed with cakes in this world, as there is no table spread for you in Heaven." She was half in the right; in those days I was very irreligious, read Tom Paine, the "*Système de la Nature*," the "Westphalian Advertiser," and Schleiermacher, cultivated my beard and reason, and thought of joining the Rationalists. But when the fair hand smoothed my brow, my reason stopped dead, and I fell into a soft reverie, and I seemed to hear again the Ave Maria, and I thought of the little Veronica.

You can hardly picture, Madame, how beautiful the little Veronica looked as she lay in her little coffin. The burning tapers which stood round cast their shimmer over the pale, smiling child's face. and the red silk rosebuds and rustling tinsel with which the little head and the white shroud were tricked out. The good Ursula had led me at night into the silent chamber, and when I saw the little corpse with the taper and flowers laid out on the table, I

thought at first it was the waxen image of some saint; but soon I recognized the dear features, and asked laughingly why little Veronica lay so quiet, and Ursula answered "She's dead."

And when she said "She's dead"——but I will not finish the story to-day; it would take too long, and I should have to tell you first about the lame jackdaw who used to limp about the Schlossplatz, and was three hundred years old, and I might grow melancholy. The humour takes me to tell another story, which is both humorous and appropriate, for it is the very story which I intended to set forth in this book.

## Chapter XVIII.

THE knight's breast was sorrowful and black as midnight. The stabs of calumny had pierced him through and through, and as he took his way across the square of San Marco, he felt as though his heart would break and bleed to death. His steps tottered with fatigue; the whole day long had the noble quarry been hunted, and it was a hot summer day; beads of sweat were on his forehead, and as he stepped into his gondola he heaved a deep sigh. He sat in the black cabin, vacant and unconscious of the rippling waves that rocked him and carried him by the old familiar path to the Brenta, and when he alighted at the old familiar palace-stairs, he was told that Signora Laura was in the garden.

She was leaning against the statue of the Laocoon near the red rose-tree at the end of the terrace, not far from the weeping willows which lean like mourners over the stream beneath. There she stood smiling like a living image of love, the breath of roses round her. But he

awoke from a black dream, and his heart was turned to tenderness and ruth.

"Signora Laura!" he cried, "I am wretched and oppressed with hate, and misery, and lies;"—then he stopped short and stammered out, "But I love you!" Thereat a tear of joy started to his eye, and with moist eyes and lips aflame, he cried, "Be mine, maiden, and love me!"

Over this hour there hangs a dark veil of mystery; no mortal knows what Signora Laura answered, and when her good angel in Heaven is questioned, he hides his face and sighs, and is dumb.

Long stood the knight beside the Laocoon, alone, his face as white and agonized as the statues; unwittingly he stripped the rose-tree of its roses, crushing the very buds —the tree has never flowered since—in the distance a mad nightingale made its moan, the weeping willows shivered, from Brenta's cool waves rose a hollow murmur, night came on with her moon and her stars—a fair star, the fairest of all, fell from heaven.

## Chapter XIX.

*Vous pleurez, Madame?*

O! that those eyes which are now shedding a splendid tear may long brighten the world with their beams; may a warm and loving hand at the last close them in the hour of death. A soft pillow, too, is not a bad thing, Madame, for a deathbed; may that not fail you! And when the tired head sinks upon it, and the black locks stream over the pallid face, oh! then may God recompense you for the tears that have flowed for me—for I am the knight whose

fate you wept, I am that love-lorn knight, the knight of the fallen star.

*Vous pleurez, Madame?*

I recognize these tears! 'Tis time to drop the mask. *You*, Madame, are the fair lady who, at Godesberg, in days gone by, wept so lovingly when I told the troubled tale of my life—bright tears on bright cheeks like pearls on roses—your dachs stopped barking, from Königswinter came the chime of vesper bells, the Rhine murmured softlier, night was drawing over earth her black pall, and I sat at your feet, Madame, and looked up at the starry heavens—at first I mistook your eyes for twin stars; but how can such fair eyes be mistaken for stars? Those cold lights of heaven cannot weep for a mortal's woe, himself so woeful that he is past weeping.

Besides, I had special reasons for not mistaking those eyes; there dwelt in them the soul of the little Veronica.

Comparing dates, Madame, I find that you were born on the very day that the little Veronica died. Johanna had forewarned me at Andernach that I should find again at Godesberg the little Veronica—and I at once recognized her again. It was a piece of ill-luck, Madame, that you died just when the merriest games should have begun. After the good Ursula told me "That is death!" I wandered about the great gallery, grave and solitary; the pictures no longer pleased me as they used; the colours seemed all washed out; one only had kept its gloss and brightness—you know which I mean, Madame—the Sultan and Sultana of Delhi.

You remember, Madame, how often we stood for hours before it, and how the good Ursula used to smirk and simper when people noticed the striking likeness between the faces in the picture and ours? I consider, Madame, that in that picture you were painted to the life, and it is a

marvel to me how the painter managed to limn you even to the clothes you were wearing. They say he was mad, and saw your image in a dream. Or can it be that his soul inhabited the sacred baboon which then attended you as a page? In that case he cannot have forgotten the silver-grey veil which he once spoilt by spilling red wine over it. I was glad when you cast it off; it did not suit you specially, and, as a rule, I consider European costume much more becoming for ladies than Indian, though I know that "fair dames are fair whate'er they wear." You remember, Madame, a gallant Brahmin—he looked like Ganesa, the god with the elephant's trunk who is mounted on a mouse—once paying you a compliment, and declaring that the divine Maneka, when she descended from Indra's golden mount to the royal penitent, Wiswamitra, was not fairer than you, Madame! You've forgotten it? Well, it's hardly 3,000 years ago when the compliment was paid you, and fair ladies do not generally forget a flattering speech so quickly. For men, on the other hand, the Indian dress is much more becoming than the European. O my pink pantaloons of Delhi, with brede of lotus blossoms! Had I worn you when I stood before Signora Laura and urged my suit, the previous chapter would have told a different tale. Alas! I had on straw-coloured pantaloons which a sober Chinaman wove at Nanking—O fateful web!—and I was undone.

Often a young gentleman may be sitting in a small German café, quietly sipping his coffee, while all the time in the far-off Chinese empire his ruin is growing apace, and being spun and woven, and, in spite of the great wall of China, it manages to find its way to the young gentleman in the disguise of a pair of nankeen trousers which he puts on in the innocence of his heart, and so is undone. And, Madame, one heart can hold in its narrow room an

infinity of misery, and stow it away so well that the poor man himself does not feel his load for days together, and is in high spirits, and dances and whistles and sings—lala-rallala, lalaralla, lalaral—la—la—la——

## Chapter XX.

"She was lovable, and he loved her; but he was not lovable, and she loved him not."—*Old Play.*

AND for this stupid business you wanted to shoot yourself? Madame, when a man intends to shoot himself, he always has sufficient reasons, that you may take for certain. Whether he knows these reasons himself is a different question. Up to the last moment we are actors even to ourselves. We mask our wretchedness, and dying of a heart-stab we complain of toothache.

You are sure, Madame, to know of a cure for toothache? But my toothache was in the heart. That's a bad complaint, and the cure for it is lead-stopping and the black toothpowder that Barthold Schwarz invented.

Misery, like a worm, gnawed at my heart and went on gnawing. The poor Chinaman had nothing to do with it; I brought this misery with me into the world. It was cradled with me in my swaddling clothes, and when my mother rocked me, she rocked it with me, and when she sung me to sleep, it went to sleep with me, and awoke with me when I opened my eyes. As I grew, my misery grew too, and at last grew to such a size that it split my——

We'll change the subject, and talk of bridesmaid's wreaths and masked balls, of merriment and marriage bells —lalarallala, lalarallala, lalaral—la—la—la——

# THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

# THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

## Book I.

MADAME DE STAËL'S "De l'Allemagne"[1] is the only full account of the intellectual life of Germany that has reached France, though a considerable time has elapsed since this book appeared, and a whole new literature has meanwhile arisen in Germany. Is this new development only a transition literature which has reached its prime, and is already on the wane? Opinions differ. Most think that Goethe's death marks a new literary epoch in Germany, that old Germany was buried in the same grave with Goethe, that with him the aristocratic period of literature ended, and the democratic began, or, as a French journalist lately expressed it, "Individual genius ceased, and the genius of all commenced."

For my part, I am unable to pass any such definite judgment on the future evolution of German genius; but that the Goethe art-epoch—so I once ventured to christen this period—was fast declining, I predicted many years ago. And I had good grounds for prophesying. I knew full well the means and ways of those malcontents who were determined to dethrone the literary monarch, and it

[1] "De l'Allemagne" was published in London in a French and English edition, each 3 vols, 8vo, 1813, having been suppressed at Paris.

is even said that I took part in the *émeute* against Goethe. Now that Goethe is dead, I am stricken by a strange feeling of remorse.

In announcing these essays as a sort of continuation of Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne," I feel bound, while praising her work for the store of information that it contains, at the same time to warn the reader not to accept it blindly, representing, as it does, the opinions of a clique. Madame de Staël, of renowned memory, has, in the shape of a book, opened as it were a *salon*, to which she invites German authors, and gives them the opportunity of making the acquaintance of French society; but above the buzz of voices of every sort and kind which echo from her pages, the clear falsetto of Herr A. W. Schlegel is most distinctly heard. Whenever it is *herself* we hear, when the large-minded woman expresses directly her whole fiery soul, when she lets off, as it were, the fireworks of her brilliant wit, and dazzles us with her wild genius, then the book is admirable. But when once she listens to the suggestions that strangers whisper in her ear, when once she accepts the teaching of a school whose character is wholly strange and incomprehensible to her, when once by her commendation of this school she promotes certain ultramontane tendencies which directly contradict her own Protestant straightforwardness, then her book becomes weak and tasteless. Moreover, besides these unconscious prejudices, there are others in which she consciously indulges. In her eulogies of the intellectual life and idealism of Germany, she is often aiming a side-blow at the contemporary realism of the French and the material splendour of the Empire. Her "De l'Allemagne" resembles in this respect the "Germania" of Tacitus, who probably, like her, intended his encomium of the Germans as an indirect satire against his own countrymen.

The school to which Madame de Staël has given her adhesion, and the tendencies of which she stimulated by her writings, is, of course, the Romantic school. That this school in Germany was something very different to what passes by the same name in France, that the tendencies of German Romanticists had little in common with those of French Romanticists, will be apparent from what follows. What, then, was the Romantic school in Germany? It was simply the re-awaking of mediæval poetry as manifested in the songs, the sculpture, the architecture, the art and life of those times. This poetry, however, was a special development of Christianity; it was a passion-flower which sprung from the blood of Christ. I know not if the melancholy flower that we in Germany call the passion-flower bears the same name in France, or whether French folk-lore ascribes to it the same mystic origin. It is that strangely discoloured flower in whose calyx are represented the instruments of torture which were used at the Crucifixion, the hammer, pincers, nails, &c.—a flower by no means repulsive, only spectral; nay, as we gaze at it we feel a gruesome pleasure like the bitter-sweet sensations which the twinges of physical pain may sometimes excite in us. In this respect the passion-flower might serve as the fittest symbol of Christianity itself, for the very secret of Christianity, which at once attracts and repels us, is the deification of suffering.

Although Christianity in France is synonymous with Roman Catholicism, I must nevertheless premise that I am referring only to Catholicism. I mean the religion which holds as a fundamental doctrine the condemnation of all that is fleshly, and which not only assigns to the spirit predominance over the flesh, but would literally mortify the flesh in order to glorify the spirit; I mean the religion which, by its unnatural doctrines,

really brought sin and hypocrisy into the world, inasmuch as by its condemnation of the flesh it made a sin of the innocent pleasures of sense, and, as no one can be wholly spirit, could not fail to produce hypocrisy; I mean the religion which by preaching the rejection of all earthly goods, and by inculcating hound-like humility and angelic patience, has proved the surest support of despotism. Men have found out at length the true character of this religion; they cannot now be put off with promissory notes on Heaven; they know that matter, too, has its good side, and is not wholly the devil's; they now claim as their inalienable birthright the enjoyment of this earth, God's beautiful garden. It is just because we now so fully grasp all the consequences of spiritualism pure and simple, that we are convinced that the Catholic theory of life is doomed; for each epoch is a sphinx who destroys herself as soon as her riddle is read.

I do not intend by these remarks to deny the services that Catholicism has rendered to Europe. It was necessary as a wholesome reaction against the stupendous materialism which had developed in the Roman Empire and threatened to annihilate all intellectual and spiritual preeminence. As the licentious memoirs of the previous century form, as it were, the *pièces justificatives* of the French Revolution; as the terrorism of a *comité du salut public* appears to us a necessary remedy after reading the self-confessions of the French noblesse from the Regency downwards; so we acknowledge the wholesomeness of religious asceticism after reading such works as Petronius or Apuleius, which we may regard as the *pièces justificatives* of Christianity. In this Roman world the flesh had grown so insolent that it evidently required Christian discipline to tame it. After the feast of a Trimalcion a fasting diet like Christianity was needed.

Or may it be that as grey-haired debauchees try by whipping to stimulate their enervated passions, so Rome now aging tried monastic flagellation, in order to find an exquisite enjoyment in torture itself, and delight in pain?

A fatal stimulant! It robbed the body politic of Rome of its remaining strength. It was not by the partition into two empires that Rome perished. Both on the Bosphorus and on the Tiber Rome was consumed by the same Jewish spiritualism; in the East, as in the West, Roman history was a lingering death, an agony that lasted for centuries. Can it be that dismembered Judæa in bequeathing to Rome her spiritualism intended to avenge herself on her victorious foe, as once the dying centaur craftily delivered to the son of Jupiter the fatal robe besmeared with his own blood? It is a fact that Rome, the Hercules of nations, was so utterly corrupted by the Jewish poison that helm and harness fell from the shrivelled limbs, and the imperial voice, once heard above the din of war, sank to the drawl of priestly litanies and the quavers of castrati.

But what enervates old age strengthens youth. The same spiritualism had a wholesome effect on the over-vigorous nations of the North; the full-blooded bodies of the barbarians were ethercalized by Christianity; European civilization began. That is a praiseworthy and sublime aspect of Christianity, and this phase of the Catholic Church has the greatest claim to our respect and admiration. By her grand foundations for the advancement of learning and culture she succeeded in taming the brutishness of the Northern barbarians and subduing rude matter.

This mastery of mind over matter is evidenced by mediæval works of art, and this is often their only scope and object. The epic poems of that period might easily be classified according to the degree in which this mastery

is displayed. Lyric and dramatic poems do not enter into the question. The latter did not exist, and the former in every age bear a general resemblance to one another as the nightingale's songs in each succeeding spring.

Although mediæval epic poetry was divided into sacred and profane, both kinds were in character essentially Christian; for although sacred poetry dealt exclusively with the Jewish nation and history, which alone was reckoned sacred, with the heroes of the Old and New Testament,—in a word, with the Church; yet profane poetry pictured the whole life of the time with its Christian views and aspirations. The flower of sacred poetry in mediæval Germany is perhaps "Barlaam and Josaphat,"[1] a poem which consistently proclaims the doctrines of abnegation, of abstinence, of self-sacrifice, of the contempt of all worldly delights. Next to it in merit among sacred literature I should place the "Praises of Saint Anno,"[2] though this poem trespasses not a little on the profane. There is almost the same difference between it and the former poem as between a Byzantine and an Old-German picture of a saint. As in the Byzantine pictures, we notice in "Barlaam and Josaphat" absolute simplicity without any aid of landscape. The lean, lanky, statue-like bodies, with their solemn idealized faces, stand out as it were from a background of pale gold. Whereas in the "Praises of Saint Anno," as in the Old-German pictures, the accessories become almost the principal part; and in spite of the grandiose

[1] The poem is by Rudolf of Ems. Josaphat is the son of an Indian king, to whom Barlaam, a sage from the island of Senaar, comes in the guise of a jeweller and explains the virtue of a costly jewel, which of course is Christianity.

[2] The "Maere von Sante Annen" (Story of St. Anno), was composed about the middle of the twelfth century. The hero of the poem is Anno, Archbishop of Cologne, who died in 1075, and was canonized in 1183.

plan, the details are most minutely executed, and we know not whether most to admire the gigantic conception or the Liliputian elaboration of the work. Otfried's "Poem of the Gospels," [1] which is generally praised as the *chef-d'œuvre* of German sacred poetry, is not nearly so remarkable as either of the above works.

The finest examples of profane poetry, as I intimated above, are found in the cycle of legends of the "Nibelungenlied" and the "Book of Heroes." [2] In these poems, pre-Christian thought and sentiment are still dominant; rude force is not yet softened down to chivalry; the battles of the frozen North are sculptured, as it were, in stone; the iron armour is not yet penetrated by the soft light and moral breath of Christianity. But the dawn is gradually breaking over the old German forests; the old heathen oaks are being felled, and in this clearing of the forest the lists are preparing for the battle between Christianity and paganism. This is presented to us in the legends that centre round Charles the Great. In these we see a distinct reflection of the religious movement which gave birth to the Crusades. And it was from force thus spiritualized by Christianity that the most characteristic phenomenon of the Middle Ages was developed—chivalry, which in time was still further sublimated in the form of a religious order of knights. In its first shape as a secular chivalry, it is most agreeably portrayed in the legends of King Arthur, which are full of the gentlest gallantry, the most refined courtesy, and the most adventurous knight-errantry. From the frolic arabesques and flowery mazes of these

[1] Otfried's "Evangeliumbuch," a rhymed harmony of the Gospels. Otfried was a monk of Fulda, the first German poet we know by name. His work was dedicated to Lewis of Germany in the year 868.

[2] The "Heldenbuch," a collection of older epic tales. Two editions of it appeared in the fifteenth century.

poems there smile upon us the exquisite Iwein,[1] the admirable Lancelot of the Lake, the brave, gallant, honourable, but somewhat tedious Wigalois.[2] Overlapping these legends, and in close relation to them, is the cycle of the Holy Grail, a glorification of religious chivalry, and this series includes three of the grandest poems of the Middle Ages—"Titurel," "Parcival," and "Lohengrin." In these we stand face to face as it were with the spirit of Romantic poetry, we gaze into the depths of her large melancholy eyes; she weaves around us unawares her web of scholasticism, and drags us down the mad abyss of mediæval mysticism. But at last we meet with poems of the same age in which Christian spiritualism is not unconditionally accepted—sometimes, indeed, it is actually attacked—in which the poet cast off the fetters of abstract Christian virtues, and in the full enjoyment of his liberty throws himself heart and soul into the new world of glorified sensuality. And he is not the worst poet of the time who has left us the masterpiece of this school, "Tristan and Isolde." Indeed, I am bound to confess that Gottfried of Strasburg, the author of this incomparable mediæval poem, is perhaps the greatest of mediæval poets, that he throws into the shade the lustre even of such a poet as Wolfram of Eschilbach, whose "Parcival" and "Titurel"[3] are so justly prized. At the present day it is perhaps permissible to express without reserve our unbounded admiration of Master Gottfried. In those days his book was undoubtedly considered godless, and similar poems, among which even

[1] Iwein, the master-work of Hartmann von Aue, has been translated into modern German and edited by Baudissin.

[2] In Latin "Vitus Gallensis," Guy of Gaul, a romance of the Bavarian Wirent von Grafenberg.

[3] For a full account of these epics see Scherer's "History of German Literature," English ed., vol. i., pp. 166-173.

"Lancelot"[1] was included, passed for dangerous literature. And serious consequences did undoubtedly follow; Francesca da Rimini and her fair lover paid dearly for reading one day in such a book, though, as a matter of fact, the greater danger consisted in their suddenly breaking off the reading.

In all these mediæval epics there is a distinct type which distinguishes them from the poetry of Greece and Rome. To mark this distinction we call the former Romantic and the latter Classic poetry. But this nomenclature affords no certain canon of criticism, and has hitherto led to confusion, which was worse confounded when ancient poetry was called "plastic" instead of "classical." This was above all else the origin of such misconceptions as that artists should always treat their materials, whether Christian or pagan, in a plastic fashion—should represent it in clear outlines—and, in short, that plastic presentation should be the chief concern of the modern Romantic artist, as it was of ancient art. As a fact, are not the figures in the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, or in Raphael's pictures, as plastic as the figures in Virgil or on the walls of Herculaneum? The difference is, that the plastic figures of ancient art are identical with the subjects, with the idea that the artist intended to embody. Thus the wanderings of Ulysses portray nothing but the wanderings of the man who was a son of Laertes and husband of Penelope and was called Ulysses. Thus, too, the Bacchus of the Louvre is nothing but the gracious son of Semele, with eyes that flash infinite passion, and full mobile lips that express the fruition of a god. With romantic art it is different. The wanderings of a knight have some further esoteric meaning; they may mean the errors of life

[1] "Lanzelot vom See" was translated from the Italian by Ulrich von Zazichoven.

in general; the vanquished dragon is sin, the almond tree which wafts its soft odours to the hero from afar is the Trinity in unity, the three persons who make one, as shell, husk, and kernel are one and the same almond. When Homer describes the armour of a hero, it is just a good suit of armour and nothing more, worth so many oxen. But when a mediæval monk describes the Madonna's dress, we may wager that by this dress the artist intends as many separate virtues; that a special significance is hidden under the drapery of the immaculate Virgin, who herself naturally figures in the poem as the almond blossom, seeing that her son is the almond kernel. Such is the character of mediæval poetry which we call Romantic.

Classical art had only the finite to represent, and its production could thus be identical with the idea of the artist. Romantic art had to represent (or rather to hint at) the infinite, and purely spiritual relations, and so took refuge in a system of traditional symbolism, or rather of parabolical representation, as even Christ himself sought to explain his spiritual ideas by all sorts of beautiful parables. This accounts for the mystic, enigmatical, marvellous, transcendental element in mediæval works of art; the spasmodic struggles of imagination to represent the purely spiritual by sensible images; the gigantic follies she thereby produces, piling Pelion on Ossa, Parcival on Titurel, in her efforts to reach to Heaven.

In the same way, among nations who attempted in their poetry to represent the infinite, and so produced monstrous abortions of imagination, as among the Scandinavians and Indians, we find poems which we place in the same category, and are accustomed to call Romantic.

Of mediæval music there is not much to be said, for we know nothing of it at first hand. It was not before the

sixteenth century that the masterpieces of Catholic church music were produced,—music which is in its kind incomparable, as the purest expression of Christian spiritualism. The vocal arts[1] from their immaterial nature found a fairly propitious soil in Christianity. For the plastic arts this religion was less favourable. For as these arts, too, were forced to represent the victory of spirit over matter, and had nevertheless to use this matter as their means of representation, they were given as it were an insoluble problem to solve. Hence the ghastly subjects chosen for sculpture and painting—martyrdoms, crucifixions, dying saints, lacerations. It was sculpture herself that was martyred by the imposition of such tasks, and when I look at these distortions, the mawkish faces, long emaciated arms, spindle legs, and sad ungainly clothes, which are inevitable as types of Christian abstinence and passionless piety, I am filled with an inexpressible pity for the artists of that time. Painters, indeed, were somewhat more favoured, for the material with which they worked, viz., colour, with its subtle and impalpable gradations, did not offer such a violent contrast to the spiritual as the material of the sculptor. Yet even the painters had to load their groaning canvas with the most repulsive forms of suffering. Verily, in visiting many picture-galleries and seeing the walls covered with nothing but scenes of blood, of scourgings, and executions, one might fancy that the old masters had painted these pictures for a hangman's collection.

But human genius can glorify even the unnatural. Many artists succeeded in throwing beauty and dignity into the unnatural subjects set them, and in particular the Italian painters, by a partial sacrifice, indeed, of the religious side of their art, were still true to beauty, and rose to that

[1] *Die recitierenden Künste.* The French version has "les arts de la mémoire."

idealization of beauty of which so many of their Madonnas are crowning instances. In the case of the Virgin the Catholic clergy generally made some concessions to sensualism. This image of unstained beauty, sublimated and transfigured by maternal love and sorrow, had a prescriptive right to be celebrated by poets and painters and set off by every sensuous charm. For this image was a magnet to attract the masses to the bosom of the Church. The Virgin Mary was, as it were, the fair *dame du comptoir* of the Catholic Church, whose customers, especially the barbarians of the North, were attracted and spellbound by her heavenly smile.

Architecture in the Middle Ages had the same characteristics as the other arts, and generally speaking we find an extraordinary harmony between the various manifestations of life in those times. In architecture, as in poetry, there is the same tendency to parabolical treatment. When we enter an old cathedral we are hardly able now to conceive the esotoric meaning of its symbolism in stone. Only the general impression comes directly home to us. We feel that the spirit is exalted and the flesh trodden under foot. The interior itself is a hollow cross, and we are walking in the very instrument of martyrdom; the painted windows cast upon us their red and green lights like drops of blood and sweat; dying strains float around us; beneath our feet tombstones and corruption; and with the towering pillars the spirit mounts upwards, painfully tearing itself from the body, which sinks to earth like a worn-out garment. It is only when we look at them from outside—these Gothic cathedrals, these huge structures, so airy, so delicate, so dainty, that they seem like carvings, or like Brussels lace worked in marble—that we begin to feel the might of that age which had such mastery over stone itself that it seems almost as though a soul were breathed into

it by magic, and the adamantine rock bore witness to the spirit of Christianity.

But art is nothing but the mirror of life, and as in life Catholicism was extinguished, so in art, too, it died away and faded. At the time of the Reformation Catholic poetry gradually declined in Europe, and in its place we see Greek poetry, which had long been buried, rise to life again. True, it was only an artificial spring, the work of the gardener, not of the sun, and the shrubs and flowers were planted in narrow pots—protected by a glass sky from the cold north wind.

In the history of the world each event is not the immediate consequence of another, but all events are mutually interconnected. It was not solely by means of the Greek savants who emigrated to us after the capture of Constantinople that we caught the love of Hellenism and the mania for imitating it. In art, as well as in life, there was also a contemporary Protestant movement. Leo X., the magnificent Medici, was as zealous a Protestant as Luther, and as Wittenberg protested in Latin prose, so Rome protested in stone, in colour, and in ottava rima. The vigorous forms of Michael Angelo's marbles, the laughing faces of Giulio Romano's nymphs, the ebullience of life in Messer Ludovico Ariosto's verses—are not these a protest and a reaction from effete and woebegone Catholicism? The polemics of the Italian painters against sacerdotalism were, perhaps, more effective than those of the Saxon theologians. The rosy flesh on Titian's canvases is pure Protestantism. The limbs of his Venus are sounder theses than those which the German monk nailed on the doors of Wittenberg Cathedral. The men of that time seemed to feel themselves suddenly freed from the oppression of centuries; most of all, the artists breathed freely again when relieved from the nightmare of Christianity; they plunged madly

into the calm ocean of Greek gladness, from whose foam they saw the goddess of beauty once more arise; painters again painted the ambrosial joys of Olympus; sculptors again found their old delight in chiselling old heroes from the marble block; poets again sang the house of Atreus and Laius; the period of Neo-classical poetry had dawned.

As in France, under Louis XIV., modern life was brought to the highest point of culture, so likewise this Neo-classical poetry attained a cultivated perfection, and to a certain degree an independent originality. Through the influence of the Great Monarch this school of poetry spread over the rest of Europe. In Italy, where it was already acclimatized, it took a French colouring. In Spain the heroes of French tragedy came in with the Anjous: they crossed to England with Madame Henriette; and we Germans, as a matter of course, erected our uncouth temples to the powdered Olympus of Versailles. Our most famous high-priest was Gottsched,[1] the periwigged old gentleman whom our famous Goethe has so well hit off in his "Memoirs."

Lessing was the literary Arminius who freed our German stage from the foreign yoke. He showed us the futility, the ridiculousness, the bad taste, of that imitation of the French stage, which itself professed to be an imitation of the Greek. And not only by his criticisms, but also by his original works, was Lessing the founder of the native literature of modern Germany. With disinterested enthusiasm, he pursued every branch of study, every side of life. Art, theology, classical learning, poetry, dramatic criticism, history—all these he prosecuted with the same zeal and

[1] Johann Christoph Gottsched (1700-1766), a follower of Boileau, and opponent of the Swiss school. His priesthood lasted (roughly) from 1730 to 1740. Goethe as a student met Gottsched two years before the latter's death, and has given his impressions of him in "Wahrheit und Dichtung," book vii.

with the same object. All his works are inspired with the same great social idea, the same enthusiasm of humanity, the same religion of reason, whereof he was the John—its Messiah is yet to come. This religion he preached without ceasing, though, alas! he was often *vox clamantis in deserto*. And, besides, he lacked the art of turning stones into bread; the greater part of his life was spent in poverty and distress, and this is a curse that weighs upon nearly all our great intellects in Germany, and perhaps will not be removed till we enjoy political freedom. Lessing, too, had stronger political feelings than he was credited with, a sentiment of which there is not a trace in his contemporaries. We are just beginning to see what he meant by his description of a micro-despotism in "Emilia Galotti." Then, he was accounted a champion of intellectual freedom and an opponent of clerical intolerance, for his theological writings were better understood. The fragment "On the Education of the Human Race," translated into French by Eugène Rodrigue, will give Frenchmen some notion of the breadth and comprehensiveness of Lessing's genius. Of his critical works, the two that have exercised the greatest influence on art are the "Hamburg Dramaturgy" and "Laocoon, or, The Limits of Painting and Poetry." His best plays are "Emilia Galotti," "Minna von Barnhelm," and "Nathan the Wise."

Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was born at Camenz, in Lusatia, January 22, 1729, and died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was no one-sided man, but while demolishing the old by his criticism, he set to work himself to build something better in its place. "He resembled," says a German author, "those pious Jews who, in building the second temple, were often interrupted by the attacks of the enemy, and with one hand fought and with the other went on building the house of God." This is not the place

to say more of Lessing, but I cannot refrain from noting that in all German literature he is the author whom I most admire and love.

Another author, whose character and work resemble Lessing's, and who may be called his direct successor, must here be mentioned. To descant upon his merits would, indeed, be equally out of place, for he occupies, so far, a unique position in our literary history, and his relation to his times and his contemporaries has still to be determined. I refer to Johann Gottfried Herder, born at Morungen, in East Prussia, 1744, died at Weimar, in Saxony, 1803.

The history of literature is the great Morgue, where each of us searches for his dead friends or relatives. When amidst multitudes of vulgar corpses I catch sight of Lessing or Herder, with their human face divine, my heart beats. How can I pass you by without a parting kiss upon those pale lips!

But though Lessing ruthlessly exposed the imitators of French pseudo-Hellenism, yet by directing attention to the genuine works of Greek antiquity he himself is not wholly guiltless of abetting a new kind of foolish imitation. By his crusade against religious superstition he actually encouraged the languid æstheticism which became the fashion in Berlin, with the late Nicolai for its chief apostle and the "Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek"[1] for its organ. The reign of mediocrity returned in its most repulsive form, and fatuous inanity blew itself out like the frog in the fable.

It is a great mistake to suppose that Goethe, whose star had already risen, was at once generally recognized. His "Götz von Berlichingen" and his "Werther" had been en-

[1] "The General German Library," which extended to fifty-six volumes, published between 1765 and 1798 by Nicolai, the famous bookseller and Lessing's friend.

thusiastically received, but no more so than works of commonplace bunglers, and Goethe was assigned a very small niche in the temple of literature. It is true, as I remarked, that "Götz" and "Werther"[1] had taken the public by storm, but more by reason of the story than the artistic merits of those masterpieces, which hardly anyone was capable of appreciating. "Götz" was a dramatized romance of chivalry, a class of writing which was then in vogue. "Werther" was regarded only as the literary version of a true story, that of young Jerusalem, whose romantic suicide had made quite a stir in those sleepy times. Readers wept over his sentimental letters; critics remarked that Werther's disgust at life must have been increased by his isolation from good society; the discussion of suicide raised by the book made it still more popular; some fools took a fancy to shoot themselves in imitation of the hero; in short, the book, thanks to its subject-matter, made an enormous sensation. At the same time August Lafontaine's novels were just as greedily devoured, and as Lafontaine[2] was an inexhaustible writer, he was more celebrated than Wolfgang Goethe. Wieland was the great poet of the day, with whom the Berlinese ode-monger Ramler alone could come into competition. Wieland was idolized more than Goethe ever was. On the stage, Iffland, with his middle-class *larmoyant* dramas, and Kotzebue, with his vulgar farces, ruled supreme. Such was the literature against which, in the last years of the eighteenth century, a school arose in Germany which was christened the Romantic school, with the two Schlegels, August Wilhelm and Friedrich, as its active representatives. Jena was the

[1] "Götz" appeared in 1773, and "Werther" in 1774.

[2] A. Lafontaine (1758-1831) has been called the creator of the domestic novel of pathos. Of his numerous works the only one that has survived is "Das Leben eines armen Landpredigers."

headquarters of the two brothers and many kindred spirits, and the centre whence the new æsthetic doctrine spread. I use the word "doctrine" advisedly, for this school started by laying down the law as to art in the past, and giving rules for art in the future. In both these branches of æsthetic criticism the school of Schlegel did good service. In their judgments on existing works of art either the faults and failings were pointed out, or the merits and beauties illustrated. In aggressive criticism, in exposing artistic faults and failings, the Schlegels were faithful disciples of Lessing and inheritors of his old-fashioned broadsword; only A. W. Schlegel's arm was too soft and slack, and Friedrich's eye was too beclouded with mysticism, for the one brother to deal such sturdy strokes, and for the other brother to strike home like Lessing. But in appreciative criticism, in sympathetically contemplating a work of art, in bringing out and popularizing its special beauties, the brothers Schlegel are far superior to Lessing. But what am I to say of their formularies for the production of masterpieces? There the Schlegels revealed the same feebleness that we detect, or fancy we detect, in Lessing. He, too, is as weak in positive as he is strong in negative criticism. He rarely formulates a principle, still more rarely one that will hold water. He had no philosophical foundation to build on, no philosophical system. In this the Schlegels are even more hopelessly to seek. We hear a great deal about the influence of Fichte's idealism and of Schelling's Nature-philosophy on the Romantic school, and some go so far as to trace its origin to these systems. For my part I cannot find the least trace of a philosophy, but at most the influence of some fragmentary notions of Schelling. Herr Schelling, who was then a Jena professor, had, it is true, a great personal influence on the Romantic school. He is, indeed, a bit of a poet, though this will be news to French-

men; and there is a report that he is in doubt whether it is advisable to publish his collected philosophical works in a poetical or even a metrical form. This doubt is characteristic of the man.

But if the Schlegels had no sound theory to propose for the masterpieces which they ordered of the poets of their school, they made good this deficiency by introducing their followers to the best works of art of past times and recommending them as patterns. These were principally the works of Catholic art in the Middle Ages. Shakespeare, who stands on the confines of this art, and smiles upon the new age like the morning star of Protestantism, was translated solely for polemical purposes. What exactly these were, it would take me too long now to explain. I need only remark that this translation was undertaken by A. W. Schlegel before the furore for mediævalism had reached its height. Later on, when this revival had come about, Calderon was translated and put far above Shakespeare, as the purest embodiment of mediæval poetry in its two essential phases, chivalry and monasticism. The edifying comedies of the Castilian priest-poet, whose poetical flowers are besprinkled with holy water and fumigated with incense, were now imitated with all their solemn *grandezza*, all their sacerdotal pomp, and all their sanctified tomfoolery. In Germany there sprung up a host of motley-religious, shallow-profound poems, where the characters are mystically in love, as in "Devotion at the Cross," or fight duels in honour of the Madonna, as in "The Constant Prince;"[1] and Zacharias Werner carried the folly as far as it is possible without being clapped by the authorities into a lunatic asylum. "Our poetry," said the Schlegels, "is old; our Muse is an old wife with a spinning-wheel; our Cupid is not a fair-haired boy, but a shrivelled dwarf

[1] Two of the dramas in Schlegel's "Spanisches Theater."

with grey locks; our feelings are seared, our fancy withered; we must renew our strength, we must seek again the well-head of simple, natural, mediæval poetry, which is now dammed up by the rubbish of centuries, and the fountain of youth will gush forth." A parched and droughty people did not need to be told twice, least of all the poor thirsty souls who dwelt in the sandy Brandenburg March, and wanted to grow youthful and blooming again; they flocked to the miraculous waters, they lapped, they swilled, they drenched themselves incontinently. But it happened to them, as it happened to the old tire-woman in the story. She had observed, we are told, that her mistress possessed a miraculous elixir of youth. So in her mistress's absence she stole from her toilet-table the vial containing the elixir, but instead of taking a few drops, she swallowed such a long, deep draught, that by the intensified virtue of the youth-giving potion, she became not only young again, but a tiny little child. This is, in truth, exactly what happened to our worthy friend Herr Tieck, one of the best poets of the school. He had taken such long and repeated draughts from mediæval folk-lore and poetry that he became almost a child again, and blossomed forth in that simple prattle which it took Madame de Staël so much trouble to admire. She herself confesses that it strikes her as droll when a character in a play makes his *début* in a monologue which begins, "I am the valiant Boniface, and I come to tell you, &c."

Tieck, in his novel of "Sternbald's Wanderings," and in the "Heart-outpourings of an Art-loving Monk," the work of a certain Wackenroder which he edited, set forth the naïve rude beginnings of art as a pattern even for artists. The simple piety and childishness of these works, which the feebleness of their technique of itself reveals, were recommended for imitation. Raphael was wholly ignored,

and little was heard of his master Perugino, though he, it is true, ranked much higher than Raphael, as still retaining faint traces of that excellence whose full perfection, as revealed in the immortal masterpieces of Fra Angelico, excited their wonder and worship. If we wish to realize what the taste of these art-enthusiasts was like, we must pay a visit to the Louvre, where the best pictures of their favourite masters are still to be seen; and if we wish to form an idea of the host of poets who in every conceivable style of versification attempted to copy the poems of the Middle Ages, we must pay a visit to the madhouse at Charenton.

But I think those pictures in the first salon of the Louvre are, after all, far too pleasing to give a true notion of the taste of the day. To do this one must further imagine those pictures of the old Italian masters translated into old German; for the works of the old German masters were considered far more simple and childish than those of the old Italians, and therefore more worthy of imitation. The Germans, forsooth, by virtue of their *Gemüth* (a word for which there is no French equivalent) are able to take a profounder view of Christianity than other nations, and Friedrich Schlegel and his friend Joseph Görres rummaged the old cities on the Rhine for old German pictures and carvings, which were blindly worshipped like relics.

I have compared the German Parnassus of that day to Charenton, but the comparison is not strong enough. French madness is not half so mad as German, for in German madness, as Polonius would say, there is method. That fit of German madness raged with a pedantry that cannot be matched, a horrible conscientiousness, a thoroughness of which a superficial French fool can form no conception.

This revival of Old-German Christian art was greatly

favoured by the political condition of Germany. "From despair we learn prayer," so runs the German proverb, and never was a nation in more desperate straits than Germany then was, or more predisposed in consequence to prayer, religion, and Christianity. No nation clings so loyally to its princes as Germany, and it was the sorry figure that her conquered princes cut when grovelling at the feet of Napoleon, far more than the miserable state to which the country had been reduced by war and foreign dominion, that afflicted Germans beyond endurance. The whole nation was like those faithful old servitors of an ancient house who feel all the humiliations to which their masters are subjected more acutely than the sufferers themselves, who almost weep their eyes out in secret when the family plate has to be sold, and who privately expend their own poor savings to avert the indignity of letting their lord's table be lighted by vulgar tallow instead of lordly wax—we know the sort of servant in the old play whose acts of devotion always draw down the house. The nation in its dejection took refuge in religion, and this produced a pietistic resignation to the will of God, from whom alone they looked for help. And indeed against Napoleon, none other but God Almighty could help them. Temporal forces could no more be reckoned on, and they were forced to turn the eye of faith to Heaven.

We might very well have endured Napoleon, but our rulers, while hoping to rid themselves of him by Heaven's help, at the same time indulged the fancy that the concentrated forces of their peoples might be called in to co-operate with Providence. With this intention they went about to stir up a common sentiment of race among the Germans, and even the most exalted personages began to talk of German nationality, of a common Fatherland, of the union of the Christian German family, of the unity of

Germany. We were ordered to be patriots, and we were patriots, for we do all that our rulers bid us.

But this patriotism must not be confounded with the feelings which bear the same name in France. To a Frenchman patriotism means that his heart is warmed, that this warmth extends and diffuses itself, that his love embraces not only his immediate belongings, but the whole of France, the whole of the civilized world.

A German's patriotism, on the contrary, means that his heart contracts, that it shrinks like leather in the cold, that he hates all that is foreign, that he is no more a citizen of the world, no more a European, but only a narrow German. Thus arose that ideal boordom which Herr Jahn[1] reduced to a system. Thus began that mean, coarse, uncultured opposition to a sentiment the highest and holiest that Germany has begotten, I mean to that humanity, that universal brotherhood, that cosmopolitanism which our great writers, Lessing, Herder, Schiller, Goethe, Richter, and every educated man in Germany has always maintained.

What next occurred in Germany you know only too well. When Providence, snow, and the Cossacks had destroyed Napoleon's best forces, we Germans got our orders from the highest quarters to free ourselves from the foreign yoke, and we flared up with manly indignation at the servitude we had borne too long, and inspired ourselves with the good tunes and bad poetry of Körner's songs, and fought and won our freedom; for we do all that our rulers bid us.

The period of preparation for this struggle was naturally the most favourable soil for a school which set itself against all that was French and extolled all the national

[1] Friedrich Ludwig Jahn (1778-1852), the founder of the *Turnverein* or gymnastic unions.

peculiarities of German life and art. The Romantic school chimed in with the views of the governments and secret societies, and A. W. Schlegel conspired against Racine with the same object that the minister Stein conspired against Napoleon. The school swam with the stream, the stream that was flowing backwards to its source. When at last German patriotism and German nationality were victorious all along the line, a no less signal triumph was assured to the national-German-Christian-Romantic school, to "Neo-German-religious-patriotic art." Napoleon the giant classic, a classic like Alexander and Cæsar, bit the dust, and the brothers August Wilhelm and Friedrich Schlegel, the dwarf Romanticists, as romantic as Hop-o'-my-Thumb and Puss-in-Boots, rose as victors.

But in this case, as usual, the reaction which dogs the steps of every exaggeration was not slow to follow. As spiritual Christianity was a reaction against the brutal tyranny of materialism in imperial Rome; as the re-awakening of a passion for the serene joyousness of Greek art and science can only be explained as a reaction against the degeneracy of Christian spiritualism into senseless self-annihilation; and as the revival of mediæval Romanticism may be looked upon as a reaction against the soulless aping of ancient classical art,—so at the present day we see a reaction set in against the re-introduction of the old Catholic-feudal thoughts and sentiments of the knightly and priestly system which author and artist set forth as an ideal, though it was wholly at variance with the age. For the peculiar merit of these old masters of the Middle Ages, what had called forth the admiration and reverence of the age which recommended them as models for imitation, was simply this—these artists believed in the subject of their art; by their artless simplicity they accomplished more than their successors in art, who were vastly superior in *tech-*

*nique*, but lacked their faith—their faith, in short, worked miracles. This, in fact, is the only possible explanation of the glorious paintings of Fra Angelico and the poem of Brother Otfried. Now the artists who believed in their high calling were ambitious to emulate the inspired bad drawing of these miraculous pictures, the divine childishness of these miraculous poems,—in a word, the inexplicable mystery of the old masters,—these moderns determined to make a pilgrimage to the same Hippocrene whence the old masters had drawn their miraculous inspiration. They journeyed to Rome, expecting that the vicegerent of Christ would restore to health consumptive German art by a diet of asses' milk,—in short, they sought the one harbour of refuge, the bosom of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church. With many members of the Romantic school no formal conversion was needed; they were Catholics by birth—*e.g.*, Herr Görres and Clemens Brentano—and had only to renounce the freethinking views that were till then permissible. Others, however, had been born and bred in the bosom of the Protestant Church—*e.g.*, Friedrich Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, Werner, Schütz, Carové, Adam Müller, &c.—and with these a public act was necessary to notify their change of creed. The names I have mentioned were all authors, the crowd of artists who abjured evangelical religion and reason are too numerous to name.

It may be imagined that the sight of these young folks making a *queue* in front of the Roman Catholic Church, and again thronging into the old intellectual prison-house from which their fathers had so painfully broken loose, produced in Germany much shaking of the head. But when it was discovered that a propaganda of priests and squires, who had formed a league against the religious and political liberty of Europe, had a finger in the pie—that it was, in fact, Jesuitism which was employing the siren

tones of Romanticism to draw the youth of Germany to their destruction, as the piper did the children of Hamelin, a perfect storm of indignation broke forth among the friends of free thought and Protestantism in Germany.

I have coupled free thought with Protestantism, but I hope that I shall not be suspected of favouring that sect, though in Germany it is true that I declare myself a member of the Protestant Church. It is in no spirit of partizanship that I couple free thought and Protestantism; there actually exist in Germany friendly relations between the two. At any rate, they are as intimately connected, I may say, as mother and daughter; and though the Protestant Church may be charged with much narrowness, one title to immortal fame cannot be refused her: by allowing free inquiry in the Christian religion, and freeing men from the yoke of authority, she has enabled free inquiry on all subjects to strike root in Germany, and cleared the soil for the independent development of science. German philosophy now takes equal rank with the Protestant Church and even claims the *pas;* yet she is in fact the daughter. As such she is bound to exercise filial piety to the mother, and both were bound by family interests to combine when threatened by the common enemy—Jesuitism. All the friends of free thought and Protestantism, sceptics and orthodox alike, rose at once against the Catholic revivalists, and, as was natural, the Liberals, who were not much concerned for the interests of philosophy or Protestantism, but were eager to fight for the interests of civil liberty, swelled the ranks of the opposition. But in Germany the Liberals have always been at once scholastic philosophers and theologians, and it is after all the same idea of liberty for which they fight, whether it is a purely political, a philosophical, or a theological subject that they are handling. The most striking illustration of this fact is the life of a

man who undermined the foundations of the Romantic school from its very commencement, and has now contributed most to its overthrow. I mean Johann Heinrich Voss.

Voss is hardly known in France, and yet there are few men to whom the German nation is more indebted for its intellectual development. After Lessing, Voss is perhaps the greatest citizen in the German republic of letters; in any case, he was a great man, and deserves no grudging recognition at my hands.

His biography is that of nearly every German writer of the old school. Born at Mecklenburg in 1751, of poor parents, he studied theology, which he neglected after becoming acquainted with poetry and Greek; he applied himself zealously to both these studies, gave lessons in order to keep the wolf from the door, became a schoolmaster at Otterndorf in Hadeln, translated the classics, and lived poor, frugal, and industrious to the age of seventy-five. Among the poets of the old school he held a distinguished place, but the new school of Romantic poets were never tired of carping at his laurels, and laughing at old-fashioned honest Voss, who in homely language, and often in his native Low German, sung of country-town life on the lower Elbe, who chose as the hero of his song no mediæval knights or madonnas, but a simple Protestant parson and his virtuous family, who, in a word, was healthy, natural, and a model citizen, while his critics, the new troubadours, were sickly day-dreamers, crazy geniuses, and distinguished cavaliers. Friedrich Schlegel, the inebriated singer of the wanton Lucinda,—how must such a Romanticist have hated this sober Voss with his "chaste Louise" and his worthy old pastor of Grünau. Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel, who did not take Catholicism and lubricity so seriously as his brother, was more in har-

mony with old Voss, and the only opposition that arose between them was their rivalry as translators, a rivalry from which the German nation drew no small profit. Before the new school came into existence Voss had translated Homer, and now he set to work with astounding industry on the translation of the other pagan writers of antiquity, while Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel was translating the Christian poets of the Romantic ages of Catholicism. The works of both men were written with a purpose, though this was not avowed. Voss's translations were intended to inspire a love of Greek poetry and thought; A. W. Schlegel, on the other hand, sought by good translations to recommend to the public the Christian Romantic poets as examples of conduct and culture. Even the language of the two translators bore marks of this antagonism. While Schlegel's vocabulary became more and more refined and exquisite, Voss grew rougher and ruder in his translations—the later ones are so rugged as to be almost unpronounceable—and the reader slips and slides over the highly polished mahogany parquetry of Schlegel's verse no less than he trips and stumbles over old Voss's rough-hewn marble blocks. At last Voss, not to be outdone, determined that he, too, would try his hand on Shakespeare, which Schlegel in his first period had so admirably rendered into German. But this was an unlucky venture for Voss, and still more unlucky for his publisher. The translation was a dead failure. Where Schlegel's translation is almost too smooth, and his verses remind us of whipped cream which melts in the mouth, so that one does not know whether one is eating or drinking, Voss is hard as a millstone, and you risk breaking your jaws by trying to read his verses aloud. This, after all, was Voss's chief distinction—the vigour with which he fought against all difficulties; and he wrestled not only with the diffi-

culties of the German tongue, but with that monster of Jesuitry and aristocracy combined which was then rearing its misbegotten head from the primeval forest of German literature; and Voss dealt the monster a doughty blow.

Wolfgang Menzel, a German writer well known as one of Voss's bitterest opponents, calls him a Low Saxon boor. The sobriquet is abusive, but it hits the mark. As a fact Voss *is* a Saxon boor, as, too, was Luther. He was wholly lacking in chivalry, courtesy, and grace. He was a true scion of the sturdy, stalwart German stock, who needed to have Christianity preached to them by fire and sword, who submitted to the new religion after losing three battles, but in spite of their conversion preserved in their manners and customs much of their pagan stubbornness and northern hardiness, and in their material and spiritual combats are still as brave and obstinate as their old gods. Whenever I think of Johann Heinrich Voss, his literary battles, his whole life and character, I seem to see in person that ancient one-eyed Odin, who has left his Asgard to turn dominie at Otterndorf in Hadeln, and is teaching the fair-haired Holsteiners their catechism and Latin declensions, translating in his leisure hours the Greek poets into German, borrowing Thor's hammer to beat his verses into shape, and at last, in disgust at the toilsome task, smashing with his hammer poor Fritz Stolberg's head.

That was a famous affair. Friedrich, Count Stolberg, was a poet of the old school, and had in Germany a great reputation, less perhaps on account of his poetical talents than his title, which then was far more thought of in German literature than it now is. But Fritz Stolberg was a liberal and high-souled man, and a generous friend to the young men of lower rank than himself who were founding a poetical school at Göttingen. I recommend French *littérateurs* to read the preface to Hölty's poems by

J. H. Voss, in which he describes the idyllic life of the poetical brotherhood to which he and Fritz Stolberg belonged. The time came when these two men were the only survivors of that poetic band. But when it was noised abroad that Fritz Stolberg had joined the Catholic Church, renounced reason and liberalism, and thrown in his lot with the obscurantists, and by his illustrious example was drawing after him a whole host of waverers, then the veteran Voss, in spite of his seventy years, at once declared war against his old friend and comrade, and wrote his pamphlet, "Why Fritz Stolberg abjured Liberalism." It was a searching analysis of the Count's whole life, and showed how there was from the first a latent taint of aristocraticism in the Count, even when he belonged to the brotherhood; how after the events of the French Revolution it gradually developed; how Stolberg secretly joined the so-called Noble Alliance formed to countermine French liberalism; how these nobles joined forces with the Jesuits; how it was hoped that the revival of Catholicism would concurrently further the interests of the nobility; how, in brief, the restoration of Catholic feudal mediævalism, and the demolition of Protestant free thought and civic liberty, were schemed and agitated. German democracy and German aristocracy, which in pre-revolutionary times, when the former had nothing to hope and the latter nothing to fear, had fraternized with all the abandon of youth, were now in their old age standing face to face, prepared for a death-struggle.

That portion of the German public who were blind to the significance of this struggle and its fatal necessity, blamed poor Voss for his merciless revelation of domestic relations and petty details, though this circumstantial evidence when pieced together formed a crushing indictment. Others, men of light and leading, so they were called, took

a lofty tone, and were scandalized by this narrow tittle-tattle, denouncing poor Voss as a gossip-monger. Others, mediocrities of the middle class, were alarmed lest the curtain should be drawn and their own nakedness revealed. This last class protested against the violation of literary traditions, which tabooed all personalities and disclosures of private life. It happened, too, that shortly after the publication of the pamphlet Stolberg died, and his death was ascribed to mental trouble. After his death, too, there appeared his "Liebesbüchlein" ("Little Book of Love"), in which he spoke of his poor deluded friend in a pious strain of Christian forgiveness—the genuine Jesuit's style. This was the signal for the sluice-gates of German sympathy to open. The German Hans was dissolved in tears, and a storm of sentimental indignation gathered round Voss's devoted head, his fiercest assailants being the very men for whose material and spiritual interests he had fought and struggled.

Generally in Germany it is safe to reckon on the pity and tears of the multitude when anyone has been well mauled in a literary quarrel. The Germans in this resemble the old women who never miss an execution, force their way to the front of the spectators, and at the sight of the wretched criminal and his agonies set to weeping and wailing, and actually take his part. But those sentimentalists who go into hysterics at a literary execution would be very indignant if the criminal whom they expected to see at the cart-tail were suddenly pardoned, and they had to trudge home without having seen the sight. They would be sure to vent their wrath in double measure on whoever had baulked them of their expectation.

However that may be, the Vossian controversy caused a great stir, and it had the effect of turning the tide of public opinion against the mediævalists. It divided Ger-

many into two camps: a great part of the public were Vossites *sans phrase*, and a still greater part espoused his views apart from the personal dispute. A war of pamphlets followed, and the last days of the old man were disturbed and embittered by the quarrel. He had to fight against the most venomous of antagonists, the priests who attacked him under every mask and disguise. Not only the crypto-Catholics, but besides, the Pietists, the Quietists, the Lutheran Mystics,—in a word, all the transcendental sects of the Protestant Church agreed to sink their mutual differences, though these are not small or few, and combine in all haste against Johann Heinrich Voss, the Rationalist. By "Rationalism" in Germany we understand those who assert the claims of reason even in the province of religion, in opposition to the transcendentalists or supernaturalists, who in religious matters either partially or wholly deny the supremacy of reason. These supernaturalists in their hatred to the poor rationalists are like the inmates of a madhouse, who manage to live on fairly good terms with one another in spite of the mutual inconveniences of their several crazes, but are filled with indignation and fury against the man whom they regard as their common foe, the mad doctor, the very man who is endeavouring to restore them to reason.

The Romantic school, we have seen, was ruined by the discovery of Catholic intrigues, and at the same moment it received in its own temple its death-warrant from the lips of one of those gods which it had enshrined there. Wolfgang Goethe descended from his pedestal and pronounced judgment against the Schlegels, the very high priests who had burned so much incense at his shrine. His voice broke the charm; the ghosts of the Middle Ages fled; the owls hid themselves again in their castle crannies; the ravens flew back to their old church towers; Friedrich

Schlegel went to Vienna, where he daily heard mass and ate his roast chicken; Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel retired into Brahma's pagoda.

It must be confessed that Goethe at that period played a very ambiguous part, and his conduct cannot be wholly commended. It is true that the Schlegels did not deal quite honestly with him. It may have been that in their crusade against the old school they felt bound to set up a living poet as an ideal, and could find none more suitable than Goethe; perhaps, too, they expected Goethe to give them a helping hand in their literary undertakings, and this was why they raised an altar to him, burnt incense to him, and bade the people kneel before him. Besides, he was their near neighbour. From Jena to Weimar the road runs through an avenue of beautiful trees, with plums growing on them which are delicious when one is oppressed with the summer heat, and this road the Schlegels often took, and at Weimar they had lengthy interviews with Privy Councillor Goethe, who was always a consummate diplomat, and listened patiently to the Schlegels, smiled at the right moments, asked them to dinner, and showed them other courtesies. They made up to Schiller too, but Schiller was a straightforward man and would have nothing to do with them. The correspondence between him and Goethe which was published three years ago throws much light on the relations of both poets to the Schlegels. Goethe smiles down upon them with a distant condescending air; Schiller is angered at their impertinent scandal-mongering, and their love of causing a sensation by help of scandal, and calls them "prigs."

But whatever airs Goethe might give himself, he owed none the less the greater part of his renown to the Schlegels. They introduced his works to the public, and made them the fashion. The contemptuous way in which at the last

he gave them both the cold shoulder is uncommonly like ingratitude. Perhaps, however, Goethe with his keen penetration was disgusted at being used by the Schlegels as a stalking-horse; perhaps, too, as the minister of a Protestant government, he felt himself compromised by the objects they sought; perhaps the wrath of the old heathen gods was aroused in him at the sight of Catholic groping and grovelling. For as Voss resembled one-eyed Odin, stark and cold, so Goethe resembled Jupiter both in mind and feature. Voss had to lay about him with Thor's hammer; Goethe had only to shake in anger his ambrosial locks and the Schlegels trembled and slunk away. A published specimen of one of these godlike interpositions may be found in the second volume of Goethe's periodical "Kunst und Alterthum" ("Art and Antiquity"), and bears the title, "Concerning the Christian-patriotic-neo-German Art." This article was, as it were, Goethe's 18th Brumaire in German literature; for by driving the Schlegels so rudely from the temple, by attracting many of their most zealous disciples to his own person, and receiving the acclamations of the public who had long been disgusted by the Directory of the Schlegels, he established his autocracy in German literature. From that hour nothing more was heard of the Schlegels, except that they might be casually mentioned just as Barras and Gohier are still referred to; men ceased to talk of classical and romantic poetry—they talked of Goethe, and again of Goethe. It is true that several poets were making their appearance little inferior to Goethe in force and imagination, but these out of courtesy recognized Goethe as their leader, paid homage to him, kissed his hand, knelt before him; but these grandees of Parnassus were distinguished from the common herd by being allowed to keep their laurel wreaths on their heads in Goethe's presence. They even assailed him now and

again, but if any lesser writer claimed the same privilege of carping at Goethe they resented the liberty. However angry aristocrats are with their sovereign, they are indignant if the plebs, too, revolt against the king. The intellectual aristocrats of Germany had indeed good grounds during the last two decades for rising against Goethe. As I expressed it at the time with some bitterness, Goethe was like Louis XI., who abased the high nobility and exalted the *tiers état*. It was enough to raise one's gorge to see Goethe afraid of any independent and original writer, and praising and lauding all the insignificant mediocrities. He even carried this so far, that at last it became a brevet of mediocrity to be praised by Goethe.

Later I shall speak of the new poets who sprang up during Goethe's reign. They are still saplings, just beginning to show their girth, now that the centennial oak has fallen by whose branches they were dwarfed and overshadowed.

There was, as I have remarked, a strong and bitter opposition to this king of the forest, the great Goethe. Many who held the most antagonistic views amongst themselves formed a coalition against him. The Old Lights, the orthodox party, were angry at finding in the bole of the giant tree no niche for an image, and shocked at the sight of the naked Dryads of heathendom playing their devilries in its branches. Like St. Boniface, they would have liked to take the consecrated axe and hew down this old haunt of witchcraft. The New Lights, the Liberals, had another grievance. They were angry that the old tree could not be used for a tree of liberty, still less for a barricade. In good sooth, the tree was too high; it was impossible to stick a red cap on its top and dance the *Carmagnole* beneath it. The general public, however, honoured the tree for the very reason that it was so superbly independent, that it filled

the world with its soft fragrance, while its lordly branches towered to heaven, so that the stars seemed to be but golden fruits of the great magic tree.

The opposition to Goethe dates from the appearance of the so-called spurious "Wanderjahre," the work which was published by Gottfried Basse at Quedlinburg in 1821, that is, soon after the fall of the Schlegels, under the title of "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre." Goethe, it will be remembered, had announced a work with the same title, which was to be a continuation of "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," and by a strange coincidence this continuation appeared simultaneously with its literary double, in which not only Goethe's style was imitated, but the hero also of Goethe's original romance figured as one of the characters. The parody showed wonderful tact rather than genius, and as the author managed for some time to preserve his anonymity, and eluded the curiosity of the public, he succeeded thereby in stimulating their interest. It came out at last that the author was an obscure country clergyman of the name of Pustkuchen, the German word for *omelette soufflée*, and significantly appropriate. The book was, in fact, nothing but the stale old leaven of pietism puffed out by help of some literary art. Goethe was taxed by the writer with the absence of any moral purpose in his poems; his creations, we are told, are all lay figures, not marble statues; while Schiller, on the contrary, represented ideal characters, and hence was the greater poet.

This last contention—the superiority of Schiller to Goethe—was the special point raised by this publication. It set the absurd fashion of comparing the productions of the two poets, and opinions were divided. The Schiller faction kept harping upon the moral beauty of a Max Piccolomini, a Thekla, a Marquis Posa, and the various heroes of Schiller's plays; while Goethe's characters, a

Philine, a Käthchen, a Klärchen, and the other fair creatures of his fancy, were pronounced as no better than they should be. The Goethe faction remarked, with a smile, that it was quite true these heroines could not figure as moral types—no more, for that matter, could Goethe's heroes; but this advancement of morality (they continued) that you desiderate in Goethe's poems, is in no ways the end of art; art has no end beyond itself, and, as in the material world, the ideas of ends and means are fictions of man's fancy. Art, like the universe, exists for its own sake, and as the universe remains eternally the same, though our conceptions of the universe are subject to incessant change, so must art remain independent of the ephemeral conceptions of art. It follows that art must in a special degree be independent of morality, which on earth, at least, is always changing as often as a new religion springs up and ousts the old religion. And, as a matter of fact, a new religion does always appear in the course of centuries, and, passing into the life and manners of the new generation, ends by establishing a new code of morality. Consequently, if art were to be judged by the standard of current morality, each generation would interdict all previous works of art as immoral. And this has actually happened. Good Christians, who condemned the flesh as devilish, were scandalized at the sight of the statues of Greek gods; chaste monks gave Aphrodite an apron—nay, in our own days, nude statues have been provided with a ridiculous fig-leaf. A pious Quaker devoted his whole substance to buying up the loveliest mythological paintings of Giulio Romano in order to burn them. Verily he deserves to be sent to Heaven and whipped there every day for his pains. A religion with a material god, which consistently deified the flesh, if it infected life and manners, would be certain to produce a code of morals according to

which only those works of art were esteemed which glorified the flesh, while the works of Christian art, representing only the vileness of the flesh, would be rejected as immoral. Nay more, those works of art which in one country are considered moral, would be considered immoral in another country, where another religion has passed into the national manners and customs. For instance, our plastic arts excite the horror of an orthodox Mussulman, while many arts which are reckoned perfectly innocent in Eastern harems are an abomination to Christians. In India, where the position of a Bayadere[1] is in no ways condemned by public opinion, the "Vasantasene," a play with a courtesan for its heroine, is thought in no ways immoral, but if any manager dared to put the piece on the boards of the Théâtre Français, the whole pit would howl at the immorality of the piece,—the same pit which daily listens with pleasure to comedies of intrigue, with young widows for their heroines, who make a gay marriage in the fifth act instead of burning themselves with their lost husbands as Indian morality demands.

Goethe's adherents, repudiating such views, looked on art as an independent world in itself, a sort of *primum mobile* which moves and governs all the shifting ways of men, their religion and their morality. To this theory I can give only a qualified approval. It was a fundamental error on their part to proclaim the supremacy of art in the world, and to ignore the claims of the actual pre-existing world, which, after all, must take precedence.

Schiller had a much firmer grasp of this actual world than Goethe, and in this respect he deserves praise. He, Friedrich Schiller, was possessed by the spirit of his age, he wrestled with it, he was overpowered by it, he followed it to battle, he bore its banner,—the banner under which

[1] Compare Goethe's beautiful ballad with this title.

you, too, across the Rhine fought so gallantly, and for which we are still ready to shed our best blood. Schiller fought with his pen for the great ideas of the Revolution; he carried the Bastilles of the intellectual and spiritual world; he was a master-builder of the temple of freedom, nay more, of that great temple destined to include all nations in a congregation of universal brotherhood; he was a cosmopolitan. He began his career with that intense hatred of the past which we find in the "Robbers," in which play he reminds us of a young Titan who has run away from school, got tipsy off schnaps, and broken Jupiter's windows. He ended with that intense love of the future, which already in "Don Carlos" begins to burgeon and blossom like a flowering forest, and he himself is the Marquis Posa, who is prophet and soldier in one, who fights, too, in fulfilment of his prophecies, and beneath whose Spanish mantle beats the noblest heart that ever loved and suffered in Germany.

The poet, the maker in miniature, is like the Almighty Creator in this too, that he makes men in his own image. Thus as Karl Moor and the Marquis Posa are Schiller to the life, so Goethe is like his Werther, his Wilhelm Meister, and his Faust, and in these characters can be studied the various phases of his genius. Schiller throws himself heart and soul into history, glows and burns for the social progress of mankind, and sings the world's history, while Goethe rather loses himself in individual feelings, in art, or in nature. Goethe's pantheism impelled him more and more to make natural history his chief study, and he gives us the results of his investigations, not only in poems, but also in scientific works. To his pantheistic philosophy we may likewise ascribe his indifferentism.

It is sad, but true, that pantheism has not seldom led to

indifferentism. The process is easy to explain. If all is God, it matters little how we employ ourselves, whether with clouds or with antiques, whether with folk-songs or the anatomy of apes, whether with human beings or stage-players. But herein lies the fallacy. All is not God, but God is all. God does not manifest Himself equally in all things, but in different degrees, and more or less in different things, and each thing is impelled by a natural instinct to aspire to a higher degree of the divine. That is the great law of natural progress. The recognition of this law, which was most clearly perceived and expounded by the Saint Simonists, has converted pantheism into a philosophy which is diametrically opposed to indifferentism, and teaches progress by means of self-sacrifice. No, God does not manifest Himself in all things alike, as Wolfgang Goethe opined, an opinion which made of him an indifferentist occupied with dilettantism, anatomy, the theory of colours, the physiology of plants, the observation of clouds, instead of the highest human interests. God manifests Himself in things, now more and now less; He lives in this continuous manifestation; in movement, action, time, God is; His divine breath moves through the leaves of history; history is the authentic book of God. This truth Friedrich Schiller felt and divined, and he became a "backwards prophet," and wrote the "Fall of the Netherlands," the "Thirty Years' War," the "Maid of Orleans," and "Tell."

Goethe, it is true, no less than Schiller, sang the history of emancipation in some of its chief crises, but only as an artist. With his antipathy to Christian enthusiasm, which was his special aversion, his inability or unwillingness to understand the philosophic enthusiasm of our times, and his dread of ruffling his placid self-composure, he regarded enthusiasm generally from the historical point of view, as an objective datum, as so much material to work upon.

Thus spirit turned to matter under his hands and was moulded into shapes of beauty. Thus he became the great artist in our literature, and all that he wrote was a rounded and complete work of art.

The master's example was religiously followed by his disciples, and thus began in Germany that literary period which I once named the "art period." I then attempted to show the prejudicial influence which it exercised on the political development of the German nation. But in so characterizing it I did full justice to the intrinsic merit of Goethe's masterpieces. They adorn our beloved fatherland as fair statues adorn a garden, but they are, after all, statues. One can fall in love with them, but they are barren; Goethe's poems do not beget deeds as do Schiller's. Deeds are the children of the word, and Goethe's fair words are childless. That is the curse of all that is the product of art alone. Pygmalion's statue was a lovely woman, and the master actually fell in love with her; his kisses warmed her into life, but, as far as we know, she never bore children. Charles Nodier, if I am not mistaken, has somewhere made a similar application of the fable, and I was reminded of it yesterday as I was walking through the lower rooms of the Louvre and looking at the antique statues of the gods. There they stood with their blank gaze, and in their marble smile a secret melancholy, a troubled memory, it may be, of Egypt, the land of the dead whence they sprung, or a sad yearning for the life from which they have been thrust by other deities, or it may be the pain of their dead immortality. They seemed waiting for the word to give them life again, and break the spell of their ice-bound immobility. Strange, these Greek antiques reminded me of Goethe's poems, which are as perfect, as glorious, as calm, and seem likewise to pine and grieve that their icy coldness cuts them off from the stir

and warmth of modern life, that they cannot weep or laugh with us, that they are not human beings, but hybrids of divinity and stone.

These few hints may suffice to explain the rancour of the various parties in Germany who clamoured against Goethe. The orthodox were savage with the great heathen, as Goethe is generally called in Germany; they feared his influence on the public, whom he infected with his philosophy by means of his light romances and poems, and even of his most trifling songs; they saw in him the most dangerous foe of the Cross, which, to borrow his own words, was hateful to him as "bugs, tobacco, and garlic." Such is the sentiment of the *Xenia* that Goethe dared to publish in the heart of Germany, the country where these vermin, garlic, tobacco, and the Cross, have formed a holy alliance and are everywhere dominant. This intolerance, however, did not trouble *us*. The party of progress had a different quarrel with Goethe; we complained, as I have said, of the barrenness of his words, the worship of art for art's sake with which he infected Germany, sapping the energy of our youth, and throwing back the political regeneration of our country. Thus the great master of pantheistic adiaphorism was assailed from the most opposite quarters; the extreme right and the extreme left (to borrow the French phrase) combined against him, and while the clerical black-coats bore down on him with their crucifix, he was charged at the same time by the *sans-culottes* with their pikes. Wolfgang Menzel,[1] who carried on the war against Goethe with a prodigality of wit that was worthy of a better cause, did not simply take up the position of a Christian opponent of materialism or a discontented patriot, but based his attack in part on the

[1] Wolfgang Menzel (1798-1873), in the Stuttgart "Literaturblatt," of which he was editor, and in his "History of German Literature."

latest utterances of Friedrich Schlegel after his fall, the lament that he sent forth from the depths of his Catholic cathedral over Goethe—Goethe "whose poetry contains no central doctrine." Herr Menzel went further, and proved that Goethe had no genius but only talents, contrasted the genius of Schiller, and so forth. This was shortly before the July revolution. At that time Menzel was the foremost admirer of the Middle Ages, mediæval works of art and institutions; the bitterest foe of Johann Heinrich Voss and the loudest panegyrist of Joseph Görres. Thus his hatred of Goethe was genuine, and he wrote against him from conviction, not, as was generally thought, to gain notoriety. I myself was at that time an opponent of Goethe's, but I was disgusted at the savageness of Herr Menzel's criticisms, and I lamented his want of reverence. I protested that Goethe was, after all, our literary king, and that if the critics must put their knife into him, they were bound at least to show all becoming courtesy, as the executioner to whose lot it fell to behead Charles I. before performing his office knelt down before the king and craved his royal pardon.

Among Goethe's opponents we must also number the famous Privy Councillor Müllner and the only friend who remained true to him, Professor Schütz[1] the younger. Of his public opponents there were others less famous, as, for instance, a certain Herr Spann, who had suffered a long imprisonment for some political offence. I may state, in confidence, that it was a very mixed company. Of their productions the sketch I have given may suffice, but it is a harder matter to divine the special motives which induced them severally to make public their antipathies to Goethe.

[1] Friedrich C. J. Schütz published a collected edition of Müllner's works, with a life of the poet. His critique on Goethe is to be found in "Goethe's Philosophy, &c.," published in 1825.

Of one man's motives, and of one man's only, I am certain; and as I am the man, I will make a clean breast, and confess that it was envy. To my credit I must add, that my attacks on Goethe were never directed against the poet, but against the man. I never found fault with his writings. I could never detect blots in them, like those critics whose finely-polished lenses have discovered for us the spots in the moon. Sharpsighted critics! what they take to be spots are green forests, silver streams, lofty mountains, laughing valleys.

Nothing can be more foolish than to depreciate Goethe in favour of Schiller; and the extravagant compliments paid to Schiller were not sincere, but only meant to damage Goethe. Is it conceivable that his detractors failed to see that Schiller's heroic ideal-forms, those altar-pieces of virtue and morality, are far easier to execute than Goethe's erring men and women, the ordinary and imperfect characters that figure in his writings? Do they not know that it is the second-rate artist who likes to fill his canvas with life-sized saints, that it takes a great master to give us a Spanish beggar-boy catching lice, a Dutch peasant vomiting or having a tooth drawn, ugly old women such as we see in Dutch cabinet pictures, painted to the life, and perfect in technique? The sublime and terrible is far easier to represent in art than the petty and paltry. The magicians of Egypt could rival most of Moses' feats—the serpents, the blood, and even the frogs; but he brought forth lice, apparently a much simpler piece of magic; they were nonplussed, and confessed that they could not imitate the vermin, and said, "This is the finger of God." Yes, you may carp at the vulgarities of "Faust," the scenes on the Brocken, the scene in Auerbach's cellar; you may carp at the lubricities of "Wilhelm Meister," but I defy you to imitate it all—It is the finger of Goethe. But,

forsooth, you have no wish to imitate; you protest with horror, "We are no conjurors, but honest Christians." That you are no conjurors I know.

Goethe's chief merit lies in the perfect finish of all his creations; there are no strong scenes to counterbalance the weak, no elaboration of some parts of the picture to make up for the sketchiness of others, no botching, no padding, no dwelling on details. Each character in his romances and dramas is treated, wherever it appears, as though it were the chief character. This is Homer's manner, this is Shakespeare's. In the works of all great poets there are, properly speaking, no secondary characters; each person of the drama is in his place the leading character. Such poets are like absolute monarchs, who refuse to recognize any independent merit in a subject, and are themselves in their own estimation the only worthies in the world. As the Emperor Paul of Russia, who, on being told by the French ambassador that some matter or other was espoused by a personage of importance in his country, cut him short with the memorable words: "In this country there is no personage of importance save the person with whom I happen to be speaking, and he is of importance only so long as I am speaking with him;"—so an autocratic poet who in like manner has received his power by the grace of God, gives the most importance to those subjects of his intellectual empire to whom he is giving speech, who are, as it were, flowing from his pen; and it is that despotism of art that has produced the wonderful perfection of even the pettiest characters in the works of Homer, of Shakespeare, and of Goethe.

If I have spoken somewhat harshly of Goethe's opponents, his apologists deserve still harsher treatment. Most of them in their zeal have been guilty of even worse follies. One of them, Herr Eckermann, though generally not

deficient in wits, on this theme goes very near to making himself ridiculous. Another, Karl Immermann, now our greatest dramatist, won his spurs as a critic in the controversy with Herr Pustkuchen, and produced an admirable brochure. Berlin on this occasion played a conspicuous part. But Goethe's most distinguished champion at that time was Varnhagen von Ense, a man whose thoughts are worldwide and expressed in language as rich and delicate as cut gems, the distinguished censor to whose judgment Goethe always attached the most importance. It may be well to mention here that Wilhelm von Humboldt had some time previously written a remarkable book on Goethe. For the last ten years several publications on Goethe have appeared with every Leipzig Fair. Herr Schubart's "Researches in Goethe" is a noteworthy addition to higher criticism. Herr Häring, who writes under the pseudonym of Willibald Alexis, has contributed to various periodicals articles on the same subject, which are both profound and witty. Herr Zimmermann, a Hamburg professor, delivered a course of lectures with some excellent criticisms on Goethe, and these *aperçus* may be found scattered up and down his theatrical reviews,—all the more telling because they are few in number. In several universities Goethe classes were started, and of all his works "Faust" was the most studied. There were various editions and commentaries, and it became the secular Bible of the Germans.

I should not be a German if the mention of "Faust" failed to elicit from me a few elucidatory remarks. Every German, from the proudest thinker to the humblest inn-waiter, from the philosopher to the Ph.D., feels bound to try his wits on the book. But "Faust" is no less vast than the Bible; it embraces Heaven and earth, humanity and human exegesis included. Here, too, the subject-matter is

the chief cause of its popularity, and if Goethe drew his materials from folk-lore, this is but a proof of Goethe's unconscious profundity, of his genius which always took what lay to hand and went straight to the mark. I may presume an acquaintance with the story of "Faust," for the book has of late become famous even in France. But I doubt whether in France the old legend itself is known; whether here, too, at fairs you find exposed for sale a dingy volume of coarse paper badly printed, and with rude woodcuts, containing the full story of how the arch-magician Johannes Faustus, a learned doctor who had studied all sciences, at last threw away all his books and signed a bond with the devil, whereby he covenanted for the enjoyment of every sensual pleasure on earth, but gave his soul in return to eternal torments. The common people in the Middle Ages, whenever they saw signs of great intellectual powers, ascribed them to a compact with the devil, and Albertus Magnus, Raimund Lully, Theophrastus Paracelsus, Agrippa of Nettesheim, and in England Roger Bacon, passed for magicians, professors of the black art, in league with the devil. But of Doctor Faustus far more extraordinary things are told and sung, for he demanded of the devil not only the knowledge of things, but the actual enjoyment of things. And this is the same Faust who invented printing, and lived at the time when men began to preach against the rigid authority of the Church and to inquire for themselves. Thus Faust marks the close of the mediæval period of faith, and the dawn of the modern period—the critical age of science. It is indeed a significant fact that the age of Faust, according to the popular tradition, is also the beginning of the Reformation, and that to Faust is ascribed the art which secures to science her victory over faith—printing, an art, as others might describe it, which has robbed us of Catholic peace of mind, and plunged us

into doubt and revolution—delivered us, in fact, into the power of the devil. But it is not so; knowledge, the discovery of things by means of the reason,—science, in a word,—gives us those enjoyments of which faith, the holy Catholic faith, has so long cheated us. We discover that men are destined for equality, not only in Heaven, but on earth also. Political fraternity, which philosophy preaches to us, is a greater boon than the purely spiritual brotherhood that we owe to Christianity; and knowledge grows to words, and words to deeds, and even in this life we may be blessed on this earth—and if, into the bargain, we can be partakers of the heavenly bliss that Christianity so expressly promises us, we shall indeed be lucky.

Now the German nation has long had an inkling of this truth, for the German nation itself is this learned Doctor Faust, the transcendentalist who by the spirit has at last perceived the insufficiency of spirit, and demands material enjoyments and gives back to the flesh its dues. Yet unable wholly to free themselves from the symbolism of Catholic poetry, which portrays God as the representative of spirit, and the devil as the representative of flesh, they looked on this rehabilitation of the flesh as an apostacy from God and a compact with the devil.

It will still need some time before the deep prophecies of the German Faust are accomplished in the German nation, before we perceive by the spirit the usurpation of the spirit, and claim for ourselves the rights of the flesh. That means the Revolution, the great daughter of the Reformation.

Less known than "Faust," in France at least, is Goethe's 'West-östlicher Divan," a later work, of which Madame de Staël had no knowledge, and which demands special notice. It presents to us Eastern thought and sentiment in the form of bright lyrics and pregnant maxims; we

have all the warmth and fragrance of an Oriental harem full of amorous odalisques, with "the long dark languish" of their gazelle-like eyes, and the witchery of their white arms. The reader is thrilled and fascinated like the lucky Gaspard Debureau when he was in Constantinople and stood on the top of the ladder looking *de haut en bas* on what the Commander of the Faithful usually looks at only *de bas en haut.* Often, too, the reader feels as if he were stretched at ease on a Persian carpet, smoking from a long-stemmed tchibouk the golden tobacco of Turkestan, while a black slave-girl fans him with a peacock fan and a fair boy hands him a cup of the genuine Mocha berry. All the intoxication of the wild joy of living is felt in Goethe's lyrics, and the verse is so light, so happy, so airy, so ethereal, that we wonder how such easy grace could be attained through the medium of German. We have, besides, in prose, the most delightful explanation of Oriental habits and customs, and the patriarchal life of the Arabs; and in this part of his work Goethe preserves his calm smile—the innocence of childhood with the wisdom of old age. His prose is as transparent as the green ocean in the calm of a clear summer night; we can gaze into the depths where sunken cities, with their faded glories, are visible. Often, too, his prose has the weird charm and mystery of a twilight sky, and Goethe's great thoughts come forth clear and golden like the stars. The magic of the book defies all description. It is a salaam sent by the West to the East, with a posy of motley flowers—luscious red roses, hortensias like a maiden's gleaming bosom, comical snapdragons, purple foxgloves like long fingers, wry-nosed crocuses, and in the centre, coyly peeping out, some modest German violets. This salaam signifies that the West grows weary of its cold, meagre supersensualism, and would fain refresh itself with the healthy animalism

of the East. Goethe, after expressing in "Faust" his discontent with intellectual abstractions and his longing for concrete enjoyment, flung himself heart and soul, as it were, into the arms of sensualism when he wrote the "West-östlicher Divan."

That the book appeared shortly after "Faust" is a significant fact. It was the last phase of Goethe, and his example had a powerful influence on literature. Our lyric poets all turned to the East. I may remark in passing, that while Goethe was attracted by Persia and Arabia, as his poetry proves, he expressed the strongest repulsion towards India. He misliked the bizarre complexity and bewildering anomalies of India, and his aversion may also have arisen in part from his suspecting some Catholic *arrière pensée* in the Sanskrit studies of the Schlegels and their friends. These gentlemen, indeed, looked on Hindustan as the cradle of Catholic philosophy; they found there the pattern of their hierarchy; they discovered their Trinity in unity, their incarnation, their penance, their atonement, their mortification—in fact, all of their favourite hobby-horses. Goethe's antipathy to India nettled these good people, and August Wilhelm Schlegel, with transparent pique, called him "a heathen converted to Islamism." Among the publications of the present year concerning Goethe, a posthumous work of Johannes Falk, "Personal Reminiscences of Goethe," cannot be praised too highly. In addition to a detailed critique of "Faust" (which is *de rigueur*), the book gives us admirable sketches of Goethe, revealing without favour or prejudice the true Goethe in all the relations of life, with all his virtues and failings. Thus we see him in relation to his mother, whose temperament and qualities were so marvellously reproduced in the son; we see him as a naturalist, watching a caterpillar which has spun its cocoon, and is developing itself into a

butterfly; we see him in contact with Herder, who solemnly taxes him with the indifferentism which makes him regardless of human development; we see him at the court of the Grand Duke of Weimar improvising some merry jest, sitting among the fair court dames like Apollo among the sheep of King Admetus; again, we see him ignoring Kotzebue with the haughtiness of a Grand Lama, and Kotzebue trying to set him down by inaugurating a Schiller celebration—everywhere we see him wise, worthy, lovable, a form divine and life-giving, like the Immortals.

In fact, that harmony between the author's genius and his personality, that we expect to find in extraordinary men, was perfectly realized in Goethe. His external appearance was as distinctive as his written utterances; his form and features were harmonious, clear, serene, nobly proportioned; to see him was to study Greek art as from an antique. This majestic form was never bent and bowed with cringing Christian humility; these noble features were never marred with Christian contrition; these eyes were never downcast with the sense of sin, never upturned with rapt devotion, never tremulous with Christian fervour—no, his eyes were calm as a god's. Are not gods universally known by the steadiness of their glance, by eyes that never wink or wander? So when Agni, Varuna, Yama and Indra take the form of Nala at Damayanti's wedding, she is able to recognize her lover by the blinking of his eyes, gods' eyes being, as aforesaid, fixed and motionless. Napoleon's eyes, too, had this peculiarity, and this is proof to me that he was a god. Goethe's eye, even in advanced old age, was as divine as in his youth. His head, too, though whitened with the snows of age, remained erect to the last. He always carried his head high, and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller and statelier, and when he stretched out his hand it was

as though by pointing with the finger he could prescribe to the stars their courses in heaven. Some have detected about his lips certain hard lines of egotism, but this feature, too, is peculiar to the Immortals, and most conspicuous in the father of the Immortals, great Jupiter, to whom I have already compared Goethe. Seriously, when I visited him at Weimar and stood face to face with him, I involuntarily took a side glance to see whether the eagle was not there with the thunderbolt in his beak. I was on the point of addressing him in Greek, but observing that he understood German, I remarked to him in German that the plums on the road between Jena and Weimar were excellent. How many long winter evenings had I spent in dreaming of all the profound things I would say to Goethe if ever I saw him! and when at last I did see him, I told him that Saxon plums were delicious. And Goethe smiled. He smiled with the same lips with which he had once kissed the fair Leda, Europa, Danae, Semele, and so many other princesses or simple nymphs.

*Les dieux s'en vont.* Goethe is dead. He died on the 22nd March of last year, a fatal year to the mighty ones of earth. It would almost seem as if that year death had suddenly turned aristocrat, and intended to confer distinction on the notabilities of earth by sending them all at once to the grave. Perhaps he had thoughts of creating a peerage in the world of shadows, and if that were his object his nominees were well chosen. Or was it that death had a fancy last year to favour democracy by destroying not only our leaders themselves, but also their authority, and so promoting intellectual equality? Was it reverence or insolence that made death during the past year spare crowned heads? In a fit of absence he did indeed raise

his scythe to strike down the King of Spain,[1] but he bethought himself in time and let him live. In the past year no single king died. *Les dieux s'en vont*—but the kings are still with us.

[1] Ferdinand VII. fell into a coma, and was for some time thought dead, but recovered. Goethe in Germany, Sir Walter Scott in England, and Cuvier in France, all died in 1832.

# Book II.

MY conscientious scrupulousness as a writer impels me to mention that several Frenchmen have complained to me that my criticisms on the Schlegels, and especially on A. W. Schlegel, have been much too trenchant. I think, however, that a closer acquaintance with German literature would have prevented these objections. Many Frenchmen know nothing of A. W. Schlegel but what they have gathered from Madame de Staël, his noble patroness. To the majority he is only a name, and this name has a distinguished ring about it, something like the name of Osiris, of whom also they know nothing except that he is an outlandish sort of god, who was worshipped in Egypt. Of the other points of similarity between A. W. Schlegel and Osiris they know absolutely nothing.

As I was once a University pupil of the elder Schlegel, I might be thought bound as such to show him some consideration. But did A. W. Schlegel spare old Bürger, his literary father? No! and in so doing he simply followed established customs; for in literature, as in the primeval forests of North America, the fathers are knocked on the head by the sons as soon as they grow old and feeble.

I remarked in the last book that Friedrich Schlegel had far more originality than August Wilhelm—in fact, the latter lived on his brother's ideas and did nothing but work them out. Friedrich Schlegel was a man of profound

thought. He knew all the glories of the past, and he felt all the pains of the present. But he had no conception of the sacredness of these pains as a necessary antecedent to the future well-being of the race. He saw the sun go down, and gazed mournfully at the declining orb of day and the mists that gather round its setting, regardless of the rosy dawn already blushing in the east. Friedrich Schlegel once called the historian a retrospect prophet. This *mot* exactly fits the man himself. He hated the present, the future appalled him, but he loved the past, and it alone revealed itself to the seer's penetrating gaze.

Poor Friedrich Schlegel! In the pains of our age he saw not the pangs of a new birth, but a death agony; it was a mystery to him why the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the earth quaked, and the rocks rent, and in mortal terror he fled to the tottering ruins of the Catholic Church. After all, this was the most fitting refuge for men of his temperament. Life to him had been no vale of tears, but all this past jollity he regarded as sinful, as needing expiation, and the author of "Lucinde" was, as it were, predestined to turn Catholic.

"Lucinde" is a romance, and, besides his poems and one play named "Alarkos," which is copied from the Spanish, this romance is the only original production that Friedrich Schlegel has left. In its day "Lucinde" found no lack of admirers. Schleiermacher, who now holds such an honourable position in the world of letters, published enthusiastic letters on "Lucinde," and even professed critics were found to declare the work a masterpiece, and to prophesy that in future times it would be reckoned as the best book in German literature. Such persons deserved to be sent to prison, just as in Russia the prophets who prophesy a public calamity are locked up by the government till their predictions are fulfilled. No; the gods have preserved our

literature from such a calamity. Schlegel's romance, after a short run of popularity, fell into common disrepute on account of its dissolute inanity, and is now utterly forgotten. Lucinde is the heroine's name—a sensual, witty woman, or rather a mixture of sensuality and wit; and her worst fault is that she is not a woman, but a loveless combination of two abstractions, wit and sensuality. The Madonna may forgive the author for writing the book; the Muses will never pardon him.

"Florentin," a novel with similar tendencies, is wrongly ascribed to Schlegel, being, it is said, the work of his wife, a daughter of the famous Moses Mendelssohn, who eloped with him from her husband, and like him joined the Catholic Church.

Friedrich Schlegel's Catholicism was, I believe, genuine, though I cannot think the same of many of his friends. It is difficult in such cases to get at the truth. Religion and hypocrisy are twin sisters, so alike one another that sometimes they cannot be distinguished. The same features, the same dress, the same speech, except that the younger sister drawls her words rather more, and repeats oftener the tender word of *Love*. I am speaking of Germany; in France the one sister is dead, and the other is still in deep mourning.

Since the appearance of Madame de Staël's "Germany" Friedrich Schlegel has given the public two large works, perhaps the best he has written, and at least deserving of honourable mention, viz., his "Indian Wisdom and Language," and his "Lectures on the History of Literature." The former work not only introduced the study of Sanskrit into Germany, but also set it on a firm footing. Schlegel did for Germany what Sir William Jones had done for England. He was himself an enthusiastic Sanskrit scholar, and the few fragments of the literature introduced

in his work are masterly translations. With the intuition of genius he read the full meaning of the Indian epic, the "Sloka," which flows, like the sacred Ganges, with broad, clear current. How paltry in comparison does A. W. Schlegel appear, translating fragments of Sanskrit into hexameters, and taking infinite credit to himself for his skill in avoiding trochees and observing all the niceties of the Alexandrian prosodists. Friedrich Schlegel's work is certain to have been translated into French, and I may spare myself further eulogies. The only fault I have to find is the *arrière pensée* of the book. It is written in the interests of Catholicism. Not only the mysteries, but the whole hierarchy of Catholicism and its struggles with the temporal power were discovered by these gentlemen in Indian poetry. In the "Mahabarata" and the "Ramayana" they found a sort of elephantine Middle Ages. Actually, when in the latter epic King Wiswamitra quarrels with the priest Wasischta, the quarrel is made out to concern the same interests for which Pope and Emperor contended in Europe, though in one case the bone of contention was nominally the Investiture and in the other the cow Sabala.

The same censure applies to Schlegel's lectures on literature. Friedrich Schlegel surveys the whole of literature from a specular mount, but this specular mount is still the belfry of a Catholic church. No matter what Schlegel is saying, we hear these same chimes, and, what is worse, we detect again and again the cawing of the church ravens who hover round him. To me the whole book is redolent of the incense of high mass, and in the finest passages I seem to detect the tonsure. Yet, in spite of this drawback, I can think of no better book of its kind. The only possible way I can imagine of obtaining a better bird's-eye view of universal literature would be to collect the scattered fragments of Herder bearing on the subject. Herder

indeed was no literary Grand Inquisitor, sitting in judgment on the different nations of the world, and condemning or absolving each according to the measure of his faith. No, Herder regarded humanity as a mighty harp in the hands of the great master, and each nation seemed to him a separate string of the giant harp, and he caught the universal harmony made by the various chords.

Friedrich Schlegel died in the summer of 1829, at the age of fifty-seven, in consequence, it was said, of a surfeit at table. His death gave rise to a most unpleasant literary *esclandre*. His friends, the Clerical party, whose headquarters were at Munich, were furious at the unsympathetic obituaries of Schlegel in the Liberal press, and took occasion to calumniate and abuse the Liberal party in Germany. Yet they could not cast in the teeth of any Liberal that "he seduced his friend's wife, and afterwards continued to live on the charity of the injured husband."

I must now speak of the elder brother, August Wilhelm Schlegel, since it is expected of me. If I were to speak of him in Germany at the present hour, people would stare at me! Who in Paris still talks of the giraffe?

Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel was born at Hanover, Sept. 5, 1767. This fact does not rest on his own authority; I was never so ungallant as to ask him his age. The date, if I mistake not, I found in Spindler's "Dictionary of German Authoresses." According to it, Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel is sixty-four years old. Alexander von Humbolt and other naturalists maintain that he is older. Champollion shared this opinion. If I must speak of his literary services, I must again commend him principally as a translator. In this province he undoubtedly did some first-rate work. In particular, his translation of Shakespeare into German is masterly and unsurpassable. With the exception, perhaps, of Herr Gries and Count Platen,

A. W. Schlegel is the first metrical expert in Germany. In all his other work he must take the second, if not the third rank. In higher criticism he has, as I before remarked, no philosophical basis to build upon, and is far outstripped by other of his contemporaries, in particular by Solger. In Old German studies Jacob Grimm is a head and shoulders above him. Grimm's "German Grammar" was a death-blow to the superficiality with which Old German documents had been edited after the example of the Schlegels. Perhaps Schlegel might have made better work of Old German if he had not deserted it for Sanskrit. But Old German had gone out of fashion, and with Sanskrit he had a better chance of making a sensation. But even in Sanskrit he never got beyond the dilettante stage; the initiative he owed to his brother Friedrich; and for the solid and scientific part of his studies he is indebted, as everyone knows, to Lassen, his learned collaborateur. Our real Sanskrit scholar, the first in his own line, is Franz Bopp, of Berlin. As an historian Schlegel tried at one time to cling to the skirts of Niebuhr, whom he attacked, but if we compare him with the great Roman historian, or Johannes von Müller, or Heeren, or Schlosser, or men of like calibre, we can only shrug our shoulders.

But as a poet, what rank are we to assign him? This is hard to determine. Solomons, the violin player, who gave lessons to George III., once said to his illustrious pupil, "Violin players may be divided into three classes: to the first class belong those who cannot play at all; to the second class those who play very badly; to the third class good players. Your Majesty has already attained to the second class."

Does Schlegel belong to the first or the second class of poets? Some say he is no poet at all; others say he

is a very bad poet. I may safely assert that he is no Paganini.

A. W. Schlegel owed his celebrity mainly to the unparalleled effrontery with which he attacked all the "powers that be" in literature. He tore their laurel crowns from the old bepowdered perriwigs and raised clouds of dust. His fame is the natural daughter of scandal.

As I have said more than once before, the criticism that Schlegel brought to bear on the literary authorities of his day had no philosophical basis. After recovering from our astonishment at his constant audacity, we recognize the utter barrenness of the so-called Schlegel criticism. For example, when he means to depreciate the poet Bürger, he compares his ballads with the Percy collection of Old English ballads, and shows that the latter are far more simple and naïve, and consequently more poetical. Schlegel could fully conceive the spirit of the past, especially of the Middle Ages, and he was thus able to point out to others this spirit as revealed in the artistic production of the past, and to demonstrate their beauties from this point of view. But of all that concerns the present he has not a conception; at best he only catches something of the physiognomy, a few of the salient features of the present, and those generally not the most pleasing; failing to grasp the spirit behind them, he sees in all our modern life only a prosaical daub. As a rule, only a great poet can appreciate the poetry of his own times. The poetry of a past age reveals itself to us with far less effort, and it takes less effort to make others appreciate it. No wonder then that with the common herd Herr Schlegel succeeded in glorifying the poems in which the past lies buried at the expense of the poems in which the living present lives and breathes. But death is not more poetical than life. The Old English poems that Percy collected give the spirit of

their age, and Bürger's poems give the spirit of our age. This spirit Schlegel cannot conceive; else he would have perceived in the passion with which this spirit at times bursts forth from Bürger's poems, something other than the wild scream of an uncultured dominie; he would have recognized the agonizing cries of a Titan tortured to death by an aristocracy of Hanoverian squires and school pedants. This was, indeed, the condition of the author of "Lenore," and the condition of so many other men of genius who were struggling and sinking and starving as private teachers at Göttingen. How could the illustrious protégé of illustrious patrons, the ennobled, decorated Ritter August Wilhelm von Schlegel understand the verses in which Bürger exclaims that a man of honour before begging favours of the great will sooner let himself starve?[1]

The name "Bürger" in German is equivalent to the French *citoyen.*

Schlegel's fame was still further increased by the stir which his subsequent attack on French literary celebrities excited in that country. We Germans were flattered and delighted at the sight of our bellicose countryman proving to Frenchmen that the whole of their classical literature was worthless, that Molière was a vulgar jester and no

[1] In the lines entitled "Mannstrotz"—

"So lang' ein edler Biedermann
Mit einem Glied sein Brot verdienen kann,
So lange schäm' er sich, nach Gnadenbrot zu lungern!
Doch thut ihm endlich keins mehr gut.
So hab' er Stolz genug und Muth,
Sich aus der Welt hinaus zu hungern."

An honest man, with but one arm or leg,
Will earn his living still and scorn to beg.
Are all his efforts vain? then honesty
Has one resource, to starve and proudly die.

poet, that Racine was equally good for nothing, and that Germans on the contrary must be considered the kings of Parnassus. That the French are *par excellence* the prosaic nation, and that there are no poets in France, was the catchword of his essays; and yet at the time he was writing there were still moving before him in bodily presence not a few of the chief actors in that Titanic tragedy, the Convention; at that very time Napoleon was every day improvising a real epic, Paris was swarming with heroes, kings, and gods. But of all this Schlegel saw nothing; when he was here in Paris he was always seeing his own reflection in the looking-glass, and this may well account for his seeing no poetry in France.

Schlegel, I repeat, could understand the poetry of the past, but not the poetry of the present. Everything in modern life necessarily seemed to him prosaic, and the poetry of France, the native soil of modern society, was for him a closed volume. Racine, to begin with, was to him absolutely unintelligible, Racine who stands forth as the herald of the modern age, beside the Grand Monarch with whom the modern age begins. Racine was the first modern poet, as Louis XIV. was the first modern king. In Corneille there still breathes the spirit of the Middle Ages; in Corneille and the Fronde there is still the taint of ancient chivalry; this is why he is often classed as a Romantic poet. But in Racine there is not a trace of mediæval sentiment; he is instinct with modern feelings, the interpreter of a new society. In Racine, for the first time, we catch the scent of violets, the spring-fragrance of modern life, and we may even mark in him the first sprouting of the laurels that have grown to such a height in these latest times. Who can tell how many deeds were begotten of Racine's tender verses? The French heroes who lie buried at the Pyramids, at Austerlitz, at Moscow,

at Waterloo, had all listened to Racine's verses; their Emperor had listened to them from the lips of Talma. Who can tell how many hundredweights of glory of the Vendôme Column are really Racine's? Whether Euripides is a greater poet than Racine I know not, but I do know that Racine was a wellspring of love and honour, whose living waters intoxicated, enchanted, inspirited a whole nation. What more can be expected of a poet? We are all mortal; we go down to the grave and leave behind our uttered word to fulfil its mission, and then return to the breast of God, the meeting-place of poets' words, the home of all harmonies.

Now if Schlegel had confined himself to asserting that Racine's mission was over, and that the coming age required very different poets, there would have been some justice in his criticism; but it was most unjust to attempt to prove Racine's weakness by comparing him with older poets. Not only was the infinite grace, the gentle playfulness, the profound charm which Racine inspires by dressing his modern French heroes in ancient costumes, and adding to the interest of modern passion the interest of a witty masquerade—not only was all this lost on Schlegel, but he was actually so dull as to mistake this stage money for coin of the realm, to assay the Greeks of Versailles by the standard of the Greeks of Athens, and compare Racine's Phædra with the Phædra of Euripides. This habit of using the past as a foot-rule whereby to measure the present had become such a second nature with Schlegel, that he was perpetually turning the laurels of some older poet into a rod for the back of a younger poet. Then, in order to set down Euripides in his turn, the only way he could devise was to compare him with the older dramatist Sophocles, or the still older Æschylus.

It would carry me too far if I were to dwell on the monstrous injustice of Schlegel's depreciatory criticism on Euripides, as unfair as that of Aristophanes in his day. A close parallel might be drawn in this respect between the attitude assumed by Aristophanes and by the Romantic school. The same feelings and tendencies underlie his attack on Euripides; and if Tieck may be called a romantic Aristophanes, the parodist of Euripides and of Socrates might with equal justice be styled a classical Tieck. As Tieck and the Schlegels, in spite of their own scepticism, bewailed the downfall of Catholicism; as they sought to reinstate the old faith in the hearts of the masses; as with this view they attacked with mockery and abuse the Protestant Rationalists and Freethinkers, the honest even more virulently than the insincere; as they held in utter abhorrence the men who were establishing an honourable commonwealth in life and literature; as they made fun of this ideal commonwealth as a sort of hugger-mugger philistinism, and were never tired of holding up as their ideal the heroic life of mediæval feudalism,—so, too, Aristophanes, though he himself poked fun at the gods, nevertheless hated the philosophers who were undermining the very foundations of Olympus; he hated the rationalizing Socrates, who preached a higher morality; he hated the poets, the representatives, as it were, of modern life, of a life as different from the preceding epoch of Greek gods, heroes, and kings, as the present time is from the times of mediæval feudalism; he hated Euripides, who was no longer, like Æschylus and Sophocles, intoxicated with the spirit of Greek mediævalism, but was approximating to the *bourgeois* tragedy of common life. I doubt whether Schlegel was aware of the true grounds for his depreciation of Euripides in comparison with Æschylus and Sophocles. I think he was guided by unconscious anti-

pathy; in the old Greek tragedian he sniffed the modern democratical Protestant element, which had already raised the bile of the Athenian knight-errant, the Olympian Catholic Aristophanes.

But perhaps I am doing Schlegel too much honour in giving him credit for definite sympathies and antipathies. Possibly he had none. In his youth he had been a Hellenist, and only late in life became a Romanticist. He was the *choragus* of the new school; it took its name from him and his brother, and of all the Schlegel school he was perhaps the least in earnest. He supported it by his talents, he worked himself into its spirit, he was proud of it as long as it prospered, and when the school fell into disgrace, he applied himself again to a new line of study.

Although the school died a natural death, Schlegel's efforts were not lost upon our literature. He showed by his example how scientific subjects may be treated in elegant language. Before his time few German savants had ventured to write a scientific work in a clear and attractive style. Their German was dry and crabbed, reeking of tallow candles and tobacco smoke. Schlegel was one of the few Germans who did not smoke, a virtue he owed to the company of Madame de Staël. To the same lady he was mainly indebted for that polish of manner which he turned to such good account in Germany. In this respect the death of that distinguished Frenchwoman was a great loss to the German savant. In her salon he had enjoyed ample opportunities of learning the newest fashions, and as her companion he had seen the world of fashion in every capital of Europe, and caught the manners of the best European society. Such an education in manners had become for him so necessary a luxury, that after the death of his noble protectress he was not disinclined to offer the famous Catalani his companionship on her travels.

The encouragement which Schlegel gave to refinement is not the least of his services, and it was through him that the life of German poets grew more civilized. The influence of Goethe's example, showing how a German poet may still observe the proprieties of society, had already been widely felt. In former times German poets despised all conventionalities, and the name of "German poet," or even of "a poetical genius," bore a most unsavoury connotation. Formerly a German poet was a fellow in a threadbare coat, who composed christening or wedding poems at a thaler apiece, consoled himself with more plenteous libations for the loss of society from which he was debarred, and probably finished the night in a gutter, gloriously drunk, and kissed by Luna's tender beams. Grown old, the poet generally sank deeper in the mire, and however low he sank he was still careless, or rather his only care was how to get the largest amount of *schnaps* for the least amount of money.

Such had been my idea of a German poet. It was then, you may imagine, an agreeable surprise when, in the year 1819, while still a raw youth at the University of Bonn, I had the honour of seeing face to face the great poetic genius, Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel. He was, with the exception of Napoleon, the first great man I had ever seen, and I shall never forget the imposing spectacle. To this very day I feel the thrill of awe that passed through me when I stood before his professional chair and heard him speak. In those days I wore a rough white coat, a red cap over my long, light hair, and no gloves. Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel wore kid gloves, and was dressed in the newest Paris fashion; he exhaled the essence of good society and *eau de mille fleurs;* he was the personification of elegance and refinement, and, when he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England, he added, "My friend the

Chancellor." At his side stood his servant in the baronial livery of the house of Schlegel, and snuffed the wax lights which stood in a silver candelabra beside a glass of *eau sucrée* on the great professor's desk. A liveried servant! wax lights! silver candelabra; my friend the Lord Chancellor of England! kid gloves! *eau sucrée!* what unheard-of novelties in the lecture-room of a German professor! These splendours dazzled us young folks not a little, myself more than others, and I wrote at the time three odes to Herr Schlegel, each beginning "O thou that," &c.; but I should never have ventured except by a poetic licence to address so distinguished a man with the familiar *thou*. And in his outward appearance there was really a certain distinction. A long, lean head, on which still glittered a few silver hairs, a lean body, so emaciated, so transparent, that he seemed all spirit, almost a living embodiment of spiritualism.

In spite of this he had married; he, the leader of the Romanticists, married the daughter of the Heidelberg Church councillor, Paulus, the leader of the German Rationalists. It was a symbolical marriage; the betrothal, as it were, of Romanticism to Rationalism; but there was no issue. On the contrary, the split between Romanticism and Rationalism was widened; and on the very morning after the wedding, Rationalism ran home and would have nothing more to do with Romanticism. For Rationalism, showing her usual common sense, was not content with a purely symbolic marriage, and, on discovering the woodenness and nullity of Romantic art, ran away. I know that this is obscure, and I will try to make my meaning as explicit as is possible.

Typhon, the wicked Typhon, hated Osiris, who is, as you know, an Egyptian god, and on getting him into his power, he tore him to pieces. Isis, poor Isis, the wife of Osiris,

painfully collected the bits, stitched them together, and succeeded in wholly restoring her dismembered spouse. *Wholly*, do I say? alas, one part was wanting which the poor goddess failed to find, and she was forced to do the best she could with wood. Poor Isis! Hence arose in Egypt a scandalous myth, and in Heidelberg a mystical scandal.

After this, the public lost sight of A. W. Schlegel, and forgot all about him. This cold neglect was more than Schlegel could stand, and he determined, after a prolonged absence, to revisit Berlin, the chief scene of his literary triumphs, and to give again a course of lectures on æsthetics. But he had learnt nothing new in the interval, and he now addressed a public which had received from Hegel a philosophy of art and a science of æsthetics. His audience laughed at him and shrugged their shoulders. He fared like an ancient actress who reappears, after twenty years' absence, on the stage where she once reigned as favourite, and wonders why the house laughs instead of applauding. A frightful change had come over him; for a whole month he kept Berlin amused by exposing his follies and absurdities. He had turned into an old fop, and allowed himself to be the laughing-stock of the town. The stories told against him are almost past belief.

I saw A. W. Schlegel once again in Paris, and it was to me a melancholy sight. I had no notion of the alteration I have described before my own eyes convinced me of it. This was just a year ago, shortly after my arrival in the capital. I was on my way to visit the house in which Molière lived. (I honour great poets and reverently seek out everywhere the traces of their earthly pilgrimage. This, too, is a religion.) On my way there, not far from this sacred spot, I caught sight of a human form, and on scanning the wizened features I detected a resemblance with the

man I knew as August Wilhelm Schlegel. I thought I saw his ghost. It was, however, only his body. The spirit is dead and the body still haunts the earth, and has even grown somewhat stout. The thin, spiritualized legs had put on flesh; there was actually something like a paunch, and above it hung a whole row of ribands and orders. The venerable silver hairs that I remembered were replaced by a flaxen wig. He was dressed in the latest fashion of the year in which Madame de Staël died. His face, too, wore the aged simper of an old lady mumbling a lump of sugar, and he tripped jauntily along like a coquettish child. He had, indeed, undergone a strange rejuvenescence; it was as though some wicked fairy had brought out a comical second edition of his youth; he seemed to have regained all his youthful bloom, and I was inclined to suspect the red of his cheeks of being not rouge, but the genuine irony of nature.

At that moment I could almost fancy I saw Molière restored to life, and smiling down upon me from his window as he pointed to the tragi-comic spectacle. It flashed upon me at once in all its absurdity; I caught the full humour of the joke; I perceived the entire comicality of that incredibly ridiculous personage, which, alas! has hitherto found no great comedian to adapt it for the stage. Molière alone would have been the man to present such a figure on the boards of the Théâtre Français; he alone had the genius for such a task; and August Wilhelm Schlegel even in his younger days had an uneasy consciousness of this, and hated Molière for the same reason that made Napoleon hate Tacitus. Just as Napoleon Bonaparte, the French Cæsar, must have felt that the republican historian would have drawn no more flattering portrait of him than of his prototype,—so A. W. Schlegel, the German Osiris, had long surmised that had Molière been alive he

would never have escaped the great comedian. Napoleon said of Tacitus, he was the calumniator of Tiberius, and A. W. Schlegel said of Molière, he was no poet, but only a buffoon.

Soon afterwards A. W. Schlegel left Paris, having first received at the hands of his majesty Louis Philippe the decoration of the Legion of Honour. The "Moniteur" has hitherto hesitated to announce officially this occurrence, but Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, at once made a note of it in her book of jests.

## 2.

After the Schlegels, Ludwig Tieck was one of the most active writers of the Romantic school, for which he both fought and wrote. He was a poet, a title that neither of the Schlegels can claim. A true son of Phœbus Apollo, like his ever-youthful sire he wielded not only the lyre, but the bow with the quiver full of hurtling arrows. Like the Delphic god, he was drunk with lyric ecstasy and the gall of criticism. After mercilessly flaying, like his sire, some literary Marsyas, he would strike again with gory fingers his golden harp-strings, and sing a joyous lay of love.

The poetical controversy that Tieck carried on with the opponents of this school is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in our literature. It took the form of satiric dramas, which are generally compared with Aristophanes' comedies. In reality, Aristophanes differs from Tieck in much the same way as a tragedy of Sophocles differs from a tragedy of Shakespeare; I mean that as ancient comedy had the unity of form, the severity of movement, and the exquisitely polished metrical language of ancient tragedy, of which it may be considered a parody, so the dramatic satires of Tieck are as extravagant in form, as full of

English eccentricity, as arbitrary in their prosody, as the tragedies of Shakespeare. Was this form invented by Tieck? No; it already existed among the common people, particularly in Italy. Anyone who knows Italian can get a very fair notion of Tieck's dramas from the motley, bizarre, fantastically Venetian, midsummer-night's-tale comedies of Gozzi, if he can add, in fancy, a shimmer of German moonlight. In fact, Tieck borrowed most of his masks from this merry child of the Lagunes. Following his example, many German poets have appropriated this form of drama, and presented us with comedies in which the comic element is produced, not by some humorous character or a ludicrous intrigue, but by transporting us straight away, as it were, into a comic world—a world in which beasts speak and act as men, a world where chance and chaos have supplanted the natural order of things. This, too, is the world of Aristophanes, only with a difference. Aristophanes chose this form in order to reveal to us his deepest philosophy of life. Thus, in the "Birds," he represents in a most farcical caricature the bird-witted flightiness of men, their love of building castles in the air, their defiance of the immortals, and their empty conceit of victory. Therein consists the greatness of Aristophanes; it is that his philosophy of life is so broad and deep,—broader, deeper, aye, and more tragical, than that of the tragedians themselves; it is that his comedies are in very deed "tragedies in jest." Thus he does not end his play as a modern poet would by presenting Peistherærus in all his native inanity, but makes him win Basileia—the winsome, omnipotent Basileia; he ascends with his heavenly spouse to his cloud-city; the gods are compelled to execute his will; Folly celebrates its marriage-feast with Power, and the play ends with jubilant hymeneals. Can there be for a rational mortal anything more awfully tragic than

this victory and triumph of folly? To such heights, indeed, our German Aristophanes never reached; they kept aloof from all those deeper views of life; on the two most important of human relations, politics and religion, they were discreetly silent; the one theme they dared to treat was that of Aristophanes in the "Frogs;" the *pièce de résistance* of their dramatic satire was the theatre itself, and they satirized, with more or less humour, the defects of the German stage.

But we must, in fairness, take into account the absence of political freedom in Germany. Our satirists have to keep clear of all personalities against real princes, and are therefore inclined to take it out in criticism on stage kings. We Germans, while hardly possessing one serious political newspaper, were always blessed, by way of compensation, with a whole array of journals of art and literature full of nothing but idle stories and theatrical criticisms; so that anyone who looked at our journals might have supposed that the German nation consisted of gossipy old women and theatrical critics. But they would have done us an injustice. How little we were satisfied with such wretched scribbling was proved after the July Revolution, when it seemed as if even in our beloved Germany there might be liberty of speech. Journals suddenly sprang up which criticised freely the playing of real kings; and more than one king who had forgotten his part was hissed on the stage in his own capital. Our literary Scheherazades, who had been wont to send to sleep their heavy Sultans, the public, with their small romances, found their occupation gone, and the comedians saw with amazement that the stalls were empty, though they were playing as divinely as ever, and that actually the *fauteuil* of the terrible public censor was often unoccupied. Previously, these heroes of the footlights had always been complaining that they were the

sole object of public attention, and that even their domestic virtues were laid bare in the public journals. How horrified were they when it appeared that they ran a good chance of not being talked about at all!

As a fact, when the Revolution broke out in Germany it made a clean sweep of the theatre and theatrical criticism, and horror-stricken novelists, comedians, and theatrical critics had good reason to fear that "art was going to the dogs." But this catastrophe was happily averted, as far as Germany was concerned, by the wisdom and energy of the Frankfort Diet. We may indulge the hope that a revolution will not break out in Germany; we are safe from the guillotine and all the horrors of freedom of the press; even the chambers of deputies, which were so formidable a counter-attraction to the theatres, in spite of their more ancient privileges, are abolished, and art is saved. For art, in Germany, and especially in Prussia, everything possible is now being done. Museums blaze forth in all the colours of the rainbow; orchestras deafen us; the ballet executes its most bewitching capers; the public is enchanted with its thousand and one tales, and theatrical criticism flourishes again.

We read in Justin's history that when Cyrus had quelled the revolt of the Lydians, the only method he could devise for quieting that turbulent and free-spirited race was to order them to cultivate the fine arts and such like delectable pursuits. Henceforth nothing was heard of Lydian insurrections, but Lydian confectioners and procurers and artists increased in fame.

Germany is now tranquil; theatrical criticisms and novels are again our chief concern; and as Tieck excels in both these branches of literature, all lovers of art pay him the tribute of admiration that is his due. Tieck is, in fact, the best novelist in Germany, though all of his efforts

in fiction are not of the same class or of the same merit. As with painters, we may distinguish Tieck's several manners. His first manner is entirely after the older school. At that time he was writing to order, and the publisher who gave him his commissions was no other than the late Nicolai himself, the opinionated champion of the Humanists and Rationalists, and the deadly foe of superstition, mysticism, and Romanticism. Nicolai was a poor writer, a prosy old fellow, and he often made himself ridiculous by detecting everywhere the cloven hoof of Jesuitism. But we literary Epigoni must allow that, with all his foibles, old Nicolai was honest to the backbone, a genuine friend of the German nation, a man who in the sacred cause of truth was prepared to face the worst of martyrdoms—ridicule. I have been told at Berlin that Tieck used at one time to live in his publisher's house; he occupied the storey above Nicolai. Already the new era was trampling on the head of the old.

Tieck's works in his first manner were mostly stories and long romances, the best of which is "William Lovell." They are poor performances, with an utter absence of poetry. It would seem as though his rich poetic nature had economized in youth, and stored up all its intellectual riches for a later time. Or was it that Tieck was ignorant of his own rich vein of genius, and needed the divining rod of the Schlegels to discover it? The fact remains that as soon as Tieck came into connection with the Schlegels, all the riches of his fancy, his humour, and his wit, were disclosed. All at once there was a sparkle of diamonds, a shimmer of pearls, and, outshining all other stones, the flash of the carbuncle, that magic jewel of which so much was sung and said by the Romantic poets of that day. This, indeed, was the bank on which the Schlegels mainly drew for the expenses of their literary

campaigns. Tieck had to write for the school the satirical comedies which I have already mentioned, and at the same time to serve up various courses of poetry, prepared after the new critical recipes. These may be styled Tieck's second manner. The best examples of this manner, in the way of dramas, are "The Emperor Octavian," "St. Genoveva," and "Fortunatus," three dramatized versions of the chapbooks that bear the same names. These old stories, which the German people have preserved to our day, have been magnificently refurbished by our poet; but, to be candid, I prefer them in the old naïve, genuine form. Beautiful as is Tieck's "Genoveva," I far prefer the old chapbook printed at Cöln am Rhein, with its wretched type and its wretched woodcuts, in which may yet be seen the true and pathetic picture of the poor Palgravine with nothing but her long hair to cover her nakedness, holding her babe Schmerzenreich to the teats of a compassionate hind.

Far superior to these dramas are the novels that Tieck wrote in his second manner. These, too, are mostly founded on the old folk-tales. The best are "The fair-haired Eckbert," and "The Runenberg."[1] The keynote of these romances is a deep sympathy, a mysterious communion and intimacy with Nature, and especially with the world of plants and stones. The reader feels himself transplanted to an enchanted forest; he listens to the musical bubbling of subterranean springs; he overhears in the rustling of the trees his own name syllabled; he feels the broad-leaved creepers clinging round his feet; strange exotics gaze at him with languid iridescent eyes; invisible lips kiss his cheeks with soft dalliance; tall fungi, like golden bells, ring out their chimes beneath the trees, and on the branches are swaying great silent birds, nodding down at him with their wise long beaks; all is breathing,

[1] Both have been translated by Carlyle.

watching, a-shiver with expectation—then suddenly peals out the soft note of the forest horn; on a white palfrey rides by a lovely apparition with waving feathers in her cap and a falcon on her wrist. And this beauteous damsel is so beauteous, so fair, so violet-eyed, so smiling and yet so staid, so true and yet so mocking, so chaste and yet so passionate, like unto the fancy of our admirable Ludwig Tieck. Yes; Tieck's fancy is a gentle demoiselle, the huntress of the enchanted forest, who chases fabulous beasts and pursues even that rare quarry the unicorn, which can only be caught by a pure virgin.

But now a noteworthy change passes over Tieck, and reveals itself in his third manner. He broke the long silence which he had maintained since the fall of the Schlegels, and appeared again in public, but in a way that took everyone by surprise. The enthusiast—the devotee who had rushed into the arms of the Catholic church; the stalwart opponent of enlightenment and Protestantism; the writer who raved about mediævalism, pure feudal mediævalism; the critic who would have nothing in art but simple spontaneous heart-effusions—now came forward as the opponent of enthusiasm, as the champion of modern *bourgeoisie*, as an artist who demanded of art the clearest self-consciousness—in short, as a man of common sense. This is the impression we get from a number of his later novels, some of which are not unknown in France. They bear clear traces of the study of Goethe, and we shall not be far wrong if we pronounce Tieck, in his third manner, a true disciple of Goethe. There is the same artistic clearness, serenity, repose, and irony. In its early days, the Schlegel school had failed to win over Goethe; and now the school, as represented by Ludwig Tieck, itself went over to Goethe. A new illustration of Mahomet and the mountain.

Tieck was born at Berlin, 31st May, 1773. For many years now he has settled at Dresden, occupying himself principally with the theatre. In his early writings he was never tired of laughing at Court-councillors as the very type of absurdity, and now he is a councillor at the Court of Saxony. Providence after all is a greater humorist than Tieck himself.

At present we are surprised in our author by a curious misunderstanding between common sense and fancy. Tieck's common sense is an honest, sober, respectable citizen who believes in utilitarianism, and thinks enthusiasm all nonsense. Tieck's fancy, on the contrary, is still the gentle demoiselle with the waving feathers in her cap and the falcon on her wrist. The two make an oddly-mated couple, and it is often distressing to see how the poor lady of high degree has to help her prosaic good-man in his housekeeping, or even in his cheese shop. But often o' nights, when her lord and master is calmly snoring with his woollen night-cap over his ears, the noble lady rises from the dull marriage-bed, and mounts her white steed, and is off, as of old, to the chase in the charmed forest of Romance.

Honesty compels me to add that in Tieck's latest novels common sense has grown more and more morose, while fancy has more and more lost her old romantic character; and when the nights are cold, she will even prefer to lie abed and yawn, and nestles up to her hard-featured mate almost as if she loved him.

In spite of all, Tieck is still a great poet; he can create new forms, and his words well up from his heart, and stir our hearts. But a natural timidity, a want of definiteness and decisiveness, a certain feebleness of character is now, and indeed always was, noticeable in the man. This lack of sturdiness is painfully evident in all his actions and

writings. At least we may safely say, that in none of his writings is there a trace of independence. In his first manner he has no character at all; in his second manner he is the trusty squire of the Schlegels; in his third manner he is the imitator of Goethe. His theatrical criticisms, which he collected under the title of "Dramaturgische Blätter," are, after all, his most original work, and these are but theatrical criticisms. In order to paint at a stroke the weakness of Hamlet's character, Shakespeare represents him in the conversation with the players as a good theatrical critic.

Tieck never seriously applied himself to the severer branches of learning. He studied modern languages and the earlier monuments of our national poetry. With classical studies he had apparently no acquaintance, as behoved a thorough-going Romanticist. With philosophy he never occupied himself, and he would seem to have had an actual distaste for it. In the field of knowledge Tieck only plucked the flowers and shoots—the former as a nosegay for his friends, the latter as a rod in pickle for his foes. With scientific agriculture he never concerned himself. His writings are a collection of posies and birch-rods, with never a sheaf of corn.

After Goethe, Cervantes is Tieck's chief master. Tieck's novels in his third manner are strongly flavoured with the humorous irony, or, if you prefer it, the ironical humour of both these modern artists. Irony and humour are so blended as to form a single element. In Germany we have a great deal of this humorous irony; the Artistic school of Goethe points to this quality as their master's peculiar distinction, and it now plays a leading part in German literature. It is, however, but another symptom of our political servitude. As Cervantes in the age of the Inquisition was driven to take refuge in humorous irony in order to make

known his sentiments without giving a handle to the Sacred Office—so, too, Goethe was able, in the character of a humorist, to express what as a minister of state and a courtier he would not have ventured to say outright. Goethe never suppressed the truth, but when debarred from displaying the naked truth he draped it in humour and irony. Writers who, groaning under the censorship of the press or intellectual constraint of any sort, are yet determined to speak what they think, naturally affect the ironical and humorous style. It is the only resource of honourable men, and the humour and irony of a writer are often a pathetic revelation of his sense of honour. I am again reminded of the eccentric Prince of Denmark. Hamlet is the very soul of honour. His dissimulation is only to keep up appearances; he is eccentric, because eccentricity is, after all, less offensive to court etiquette than plain-speaking. In all his antic humours he intentionally betrays that he is playing a part; in all he does and says his real meaning is transparent to anyone with half an eye, most of all to the king; to him he cannot, indeed, tell the bare truth (for that he is too weak), but as little will he hide it from him. Hamlet is honest to the backbone; only a man of fine honour could say, "We are arrant knaves, all;" and even in assuming madness he does not intend to deceive us; in his inmost heart he is conscious that he is really mad.

By way of supplement, I must mention two more of Tieck's works, which earned him the special gratitude of the German public—his translation of a number of pre-Shakespearian plays, and his translation of "Don Quixote."

Some of these plays bear the same title and treat the same subjects as Shakespeare's plays; we actually find the same plot, the same order of scenes,—in brief, the same tragedy as Shakespeare's, the poetry excepted. Some com-

mentators have argued that these plays are the first drafts, the rough sketches, as it were, of the great poet; and, if I am not mistaken, Tieck himself maintains that one of these old plays, "King John," is the work of Shakespeare, a prelude, as it were, to the masterpiece that we know by that name. This, however, is an error. These tragedies are simply the antiquated plays that Shakespeare, as we know, adapted in whole or in part to suit the requirements of the managers of his day. He was paid for this work from twelve to sixteen shillings. Yes, a poor adapter of other men's plays outweighs the proudest literary monarchs of to-day.

The second great literary artist, Miguel de Cervantes, played an equally humble *rôle* in real life. These two men, the author of "Hamlet" and the author of "Don Quixote," are the greatest creative geniuses that modern times have produced.

In his translation of "Don Quixote," Tieck has succeeded admirably; never has the fantastic *grandezza* of the ingenious hidalgo of La Mancha been so completely grasped and so truthfully rendered as by our inimitable Tieck. The book reads almost like an original German work, and may perhaps be reckoned together with "Hamlet" and "Faust" as a German's favourite reading. The explanation is, that in both of these profound works of genius, as in "Don Quixote," we Germans find again the tragedy of our own nothingness. The German youth love "Hamlet," because *they* feel that "the time is out of joint;" they sigh because they, too, are "born to set it right;" like Hamlet, they feel their utter weakness, and declaim, "To be, or not to be." Men of ripe age, on the other hand, are fonder of "Faust." Their temper attracts them to the bold inquirer who makes a compact with the world of spirits, and has no fear of the devil. But men who have discovered that

all is vanity, that all human endeavours are vain, prefer Cervantes. They see in his romance a quiet satire on enthusiasm in general, and our knights-errant of to-day, who fight and suffer for an idea, appear to them so many Don Quixotes.

Had Miguel de Cervantes an inkling of the applications that a later age would make of his work? Was his tall lean knight really meant as a parody of the ideal visionary in every age? Did his fat squire stand for realistic common sense? Well, in any case, the latter cuts the more ridiculous figure of the two; for realistic common sense, with all his utilitarian saws and modern instances, has nevertheless to jog along on his steady-going ass behind the visionary; and in spite of his superior insight both he and his ass must share all the misadventures that the noble knight is ever encountering. So mighty is faith in an idea, that sense is carried off its feet and has to follow, asses and all, in the train of the ideal.

Or did the profound Spaniard intend to pour yet profounder scorn on human nature? Can it be that, in the guise of Don Quixote our mind, and in the guise of Sancho Panza our body, were allegorized; so that the whole romance is nothing but a grand mystery, in which the awful question of mind and matter is laid bare and dissected. This much, at least, I gather from the book: the poor material Sancho has to smart for spiritual Quixotism; for the noble aims of his lord and master he got ignoble drubbings; he is far more sensible than his high-prancing lord, for he knows that drubbings are very bad, and olla-podridas are very good. In truth, the body seems to me often more clear-sighted than the mind, and the logic of back and belly is sounder than the logic of brains. But if, after all, Cervantes' sole intention in "Don Quixote" was to give us the fools who were intent on restoring mediæval chivalry

and resuscitating a dead past, yet the irony of chance could hardly have produced a better jest than this of making the Romantic school present us with the best translation of a book in which the follies of the Romantic school are most delightfully bantered.

## 3.

Among the mad follies of the Romantic school in Germany, their never-tiring glorification of Jacob Böhme deserves particular mention. The name was a sort of shibboleth. When these gentlemen pronounced the name of Jacob Böhme they put on their most profound expression. Were they serious or only laughing at us?

Jacob Böhme was a cobbler who first saw the light in 1575 at Wörlitz in Upper Lusatia, and left behind him a whole library of theosophic writings. These were in German, and therefore more accessible to our friends the Romanticists. Whether this strange cobbler was as distinguished a philosopher as many German mystics maintain he was, I cannot say for certain, as I never read him; but I have no hesitation in affirming that he did not make such good boots as Monsieur Sakoski. Cobblers cut a great figure in German literature, and Hans Sachs, a cobbler who was born at Nüremberg in 1454, and passed his life in that town, was pronounced by the Romantic school one of our greatest poets. Sachs I have read, and I must confess that I doubt whether Herr Sakoski ever made such good verses as the good old Nüremberg cobbler.

Schelling's influence on the Romantic school I have already touched upon, and as I intend hereafter to discuss him fully, I need not here indulge in any detailed criticism. Schelling, however, deserves our best attention, inasmuch as in his early days he brought about a great revo-

lution in the German world of letters, and in later life he changed so completely that inexperienced readers are liable to fall into serious error by mixing up these two distinct characters. The Schelling of earlier days was a bold Protestant who protested against the idealism of Fichte. This idealism was a peculiar system, and must seem peculiarly strange to a Frenchman. For while in France a philosophy was appearing which, as it were, corporealized mind, which recognized mind only as a modification of matter—in short, while in France materialism was dominant—there arose simultaneously in Germany a philosophy which, on the contrary, looked on mind as the sole reality, and explained all matter as only a modification of mind, which even went so far as to deny the existence of matter. It almost seemed as if mind has sought reparation across the Rhine for the insult it had received on the French side. When you Frenchmen gave the lie to mind, it emigrated to Germany and there gave the lie to matter. Fichte might be called the Duke of Brunswick of idealism, and his philosophy of the ideal as a manifesto against French materialism. But this philosophy, which is the *ne plus ultra* of spiritualism, had no more permanence than the crass materialism of the French. Schelling came forward with the doctrine that matter (or nature, as he called it) exists not only in our minds but also in reality, that our intuition of things is identical with the things themselves. This is the famous philosophy of identity, or, as it also called, the Nature philosophy of Schelling.

This happened at the beginning of the century. Schelling was then a great man. Shortly after, however, Hegel appeared on the scene, and Schelling, who had written little or nothing of late, was eclipsed and quite forgotten, except as a name in literature. Hegel's philosophy was in the ascendant, Hegel was crowned monarch of the intellectual

world, and poor Schelling, as a fallen and mediatized philosopher, wandered sadly about in the company of other mediatized princes at Munich. In that capital I once met him, and could almost have wept at the pitiful spectacle he presented. More pitiful still was it to hear him—his rancorous abuse of Hegel, who had supplanted him. It might have been one cobbler accusing another of stealing his leather and making shoes of it. Just so I heard Schelling at a casual meeting speak of Hegel, "Hegel, who has stolen my ideas," "the ideas are mine," and again "my ideas,"—this was his constant refrain. I declare that if the cobbler Jacob Böhme once spoke as a philosopher, the philosopher Schelling now speaks as a cobbler.

Nothing is more ridiculous than a claim for stolen property in ideas. It is true that Hegel has helped himself to many of Schelling's ideas for his philosophy, but Schelling would never have made any use of them for himself. He was always philosophizing, but never coming near a philosophy. Moreover, it might well be argued that Schelling borrowed more from Spinoza than Hegel did from Schelling. If ever Spinoza is stripped of his old-fashioned Cartesian mathematical buckram and presented in a more readable form to the public, it will, perhaps, be seen that he has most cause of any to complain of stolen ideas. All our modern philosophers, though they may be often unconscious of the fact, use the spectacles once ground by Baruch Spinoza. By spite and jealousy the angels fell, and it is, alas! only too certain that jealousy of Hegel's growing reputation brought poor Schelling to the pass in which we now see him,—I mean the coils of the Catholic Propaganda, which has its headquarters at Munich. Schelling betrayed philosophy to the Catholic religion. There is an unanimity of evidence on this point, and it had long been clear that matters must end thus. I

had again and again heard the leaders of thought at Munich expressing their opinion that "religion and science should be allies." The phrase sounded innocent as a flower, but it hid a serpent. Now I understand their meaning. Schelling must now be used to justify the Catholic religion by all the powers of his intellect, and all that he now teaches under the name of philosophy is nothing but a justification of Catholicism. They also speculated on the indirect advantages of attracting to Munich the youth of Germany who were athirst for knowledge, by the magnet of so revered a name, and of gulling them with greater ease by Jesuitry when arrayed in the cloak of philosophy. These young men will flock to worship at the foot of the man whom they mistake for the high-priest of truth, and innocently receive at his hands the poisoned sacrament.

Among Schelling's scholars, perhaps the most celebrated in Germany is Herr Steffens, now professor of philosophy in Berlin. He resided at Jena when Jena was the head-quarters of the Schlegels, and his name occurs frequently in the annals of the Romantic school. At a later period he wrote novels showing more cleverness than poetry. Of more importance than his novels are his scientific studies. His "Anthropology" is full of original ideas, and in this department of literature he has received less recognition than he deserves. Others have succeeded in borrowing his ideas and dressing them up for the public as their own. Steffens had better cause than his master to complain of having his ideas stolen. But of these ideas there is one that no one has thought of appropriating—the grand idea, his leading idea, viz., "Henrik Steffens, born 2nd May, 1773, at Stavanger, near Drontheim, in Norway, is the greatest man of his century."

A few years ago Steffens fell into the hands of the

Pietists, and his philosophy has become a whimpering, watery, lukewarm kind of pietism.

A similar spirit is Joseph Görres, whom I have mentioned more than once, and who likewise belongs to the Schelling school. He is known in Germany by the name of "the fourth ally." The name was invented by a French journalist in 1814, at the time when Görres was holding a brief from the Holy Alliance to preach hatred of France. This compliment was the making of Görres, and he has lived on it ever since. But, as a matter of fact, no one helped so powerfully to kindle the hatred of Germany for France by reviving national memories, and the newspaper which he edited with this object in view, the "Rhenish Mercury," is full of patriotic conjurations, which, if it came to war again, might still have considerable influence. Since then Görres has fallen into nearly total oblivion. The sovereigns, having no more use for him, sent him about his business, and on his growling at such treatment, they turned upon him and rent him. They found themselves in the same case as the Spaniards in Cuba, who during the war with the Indians had trained their hounds to worry the naked savages. When the war ended the hounds, who had tasted man's blood, took to snapping now and then at their master's calves, and the Spaniards were driven to get rid of their bloodhounds at any cost. Görres being thus persecuted by the sovereigns, and having nothing more to bite, threw himself into the arms of the Jesuits; he remains in their service to the present hour, and is a pillar of the Catholic Propaganda at Munich. There I saw him a few years ago in the zenith of his infamy. He was lecturing to an audience that consisted mostly of Catholic seminarists, on universal history, and had got as far as the Fall of Man. To what an awful end do all France's enemies come! "The fourth ally" is now condemned to

teach to the Catholic seminarists in the *École Polytechnique* of Obscurantism, year after year, and day by day, the story of the Fall! In the lecturer's oral utterances, as in his books, I was struck by the utter confusion, the jumble both of thought and language, and it is with good reason that he has often been compared to the Tower of Babel. He is exactly like a monstrous tower, with a hundred thousand thoughts hammering away, conversing, clamouring, and wrangling together, and not one understanding the other. At times the noise in his brain seemed to abate, and then his speech was slow, low, and long-winded; the monotonous words dropped from his sullen lips like the dull drippings of a leaden gutter.

When at times the old demagogic devil awoke in him, contrasting strangely with his strains of monastic humility, when he drivelled of Christian charity, while bounding up and down with bloodthirsty rage, he seemed for all the world like a tonsured hyena in a cage. Görres was born at Coblenz, 25th January, 1776.

From further particulars of his life, and generally of the lives of his condisciples, I must beg to be excused. In my critique of his friends, the two Schlegels, I have perhaps overstepped the mark and been too personal.

How disappointing a near view, not only of these two Dioscuri of our literature, but of all our stars is apt to be! But perhaps the reason why the real stars appear to us so fair and pure is that we are so far removed from them, and know nothing of their private life. Up in heaven, too, I have no doubt there are stars that lie and beg; hypocritical stars; stars that are driven to all sorts of villainy; stars that kiss and betray; stars that flatter their foes and (what is worse) their friends, just as is the way of the world below. Those comets that we see now and again gleam past with wild-flowing hair, like Mænads of the sky, they are

doubtless frail stars who have turned penitent and would fain hide their shame in some obscure corner of the firmament, and hate the sun.

In this chapter I have discussed two only of Schelling's followers who played a prominent part in the Romantic movement; these, however, are by no means the greatest disciples of Schelling in his earlier phase. To forestall this possible misunderstanding, I may incidentally mention that Oken and Franz Baader tower above all their living co-mates. Oken, a most distinguished writer, has remained true to the original teaching of his master; Baader has unfortunately coquetted with mysticism, though I discredit the gossip which hints that he is deep in the toils of the Ultramontane Delilah. He still fights shy of his Munich relations, the pious folk who talk of saving religion by help of philosophy.

While on the topic of German philosophers I cannot refrain from correcting a mistake concerning German philosophy which I find very prevalent in France. Ever since certain Frenchmen began to occupy themselves with the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel, and published the results of their studies in French, not without a side glance at their bearing on the present condition of France, clear thinkers and Liberals have complained that crackbrained speculations and sophistries are being imported from Germany with the express object of confusing men's brains and veiling every form of lie and despotism with a specious show of truth and justice. In brief, these generous friends of Liberalism, who are so keen for its interests, complain of the mischievous influence of German philosophy in France. But they are hard on poor German philosophy; for, in the first place, what has hitherto been presented to the French public under this title, particularly by Victor Cousin, is not German philosophy. Cousin has produced a great deal of clever wishwash, but no German philosophy.

Secondly, German philosophy proper is the direct issue of Kant's "Critic of Pure Reason," and true to its origin it has troubled itself little with politics or religion, but much with the ultimate grounds of knowledge.

It is true that the metaphysical systems of the older German philosophers are nothing but cobwebs of the brain, but what harm was there in that? At any rate, Jesuitism could not use these cobwebs for its lying toils, still less could Despotism weave them into the cords with which it binds men's minds. But, since Schelling, German philosophy has lost this unsubstantial but harmless character; instead of criticising the ultimate grounds of knowledge and of being, instead of floating in the atmosphere of abstraction, our philosophers were employed in finding grounds for justifying the existing state of things, and in maintaining that whatever is is right. While the older generation of philosophers lodged in cocklofts, and starved and stinted themselves to beat their systems out, our modern philosophers are to be discovered beneath the gorgeous livery of princes; they have turned government philosophers, engaged to invent a philosophical vindication for every interest of the government to which they are attached. Thus Hegel, a professor in Protestant Berlin, has incorporated in his system all the dogmas of evangelical Protestantism; and Schelling, a professor in Catholic Munich, is at present giving a course of lectures in vindication of the most extravagant tenets of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church.

Just as of old the Alexandrian philosophers applied all their wits to preserve the tottering religion of Jupiter from total ruin by help of allegorical interpretations, so our German philosophers tried to prop up the religion of Christ. I care little whether their motives were disinterested. If they are found in alliance with the Clerical

party, whose material interests are bound up with the preservation of Catholicism, we call them Jesuits. But they need not flatter themselves that we confound them with the older Jesuits. *They* were great and powerful, full of wisdom and force of will. These, a puny race of dwarfs, what fools they are to fancy that they will overcome the difficulties on which those black giants foundered! Never has the mind of man conceived greater combinations than the older Jesuits invented to preserve Catholicism. Yet they failed because they were zealous for the preservation of Catholicism, not for Catholicism itself. For Catholicism as an end in itself they cared comparatively little; hence, in order to gain for it the supreme power, they sometimes profaned the first principles of Catholicism; they allied themselves with heathendom, with temporal powers, catered for their pleasures, became murderers and hucksters, and at a pinch atheists. But in vain their confessors scattered broadcast their absolutions, their casuists coquetted with every form of vice and crime. In vain they tried to rival the laity in art and science in order to employ both for their own ends. They only revealed their own impotence. They were jealous of all great *savants* and artists, and yet could neither discover nor create anything in art or science above mediocrity. They composed hymns and built churches, but their poetry is without a breath of inspiration, and is nothing but a sigh of submissive obedience to the superiors of the order. Even in their architecture there is nothing but painful constraint, a sort of stony plasticity, sublimity made to order. It was a true remark of Barrault, "The Jesuits could not raise earth to Heaven, so they drew Heaven down to earth." All their energy and endeavour was stricken with barrenness. From a lie no life can ever spring, and God cannot be saved by the devil's aid.

Let us leave the old Jesuits in their graves, and pass by the new Jesuits with a compassionate shrug. The former are dead, and the latter are only the worms that crawl out of their coffins. They are as little like the old Jesuits as the Schelling of to-day is like the Schelling of old times.

Schelling was born 27th January, 1775, at Würtemberg.

4.

Of Schelling's relations to the Romantic school I could give only a few hints. His influence was mainly of a personal character. It is observable also that since Schelling brought Nature-philosophy into vogue, we find a far more vivid conception of Nature in works of imagination and fancy. One class of writers seemed to merge themselves and all human feelings in Nature. Another class seemed to have discovered certain spells for evoking from Nature something analogous to human looks and language. The former class composed the Mystics proper, and in many respects resembled those Indian votaries who live and grow in Nature till they feel, as it were, one with her. The latter class were more like magicians; even the hostile spirits of Nature were at their beck and call; they resembled the Arab sorcerer who can, at his will and pleasure, make stones live or turn living things to stone. Novalis was, *par excellence*, a writer of the former school, as was Hoffmann of the latter. Novalis saw nothing but miracles in Nature, miracles of beauty and delight. He overheard what the plants said to one another, and knew the secret of each young rose; he ended by identifying himself with universal Nature, and when autumn came and the leaves fell, he died. Hoffmann, on the other hand, could see nothing but ghosts; they beckoned to him from every Chinese teapot and every Berlin periwig. He was a sorcerer who turned men

into beasts, and these beasts into Prussian Court-councillors. He could raise the dead from their graves, but life would have none of him, and bade the weird spectre avaunt. And he knew this; he knew that he himself was a ghost, that all Nature had become to him a cracked mirror which gave back his own spectral image multiplied and distorted in a thousand fantastic forms. His works are nothing but a wild cry of anguish in twenty volumes.

Hoffmann was not a disciple of the Romantic school. He had no personal relations with the Schlegels, still less with their views. I have mentioned him only as presenting a contrast to Novalis, who is peculiarly a poet of the school. Novalis is less known in France than Hoffmann, who had the advantage of being presented to the French public in a most attractive form by Loeve-Veimars, and has so acquired a great reputation in France. In Germany Hoffmann is now by no means *en vogue*, though he was at one time. In his day he was much read, but only by the class of readers whose nerves are too strong or too weak to be affected by quiet harmonies. Superior intellects and poetic natures would not hear of him, and greatly preferred Novalis. But to give my honest opinion, there was far more poetic genius in Hoffmann than in Novalis. Novalis, with all his ideal pictures, seems always floating *in vacuo*, while Hoffmann, with all his witches and warlocks, keeps a firm footing on solid ground. But as Antæus was invincible as long as he touched his mother earth, and lost his power as soon as Hercules lifted him in the air, so also is the poet strong and powerful so long as he does not leave the firm ground of fact, and grows powerless as soon as he soars on the wings of fancy and loses himself in the blue.

One point these two writers have in common: the poetry of both is a morbid development. In this respect it has been said that the appraisal of their works is really

the business, not of the critic, but of the physician. The rosy tints in Novalis' romances are not the glow of health, but the hectic flush of consumption, and the fiery reds of Hoffmann's fantastic tales are not the flame of genius, but of fever. But such remarks come with a bad grace from us who are not blessed with the rudest health ourselves, and at a time when literature is like a vast lazaretto. Or are we to look on poetry as a disease in man as the pearl is nothing but a disease in the oyster?

Novalis was born 2nd May, 1772. His real name was Hardenberg. He was engaged to a young lady who was consumptive, and died of the disease. This trouble cast its shadow over all his writings; his life was one long vision of death, and he died of consumption in 1801, before completing his nine-and-twentieth year and his romance. In its present shape this romance is but a fragment of a great allegorical poem, which, like the "Divina Commedia," was to have sung all things in earth and heaven. Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the famous poet, is the hero. We see him as a youth at Eisenach, the little town that nestles at the foot of the old Wartburg, the scene of our greatest glory and our greatest folly. It was there Luther translated his Bible, and there that certain silly Teutomaniacs burned Kamptz's Police-Code.[1] It was the same Wartburg that once witnessed that famous tourney of minstrels,[2] in which among other poets Heinrich von Ofterdingen engaged in that perilous encounter of song with Klingsohr of Hungary, which may be still be read in the

[1] The *Codex der Gendarmerie* of Kamptz, the Prussian Minister of Police, who had made himself obnoxious to Liberal students, was burnt by certain of their number at the Wartburg on October 18th, 1817, the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig.

[2] For a full account of the *Sängerwettkamf*, see Kœnig, "Deutsche Literaturgeschichte," p. 174, fol.

Manesse manuscript.[1] The headsman was by to execute swift justice on the vanquished, and the Landgrave of Thuringia was the umpire.

Thus we see the full significance of the description with which Novalis' romance opens—the Wartburg, the scene of his hero's future renown rising above the infant's cradle in the old house at Eisenach. "The parents have gone to bed and are asleep, the clock on the stairs ticks monotonously, the windows rattle with the wind, the chamber is lit up now and again with fitful gleams of moonlight.

The boy lay tossing on his bed, and thought of the stranger and his talk. "It is not the treasures," he said to himself, "that have stirred in me such unspeakable longings; I care not for wealth and riches; but that blue flower I do long to see; it haunts me, and I can think and dream of nothing else. I never felt so before; it seems as if my past life had been a dream, or as though I had passed in sleep into another world, for in the world that I used to know who would have troubled himself about a flower? Indeed, I never heard tell of such a strange passion for a flower."

Such are the opening words of "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," and the whole novel is irradiated with the light and fragrance of the blue flower. We have an eerie feeling as we read; the most romantic and fabulous characters seem like old acquaintances whom we knew intimately in some former age. Old memories awake; Sophie herself wears an old familiar face; we recall the very trees in the beech avenue where we used to stroll together in sweet converse. All this, however, is dim and distant like a half-forgotten dream.

Novalis' muse was a slim, white maiden, with grave blue

[1] A collection of Minnesinger poems made early in the fourteenth century, and now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

eyes, hyacinthine tresses, smiling lips, and a little red beauty mark on the left side of her chin. In fact I cannot help identifying with his muse the maiden who first made me acquainted with Novalis, the maiden in whose fair hands I saw the red morocco volume with gilt edges, which contained "Ofterdingen." She always wore a blue dress, and her name was Sophie. Her house was a few stages from Göttingen, and she lived with her sister the post-mistress, a buxom, cheery, red-cheeked dame with a full bust, which, surmounted by the starched vandykes of her lace frill, resembled a fortress. This fortress, however, was impregnable; the dame was a kind of moral Gibraltar. She was an active, thrifty, practical housewife, yet her only pleasure consisted in reading Hoffmann's romances. In Hoffmann she found the very man to stir up her coarse-grained nature, and produce in her a pleasant thrill, while her pale and delicate sister was instinctively repelled by the very sight of a volume of Hoffmann, and if she touched one by accident would start and shiver. She was as tender as a sensitive plant, and her words were sweet and musical, and needed only to be put together to be poetry. Many of her words I have written down, and they make strange poems, just like some of Novalis' weird romances, only more ethereal and musical. One of these poems, that I heard from her lips when I was leaving her for Italy, is my special favourite. It is autumn, and we are in gardens where there has been an illumination; we hear the last little lamp, the last rose of summer, and a wild swan conversing together. Then the morning mist creeps up, the last little lamp dies out, the rose sheds its petals, and the wild swan spreads her white wings and flies southward.

In Hanover, you must know, we have many wild swans, who migrate in autumn to the warm south, returning home to us in the summer. The winter, it would seem,

they spend in Africa, for once in the breast of a dead swan an arrow was found which Professor Blumenbach recognized as African. Poor bird! with this arrow in its breast, it had yet returned to its nest in the North to die there. But many a swan thus wounded cannot have been able to complete his journey, and perchance was left behind to perish on the burning sands, or may now be sitting with weary pinions on some Egyptian pyramid, looking wistfully to the North, and yearning for its summer nest in the cool clime of Hanover.

When I returned from the south in the late autumn of 1828 (I, too, with the burning arrow in my breast), my road took me in the direction of Göttingen, and I descended at my buxom friend the post-mistress's to change horses. I had not seen her for a year and a day, and the good lady appeared much altered. Her bust was still like a fortress, but it was a dismantled fortress, the bastions razed, the two main towers nothing but hanging ruins, no sentinels guarding the entrances, and her heart, the citadel, was broken. As I learnt from the postillion Pieper, she had actually lost her taste for Hoffmann's novels, and drank all the more brandy before going to bed. Brandy, after all, is the simple way, for there's always some in the house, while for Hoffmann's novels you had to send to Deuerlich's library at Göttingen, which is four leagues off. The postillion Pieper was a diminutive man, and as shrivelled and crabbed-looking as if he had lived on vinegar. When I inquired after the post-mistress's sister, the fellow answered, "Mademoiselle Sophie will die soon, she's an angel already." What a perfect creature must she have been of whom crabbed old Pieper could say, "She's an angel!" And he said it while applying the toe of his topboot to scare away the flappers and quackers of the poultry-yard. The post-house, once so white and bright,

had changed like its mistress; it was now a sickly yellow, and its walls were cracked and wrinkled. In the courtyard were tumbledown chaises, and by the river on a pole a sodden red postillion's jacket was hanging to dry. At a window above Mademoiselle Sophie was standing and reading, and when I went in to see her, I found in her hands a volume bound in red morocco, with gilt edges; it was the same book as before, Novalis' "Ofterdingen." So she had gone on and on reading in this book, had read herself into a consumption, and looked like a transparent shadow. There was a spiritual beauty in her aspect which it pained me to see. I took her two thin white hands in mine, and gazed into her blue eyes; and at last I asked, "Mademoiselle Sophie, how goes it?" "Well," she answered, "and soon I shall be better;" and she pointed with her finger to the new churchyard, a little patch of sloping ground visible from the windows. On the bare hillside there was a single stunted poplar, with a few leaves still hanging to the bare boughs, which stirred in the autumn wind, not like a living tree, but the ghost of a tree.

Beneath this poplar Mademoiselle Sophie is laid, and her dying bequest, the book in red morocco with gilt edges, Novalis' "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," is now lying on my table as I write, and I have used it to compose this chapter.

# Book III.

KNOW ye the land of winged dragons and porcelain teapots? The whole country is a cabinet of curiosities, enclosed by a monstrous long wall, and a hundred thousand Tartar sentinels. But birds and the thoughts of European scholars wing their way thither, and, having gazed their fill, they fly home again, and tell us all manner of rare things about the strange land and its strange people. Nature in that country, with her glaring colours and arabesque shapes, gigantic blossoms, and dwarfed trees, trim-clipped mountains, queer-shaped luscious fruits, and birds of flaring plumage, is a caricature as wildly extravagant as the native humanity, with its comical pigtailed heads and low brows, its long nails, its old-world gravity, and its infantine monosyllabic language. Man and Nature cannot look on one another without laughing; but they do not laugh aloud, because both are far too courteous and civilized, and in suppressing their laughter they make the most serious comical faces. In China there is neither shade nor perspective. Their houses, which are all the colours of the rainbow, are crowned by roofs rising tier upon tier, looking for all the world like open umbrellas, and with little bells hanging everywhere, so that even the wind as it passes cannot help making itself ridiculous by its foolish jingling.

In such a house of bells there once lived a princess whose small feet were smaller than any of her country-

women's; her small almond-shaped eyes shot more bewitchingly dreamy glances than any in the Celestial Empire, and her fluttering little heart was the home of the maddest whims and fancies. For instance, it was bliss to her to tear to rags the costliest stuffs of silk and gold, and when they rustled and crackled beneath her fingers, she would shout with rapture. But at last, after spending all her substance on her favourite diversion, and tearing all her worldly property to shreds, she was summoned before a commission of mandarins, and imprisoned in a round tower as an incurable lunatic.

This Chinese princess, this personification of caprice, is at the same time the personified muse of a German poet—a poet who must not be passed over in the history of Romantic poetry. It is the muse who, in the poetry of Clemens Brentano, accosts us with a wild, mad laugh, while she tears to shreds the sheeniest of satin skirts and the gaudiest of gold brocades, and her pretty destructiveness, her exuberant madness, fill us with a weird transport, an ecstasy of woe. For the last fifteen years Herr Brentano has been living in retirement from the world, immured, or rather incarcerated, in his Catholicism. There was nothing of value left him to tear in pieces. He tore, they tell us, even the hearts that loved him, and every one of his friends has some wanton insult to complain of. But it was chiefly on himself and his poetical genius that he vented his destructive humour. I refer in particular to one of his comedies, entitled "Ponce de Léon." The play is all in tatters, so to speak—the language no less than the thoughts. Yet this thing of shreds and patches is full of life and sparkle and movement. It is like a masked ball of words and thoughts, a giddy whirl, a delightful jumble, and it is only this universal madness that gives a certain unity to the play. The harlequins are everywhere with

their wild horse-play of words and their lathen strokes of wit. Now and again the dialogue takes a serious turn, but it stammers like the Doctor of Bologna. Now a grave sentence advances like Pantaloon, with hanging sleeves and huge buttons; dwarfish epigrams hop about like hump-backed Policinelli; tearful sentimentalities hover round like coquettish columbines; they dance, they cut capers, they spin round, they chatter, and above all the whirl and din we hear the trumpet notes of the Mænad spirits of destruction.

A tragedy by the same poet, "The Founding of Prague," is equally remarkable. There are scenes in it which thrill one with the same mysterious awe as the primitive sagas. We hear the soughing of the wind in the dark Bohemian forests, still haunted by the angry Sclav gods, still vocal with the nightingales of heathendom, but the tree-tops are already touched by the mild rays of dawning Christianity. Brentano has also written several excellent tales, in particular, "The Story of Brave Caspar and Pretty Annie." When pretty Annie was a child, she once paid a visit with her grandmother to the headsman, on purpose to buy simples of him, as German peasants are wont. While they were waiting for the medicine, something suddenly moved in the big cupboard by which Annie was standing, and the child was startled, and cried out, "A mouse! a mouse!" but the headsman was far more alarmed than the child, and turned as pale as death, and said to the grandmother, "Mistress, in this cupboard hangs my headsman's sword, which always moves of itself when anyone approaches it whom it is destined to behead. My sword is thirsting for the blood of this child. Permit me just to graze the little maid's neck with it. The sword will then be satisfied with one drop of blood, and will have no desire to shed more." But the grandmother was deaf to his wise counsels, and

had bitter cause to repent later on; for pretty Annie was afterwards beheaded by the very same sword.

Clemens Brentano is now about fifty years of age. He resides at Frankfort, where he lives the life of a hermit, and is a corresponding member of the Catholic Propaganda. Of late he has almost passed from men's memories, and his name is only heard in connection with the folk-songs which he published, conjointly with his friend Achim von Arnim, now deceased. This joint production, which appeared under the title of "The Boy's Magic Horn," is a collection of ballads gathered partly from the lips of German peasants and partly from fly-leaves and scarce old chapbooks. I cannot praise the work too highly. It contains the very quintessence of our national genius, and to anyone who wishes to see the German nation in one of its most pleasing aspects, I would recommend these folk-songs. The book lies open before me as I write, and I seem to catch the faint fragrance of our German lindens. Indeed, the linden-tree is a marked feature in these ballads; lovers sit and chat at twilight in its shade; it is their favourite tree, perhaps because a linden-leaf is shaped like a heart. This observation I once heard made by a German poet, my favourite poet—I mean myself. On the title-page of the book is a boy blowing a horn, and if a German in a foreign land looks long enough at this picture he will think he hears the familiar note, and he is like to be stricken with homesickness, as was the Swiss volunteer who was standing sentinel on the bastion of Strasburg, and hearing the *ranz des vaches* in the distance, threw away his pike and swam the Rhine, but was afterwards captured and shot as a deserter. The subject forms one of the most touching ballads in the "Boy's Magic Horn."

**At Strasburg, on the fort,**
**Ah, then began my woe:**

The Alpenhorn, I heard it ringing clear,
Of fatherland it whispered in my ear—
Swim, swim, it said, and you'll be there!
It was not so.

The hour it was one,
When I was all undone;
They caught and haled me to the captain's quarters;
Ah, God! they fished me up from the Rhine's waters.
Yes, I'm undone.

To-morrow at ten o' the clock
The regiment's on parade,
They'll bid me pardon crave.
But my life that will not save,
I know too well.

Farewell, my messmates all,
To-day's my last roll call;
That cowherd, he's alone, alone to blame,
That Alpenhorn has brought me thus to shame,
They are to blame.

A beautiful poem. There is a peculiar magic in these folk-songs. Artistic poets try to imitate these productions of nature after the fashion in which artificial waters are prepared; but even if by a chemical process they are able to combine the constituent elements, yet the most important part of all must be wanting—the sympathetic force of nature, which defies all analysis. In these ballads we feel the very pulse of the German heart; its melancholy mirth and its mad sanity are both revealed. German wrath beats its big drum, German raillery plays its penny whistle, and German love bills and coos. There is the sparkle of honest German wine and honest German tears, and the tears are often more precious even than the wine—is there not iron and salt in them? In German faith what *naïveté*, in German unfaith what honour! What an honest fellow

is poor Schwartenhals, though he is a highwayman. Hear with what pathetic phlegm he tells his own tale:—

"And who are you?" mine hostess cried,
As I stopped at the sign of the Checkers;
"Poor Schwartenhals, sirs," I replied,
"And I like good meats and liquors."

They led me in, they made me room,
My glass with good liquor filling;
As around I look my hand so shook,
That the wine went nigh to spilling.

They set me like a merchant king
At head o' the board, but when I
Was called to pay the reckoning,
In my purse was ne'er a penny.

With toil oppressed I asked to rest,
To the hayloft then they sent me.
Poor Schwartenhals, thou'lt rue thy jest;
Too late I did repent me.

To the hayloft as I took my way,
And crept i' the hay to nestle;
Brambles and brake kept me awake,
With many a prickly thistle.

At break of day I left my hay,
The roof with rime was hoary;
At my own plight I laughed outright,
My figure was so sorry.

I took my good sword in my hand,
And girt it well my side on;
Poor wight, I needs must trudge afoot,
I had no steed to ride on.

So take the road and warm thy blood,
Nor stay indoors to shiver.
I met a wealthy merchant's son,
'Twas "Stand and eke deliver!"

Poor Schwartenhals is the most thoroughly German cha-

racter I know. What calm, what conscious power his ballad displays! But I must introduce you also to our Maggie. She is an honest lassie, and a favourite of mine. It is John who says to his Maggie:—

"Now busk thee, Maggie, busk thee,
And haste with me to roam;
The corn is reapt and garnered,
The wine all pressed at home."

And Maggie answers rapturously:—

"Ah, Johnnie, dearest Johnnie,
Let me be ever thine;
On weekdays at the reaping,
On Sundays by the wine."

Then by the hand he took her,
Her little lily hand;
And far afield they wandered
To where an inn doth stand.

"Bestir thee now, mine hostess,
A stoup of wine, I say;
Maggie's brave clothes, I reckon,
Must pay the score to-day."

To greet full fain was Maggie,
Her heart was very sore;
With pearly tears of sorrow
Her blue eyes brimmed o'er.

"Oh, Johnnie, dearest Johnnie,
You ne'er spake word like this,
When from my daddie's homestead
You drew me by your kiss."

By her little hand he took her,
Her hand of lily white,
And far afield they wandered
Unto a garden bright.

* * * * * * *

"Ah, Maggie, dearest Maggie,
Ah, why so sore complain?
Dost rue thy maiden fancy,
Dost rue thine honour's stain?"

"I rue not my maiden fancy,
Nor yet mine honour's stain,
But much I rue the brave new clothes
I ne'er shall see again."

This is not Goethe's Margaret, and her repentance would not be a subject for Ary Scheffer. There is no German moonshine here. And there is no more sentimentality when a gay young soldier asks his love to let him in at night, and the maiden sends him off with these words:—

Your way re-track,
To the heath ride back,
There's a good round stone
To lay your head on.

No need to beware,
When sleeping there,
Lest feather or down
Should stick in your crown.

But moonshine, a full flood of tenderest moonshine, streams forth from this lyric:—

Gin I a birdie were,
Gin I could fly through air,
I'd fly to thee.
O! but it canna be;
Here maun I bide.

Though far awa fra thee,
Thee in my dreams I see,
Commune wi' thee.
When I awake, a' day
Bide I my lane.

Ilka hour o' the night my heart
Waukens, wi' sudden start,

To muse on thee.
Thine heart sae aft an aft
Thou'st gien it me.

If, enchanted with these lyrics, we ask who the authors were, they seem to make answer in their parting words,

"Who made this marvellous melody?
Three wild geese brought it from over the sea,
Three geese, two grey and one white."

Generally, however, these songs are composed by the vagabond tribe—tramps, soldiers, travelling scholars or journeymen, more especially the last. I have often on walking tours joined company with these gentry, and noticed how under the excitement of any unusual occurrence they would now and again improvise a snatch of folk-song, or whistle it in the air. The birds in the branches above overheard it, and then another young fellow with his staff and knapsack would stroll by, and the birds would whistle the snatch of song in his ear, and he would add the missing verses, and the *Volkslied* was made. The words drop from heaven into the stroller's mouth, and he has only to let them well forth again, and they are sure to have more poetry in them than all the fine poetical phrases that we pump up from the depths of our heart. These folk-songs are impregnated with the strange genius of the German journeyman, and a remarkable character he is. Without a *sou* in his pocket he wanders through Germany from end to end, innocent, merry, and free. I generally found them going on the tramp in threes. Of the trio one was always the wrangler; he would wrangle with a humorous display of temper about anything and everything that turned up—a pied finch that flew past them, a commercial traveller that rode by—and even if they came to a poor neighbourhood with miserable

hovels and ragged beggars, he was ready with some ironical remark, "Providence made the world in six days, but it looks rather as if he'd not made a clean job of it." The second companion only occasionally puts in a savage remark; he can't open his lips without an oath; he swears and curses at every master with whom he ever worked; and his constant refrain is, "It goes to his heart not to have given that landlady a good hiding as a remembrance of him—the landlady at Halberstadt who served up cabbage and beetroot every day for dinner." At the word "Halberstadt" the third comrade heaves a deep sigh. He is the youngest of the three, and is making his first start in the world, keeps thinking of his sweetheart's dark brown eyes, lets his head droop, and never speaks a word.

"The Boy's Magic Horn" is so remarkable a monument of our literature, and has exercised so important an influence on the lyric poets of the Romantic school, particularly on our excellent Uhland, that I was bound not to pass it over. This book and the "Nibelungenlied" both played an important part in the history of the school, and the latter also deserves special notice at my hands. For a long time nothing was talked of in Germany but the "Nibelungenlied," and classical scholars were not a little scandalized by hearing the German epic compared with the "Iliad," while some went so far as to question which of the two poems should be preferred. The public looked on like the boy who was gravely asked whether he'd rather have a horse or a gingerbread. For all that, the "Nibelungenlied" is a great and nervous poem. It is difficult for a Frenchman to form a notion of the work, and almost impossible for him to appreciate the language in which it is composed. It is a language of stone, and the lines are like blocks of granite. Here and there from the fissures there spring red flowers like drops of blood, or

sprays of ivy trail down like tears of green. Of the giant throes of passion which agitate this epic, a dainty *mignon* race like you can still less form a conception. Fancy a clear summer night, the stars pale as silver, but large as suns, standing out in the blue sky; suppose that all the Gothic cathedrals in Europe had fixed a trysting-place on some boundless plain, and you saw quietly marching thither the Strasburg Minster, the Cathedral of Cologne, the campanile of Florence, the spire of Rouen, &c., and paying their court to the fair Notre Dame of Paris. It is true that their gait is a little heavy and the behaviour of some a little boorish, and that their waddling advances often raise a laugh. But you would stop laughing when you saw them in their wrath and fury throttling one another, and beheld Notre Dame in despair raise both her stony arms to heaven, and suddenly seize a sword, and smiting the tallest cathedral of all, cut the head clean from the trunk. No, not even then could you form any conception of the chief characters of the "Nibelungenlied;" no tower is so high and no stone so hard as grim Hagen and vengeful Chriemhild.

But who composed this poem? The authorship of the "Nibelungenlied" is as obscure as that of the folk-songs. Strange that of so many pre-eminent monuments of art—books, poems, and buildings—the artist is unknown. Who was the architect who planned Cologne Cathedral? Who painted the altar-pieces there, that lifelike representation of the Madonna and the three kings? Who wrote the book of Job, that poem which has consoled so many generations of suffering humanity? Men forget too easily the names of their benefactors; the names of single-minded patriots who have spent themselves for the commonwealth are seldom heard in the mouths of the people, whose dull memory retains only the names of their oppressors,

their men of blood and iron. Humanity is a tree that forgets the careful gardener who sheltered it from the cold, watered it in the drought, and fenced it from the beasts of the field, while it faithfully preserves the names that have been graven on its tender bark with the cruel steel, and hands them down in larger and larger characters to the latest generations.

## 2.

Owing to their joint editorship of the "Magic Horn," the names of Brentano and Arnim are very generally coupled together, and having discussed the former, I am all the more bound not to pass over the latter, who is far more worthy of our attention. Ludwig Achim von Arnim is a great imaginative writer, and was one of the most original geniuses of the Romantic school. Admirers of pure fancy will find Arnim more to their taste than any other German writer. In fancy he surpasses not only Hoffmann, but even Novalis. He was more completely in communion with Nature than Novalis, and could conjure up far more awful spectres than Hoffmann—indeed, when reading Hoffmann I could sometimes hardly help fancying that *he* was a creation of Arnim's. The general public is hardly aware of Arnim's existence, whose reputation is confined to literary circles; and even men of letters, while amply recognizing his genius among themselves, have never publicly done him justice. Some, indeed, went so far as to speak superciliously of him, and these were generally the very writers who imitated his style. We may justly apply to them Steevens' jibe at Voltaire for running down Shakespeare after using Shakespeare's "Othello" for his "Orosman":—"These gentlemen are like thieves who set fire to a house after robbing it." Why has Tieck never

spoken in fitting terms of Arnim—Tieck who pays such handsome compliments to so many indifferent scribblers? The Schlegels likewise ignored Arnim. It was only after his death that he received a sort of obituary recognition from one of the Romantic school.

The true reason why Arnim never rose to fame was, I believe, that he remained too much of a Protestant to suit his friends, the Catholic party, and on the other hand was regarded by the Protestant party as a Catholic in disguise. But why did the public reject him, the public who might have found his novels and romances in every circulating library? Hoffmann was equally ignored in our literary journals, and higher criticism maintained towards him a dignified silence; yet he was universally read. Why, then, did the German public neglect an author of worldwide imaginativeness, amazing depth of sentiment, and incomparable powers of description? One thing this great writer lacked—the one thing that the public looks for in books—and that is *life*. The public demands that a writer shall sympathize with their everyday feelings and passions, that he shall stir their own emotions, whether pleasantly or painfully; in a word, the public must be moved. This demand Arnim could not satisfy. He was the poet, not of life, but of death. In all his writings there is but a movement of shadows, the figures hurry and scurry about the stage, their lips move as if in speech, but we only see, we hear no word. The figures leap, wrestle, stand on their heads, approach us mysteriously, and whisper faintly in our ear—*We are dead*. Such a spectacle would be too horrible and painful were it not for the peculiar grace that lends a charm to all Arnim's work, like the smile of a child, but a dead child. Arnim can depict love, at times even sensual passion, but even then he does not carry our sympathies with him. We see fair forms, heaving bosoms, well-

modelled limbs, but a cold, damp winding-sheet is over all. At times Arnim is witty, and actually makes us laugh, but it is as though death were tickling us with his scythe. Generally he is serious, serious as a German corpse. A living German is serious enough in all conscience, and what must a dead German be! A Frenchman can have no conception how serious we become after death; we pull still longer faces, and the worms who feast upon us grow melancholy at the sight of us. Frenchmen wonder how Hoffmann can have been so grimly serious, but his gruesomeness is child's play in comparison with Arnim. When Hoffmann conjures up his dead, and they rise from their graves and dance round him, he himself quakes and trembles, and joins in the dance of death, while making the most horrible grimaces. Arnim conjures up his dead as though he were a general holding a review; he sits calmly on his tall white spectral charger, and lets his ghostly battalion file past him. They cast an anxious glance at their general and seem afraid of him, but he greets them with a friendly nod.

Ludwig Achim von Arnim was born in Brandenburg in 1784, and died in the winter of 1830.[1] He wrote dramas, romances, and novels. His dramas are full of poetical feeling, particularly one play, called "*Der Anerhahn*" (The Capercailzie). The opening scene is not unworthy of the greatest poet. What a vivid lifelike picture of the dreariest *ennui!* One of the three natural sons of the deceased Landgrave is sitting alone in the deserted castle-hall, talking to himself between his yawns, and complaining that his legs are growing longer and longer beneath the table, and that the chill morning breeze sets his teeth chattering. Enter his brother, good-natured Franz, who lounges in dressed in his

[1] The correct dates of Arnim's birth and death are 26th January, 1781, and 21st January, 1831.

late father's clothes, which are a world too large for him. He reflects sadly that this was the hour when he used to help his father to dress, and get for his pains a crust of bread thrown at him, which was too hard for the old man's teeth, and sometimes a kick into the bargain. This last memory moves simple Franz to tears, and he laments that his father is dead and can no longer kick him.

Arnim's romances are entitled *Die Kronwachter* ("The Guardians of the Crown") and "Countess Dolores." The opening of the former of these romances is also admirable. The scene is laid in the watch-tower of Waiblingen, in the cosy little room of the warder and his honest fat spouse—not so fat, however, as folks in the town below would have it. In fact, it was pure slander which asserted that she had grown so corpulent in her turret that she could no longer descend the narrow winding stairs, and was therefore forced, upon the death of her first husband, the former warder, to marry the new warder who succeeded him. This malicious gossip deeply distressed the good dame in her turret, whose only reason for not descending the winding stairs was that she suffered from fits of giddiness.

Arnim's second novel, "The Countess Dolores," has also a magnificent opening. It portrays the poetry of poverty —of poverty in high life, a favourite subject with our author, who was himself at that time in very needy circumstances. Here, too, how masterly is his touch! what a picture we have of destruction and ruin! I still seem to see visibly before me the desolate castle of the young Countess Dolores, looking all the more desolate because the old count began the building in the light Italian style of architecture, and left it incomplete. So the house is a modern ruin, and in the gardens all has gone to waste. The once trim alleys of yew are rough and straggling; the forest trees all choke one another; laurels and olean-

ders trail piteously along the ground; the tall flowers are strangled by ugly weeds; the marble gods and goddesses have fallen from their pedestals, and a couple of impudent ragamuffins are crouching behind a Venus lying prostrate in the long grass, and are beating her marble flanks with stinging nettles. When the old count, after a long absence, returns to his castle, he is surprised at the behaviour of his household, and especially of his wife, and bewildered by all the strange things that go on during dinner—the explanation of course being that the poor wife had been killed by melancholy, and, like the rest of the household, had long been dead. The count himself seems at last to suspect that all around him are ghosts, though he gives no sign, and quietly takes his departure.

To me the most delightful of Arnim's novels is his "Isabella of Egypt," a picture of the vagrant life of the gipsies whom you in France call *Bohémiens* as well as *Egyptiens*. The strange legendary tribe, with their tanned faces, their kindly fortune-tellings, and their melancholy secret, live and move in its pages. Their motley mountebank merriment conceals a deep mysterious trouble. According to the legend, which is told so graphically in the novel, the gipsies are destined to wander all over the world for generations to atone for the inhospitable cruelty with which their ancestors once turned away the Virgin Mary and her child when she asked shelter of them after her flight into Egypt. This was the justification for the barbarity with which they were treated. There being no Schelling philosophies in the Middle Ages, poetry had to undertake the palliation of iniquitous and barbarous laws. No one was more victimized by these laws than the poor gipsies. In many countries it was permissible, without examination or legal sentence, to string up a gipsy if suspected of theft. Thus their leader, Michael, the so-called

Duke of Egypt, was hanged without cause. This mournful incident forms the starting-point of Arnim's novel. The gipsies took their murdered duke down from the gallows by night, wrapped the royal mantle of red about his shoulders, set the silver crown upon his head, and lowered him into the Scheldt, firmly convinced that the friendly river would bear him home to his beloved Egypt. The poor gipsy princess Isabella, his daughter, knows nothing of this tragic story; she is living alone in a half-ruined house on the Scheldt; she hears at night a strange sound in the river, and suddenly sees him rise from the waters deadly pale, and clad in his purple death-robes, and the moon casts a troubled beam upon his silver crown. The poor child's heart wellnigh breaks with unutterable anguish; in vain she tries to stay her dead father; he calmly floats on towards Egypt, his own magic country, where they are awaiting his coming, and will bury him in a great pyramid, like a king that he is. Very pathetic is the funeral feast with which the fair princess honours her dead father; she spreads her white veil upon a rock, and places on it food and drink, which she solemnly consumes. All that this admirable novelist tells of the gipsies is deeply pathetic, and his previous writings bear witness to his sympathy with the race. Thus, in his appendix to the "Magic Horn," he maintains that for many useful and salutary inventions —most of our medicines, for instance—we are indebted to the gipsies, and that we are ingrates to have persecuted and banned them. He complains bitterly that, in spite of all their love for us, they have not been allowed to find themselves a home. He compares them in this respect to the little dwarfs who, according to the legend, procured for their big strong enemies all that they desired for the table, but for once picking a few peas when they were starving, were cruelly beaten and driven from the country. It was

a piteous spectacle to see the poor little men trotting by night across the bridge like a flock of sheep, and having each to place a coin on it till they had filled a cask with them.

A translation of "Isabella of Egypt" would not only give Frenchmen an idea of Arnim's writings, but also show them that all the weird and gruesome tales of ghosts and horrors with which they have been latterly torturing themselves in a most laborious and conscientious fashion, are but the rosy waking dreams of an opera-dancer, compared with Arnim's creations. A whole library of French tales of horror does not contain so much of eerieness as Arnim packs into the carriage which is going from Bracke to Brussels, with these four passengers together inside it:—

(1.) An old gipsy woman, who is also a witch. She looks like the fairest of the seven deadly sins, and flaunts it in satin and gold spangles.

(2.) A dead Bearskin, who, to earn a few ducats, has risen from the grave, and hired himself for seven years as a servant. He is a stoutish corpse, and wears an overcoat of white bearskin (whence his name), yet he is constantly shivering.

(3.) A Golem, *i.e.*, a figure of clay, with the very form and feature, and the manners, too, of a beautiful woman. On her brow, half-hidden by her black locks, is the word *Truth* in Hebrew characters; and if the writing is rubbed out the whole figure collapses, and turns again to lifeless clay.

(4.) Field-marshal Cornelius Nepos. He has absolutely no connection with the celebrated historian of the same name —indeed, he cannot even boast of *bourgeois* progenitors— being by descent, properly speaking, a root, an *alrune* root, which is in French mandragora or mandrake. This root grows under the gallows, on the spot where the droppings

from a hanged thief have fallen. It gave a piercing wail when the fair Isabella tore it at midnight from the earth there. It looked like a dwarf, save that eyes, mouth, and ears were absent. The pretty maid planted in its face two black juniper berries and a red hip, and from these eyes and mouth sprang. After this, she scattered a kind of millet on the mannikin's head, which grew up as hair, though somewhat shaggy. She rocked the abortion in her white arms, where it puked like a child; with her sweet rosy lips she kissed his hip mouth till it was quite out of shape; in her fondness she almost kissed his little juniper eyes out of his head, and the loathsome pigmy was so spoilt by her petting, that nothing would satisfy him but to be a field-marshal, and put on a grand field-marshal's uniform, and he insisted on being addressed by that title.[1]

You will allow that we have here four very distinguished persons. Rifle the Morgue, the Dead-man's-fields, the Cour de Miracle, and all the pest-houses of the Middle Ages, and you will not get together so goodly a company as that which was travelling in a single coach from Bracke to Brussels. This should convince you Frenchmen that the horrible is not in your line, and that France is not a favourable soil for ghosts of this description. When you conjure up ghosts, we cannot help laughing. Yes, we Germans, who never move a muscle at your liveliest witticisms, laugh all the more heartily at your ghost-stories. For your ghosts are after all French, and French ghosts—why it's a contradiction in terms. The word *ghost* implies something lonely, morose, German, taciturn, and the word *French* connotes something sociable, *gentil*, French, and garrulous. How could a Frenchman be a ghost, or how could ghosts exist at all in Paris? In

[1] The French version has, *Et c'était lord Wellington en miniature.*

Paris, the centre of European society! Between twelve and one o'clock, the orthodox hour from time immemorial for ghosts to appear, the full stream of life is still rolling through the streets of Paris. At the Opera House it is just the time for the thundering finale, the *Variétés* and the *Gymnase* are pouring forth the merriest groups of spectators, the Boulevards are swarming with crowds of rollicking, laughing, chaffing roisterers, and *soirées* are just beginning. How uncomfortable a poor ghost would feel himself in the midst of all this life and merriment! How could a Frenchman, even if he were dead, preserve the gravity which is essential for an apparition, with all this wild revelry surging round him? Even I, German as I am by birth, if I were dead and had to make my midnight appearance as a ghost in Paris, even I could not maintain my ghostly gravity if I happened at some street corner to run against one of those frolic goddesses who laugh so witchingly in your face. If there *were* ghosts in Paris, I am convinced that the instinctive sociability of Frenchmen would make them club together even as ghosts; there would be ghostly *réunions;* they would establish a ghosts' *café;* start a ghosts' newspaper, "The Paris Ghost Review," and there would soon be ghosts' *soirées où l'on fera de la musique.* I am convinced that the ghosts of Paris would amuse themselves better than living Germans. For my own part, if I were assured of such a ghostly existence in Paris, I should have no more fear of death. All I should do would be to take measures to be buried in Père-la-Chaise, and so be enabled to appear in Paris between twelve and one of the clock. What a witching hour! German friends and countrymen, if after my death you chance to visit Paris, and behold my ghost at night, do not be alarmed; I am none of your ghastly, melancholy German apparitions; I am appearing for my own good will and

pleasure. All the histories of ghosts that I have read are agreed that the ghost as a rule must haunt the spot where he has buried money, so I shall take the precaution of burying a few sous somewhere about the Boulevards. Hitherto I've *run through*[1] plenty of money in Paris, but never buried any.

Poor foolish French authors, when will you learn that your tales of horror and ghost-stories are out of place in a country where there are no ghosts, and where, if ghosts did appear, they would be as sociable and lively as we who are alive? You remind me of children who put on masks to give one another a scare. The masks are solemn and hideous as heart could wish, only through the eye-holes there peep out merry children's eyes. We Germans, on the other hand, are fond of masquerading as light-hearted youth, but under the domino there grins a death's-head. You are a dainty, charming, practical, lively race, and your province in art is the beautiful, the noble, the human element. This was well seen by your older writers, and you moderns will sooner or later come back to the same theory. Away with your horrors and ghosts! Leave for us Germans all the terrors of madness, delirium, and supernaturalism. Germany is a far more congenial soil for old witches, dead Bearskins, Golems male or female, and especially for field-marshals like the mannikin Cornelius Nepos. Only on our side of the Rhine can such ghosts flourish, not in France. When I was travelling here, my ghosts accompanied me to the French frontier. There they took a sad leave of me, for the sight of the tricolor scares away ghosts of every kind.

I would I were standing on the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral with a tricolor standard in my hand, which

[1] *Todtgeschlagen aber nie begraben.* The English pun is a poor makeshift.

should reach to Frankfort. Were I to wave the sacred flag over my beloved Fatherland, and pronounce the proper exorcism, I verily believe that the old witches would ride off on their broomsticks, the clammy Bearskins would creep into their graves, the Golems would collapse and turn to clay, Field-marshal Cornelius Nepos would retire to the place from whence he came, and the whole devilish spell would be broken.

## 8

The history of literature is as difficult to write as Natural History. In both cases the author must confine himself to the most salient phenomena. But as a single drop of water contains a whole world of wonderful animalcules which bear witness to God's omnipotence no less than the hugest mammalia, so the smallest poetical almanack may contain a crowd of poetasters whom an observant critic may find as interesting as the mammoths of literature. Allah is great.

Most historians of literature present us with a sort of carefully selected literary menagerie, with epic mammalia, lyric aves, tragedian aquatics, prose amphibians (the writers of sea and land novels), humorist molluscs, and so forth, all arrayed in separate cages and compartments. Others, on the contrary, go systematically to work, beginning with the feelings of primitive man, and showing their gradual development through succeeding ages, till they take, at last, the form of art. They begin *ab ovo*, like the historian of the Trojan war who went back to Leda's egg. And their proceeding is as foolish as was his; for I am convinced that even if Leda's egg had been used to make an omelette, Hector and Achilles would none the less have met in single combat before the Scæan gate. Great histo-

rical events and great books do not arise from petty accidents; they are inevitable, co-ordained with the course of sun, moon, and stars, produced perchance by stellar influences. Facts are but the result of ideas. How comes it, though, that at certain times certain ideas so predominate that they revolutionize the whole life of man, his thoughts and theories, his actions and his writings? Perhaps the time has come for some one to give us a literary astrology, and explain by planetary conjunctions the appearance of certain ideas or of certain books in which these ideas are revealed.

Or does the rise of certain ideas correspond only to certain momentary needs? Do not men look for ideas in order to justify their inclinations of the moment? At bottom men are all *doctrinaires;* they have always a doctrine to hand as an authority for all their likes and dislikes. In bad times, the lean years of famine, when enjoyment is out of their reach, they approve the dogma of abstinence, and swear that earthly grapes are sour. When the times mend, and men can reach the fair fruits of this world, a more cheerful philosophy appears and claims for life its unalienable privileges, the full joy of living,

Are we approaching the end of the Christian Lenten age, and is the rosy dawn of the age of delight already breaking? How will the philosophy of joyousness mould the future?

In the heart of a nation's writers there lies the image of a nation's future, and if a critic with a sufficiently sharp knife could dissect a modern poet, he might, as an old augur by inspection of the entrails, predict with certainty the features of Germany in the future. It would afford me the liveliest pleasure to play the part of a literary Calchas, and cut up a few of our recent poets, only I am afraid of finding in their entrails many things of which this is not the place to speak. It is impossible to discuss

more recent German literature without plunging into politics. In France, where your *littérateurs* keep wholly aloof from contemporary politics (more, indeed, than is right), it is easy to criticise the *beaux esprits* of the day without touching on the politics of the day. But on our side of the Rhine, literary men, after a long period of indifference, are beginning to throw themselves heart and soul into the whirl of politics. You Frenchmen have been on your legs for half a century, and are now worn out; we Germans have stuck to our desks till now, annotating the classics, and want to stretch our legs. The reason I have hinted at prevents me from doing justice to an author on whom Madame de Staël bestows only a passing notice, but to whom the attention of the French public has since been directed by the clever articles of Philarète Chasles. I refer to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. He has been styled *the unique*, a most appropriate designation, the full significance of which I never fully appreciated till I began to rack my brains in the vain endeavour to classify him in a history of literature. His appearance was nearly contemporary with that of the Romantic school, but he had no part or lot in that school, any more than at a later period he had aught in common with the Artistic school of Goethe. He stands out from his times as an isolated figure, and that because in contrast to both these schools he threw himself into his times, because his heart was full of them. His heart and his writings were one and indivisible. This characteristic, this unity of the inner and outer man, is shared by the writers of Young Germany, who like Richter make no distinction between their lives and their writings, who refuse to divorce politics from science, and art from religion, who are at once artists, tribunes, and apostles.

Yes, I repeat the word; I know no better word to express my meaning than *apostles*. A new faith is inspiring

them with a passion of which writers of the preceding period had no conception—faith in progress—a faith which sprang from science. We have measured continents, weighed the forces of nature, counted the resources of industry, and lo! we have discovered that this earth is large enough to afford room for every one to build his cottage on and be happy; that this earth is sufficient to feed us all, if we all are willing to work without living at one another's expense; that we are not obliged to refer the poor, who form the vast majority, to Heaven. It is true that the number of these believers in science is still small. But the time has come when people are counted, not by heads, but by hearts. Is not the great heart of a single Heinrich Laube worth more than a whole menagerie of Raupachs and comedians?

I name Heinrich Laube, for how could I mention young Germany without thinking of that great fiery heart which is its bright particular star? Heinrich Laube, one of the writers who have come to the fore since the July Revolution, is a man whose social importance in Germany cannot as yet be fully appreciated. He has all the qualities that we find in authors of the preceding period, and adds to these virtues the apostolic zeal of young Germany. Moreover, his strong passion is tempered and refined by the taste of a true artist. His enthusiasm for beauty is as great as his enthusiasm for goodness; he has a delicate ear and a keen eye for nobility of form, and vulgar natures repel him, even when they are of service to the country as champions of the good cause. This artistic sense, which is innate in Laube, preserved him from the great error into which many vulgar patriots fall, who still continue to vilify and abuse our greatest artist, Goethe.

In this respect another quite recent writer, Karl Gutzkow, deserves the highest praise. If I mention him after Laube, it is certainly not because I rank his talents lower,

still less because I consider his influence less salutary. Karl Gutzkow is also, in my opinion, gifted in a high degree with creative power and fine critical acumen, and further, I am delighted by the just conception of our times and their needs that I find in his writings. But in all that Laube writes there is a majestic self-possession, a self-conscious grandeur, a calm sense of power, organ-tones, as it were, which affect me personally much more deeply than the picturesque word-painting and highly-spiced vivacity of Gutzkow's style.

Karl Gutzkow, as a man of true poetic feeling, was soon compelled, like Laube, to break with the zealots who vilify our great Master. The same remark applies to two distinguished writers of quite recent times who must be mentioned in connection with young Germany, L. Wienbarg and Gustav Schlesier. They certainly deserve mention among the leaders of the school, and have won for themselves an honourable name in Germany. This is not the place to enlarge on their talents and writings; I have already digressed too widely from my subject, and must despatch as briefly as may be what I have to say of Jean Paul.

I have already stated that the leading characteristic of Jean Paul Richter's genius was an anticipation of the tendencies of young Germany. But young Germany was more practical in its aims, and had the sense to steer clear of the abstruse complexity, the bizarre eccentricities, and unattractive style of Jean Paul's writings. To a clear-brained, logical Frenchman this style must always remain a mystery. The structure of Jean Paul's periods consists of an infinity of little chambers, often so small and narrow that if two ideas chance to meet in them, they cannot help knocking one another's heads; the ceiling is one mass of hooks on which Jean Paul hangs thoughts of various

sorts and kinds, and the walls are one mass of secret drawers in which he conceals emotions. No German author is so rich in thoughts and emotions, but he never allows them to ripen, and with all his wealth of brain and heart he astounds us far more than he refreshes us. Thoughts and feelings which, if they had been allowed to take proper root, to burgeon, branch, and blossom, would have grown into giants of the forest, these he plucks up when they are just beginning to shoot, often when they are still in the germ, and whole forests are thus served up on a vulgar dish as vegetables for our intellectual repast. A remarkable and not very palatable diet, for every stomach cannot stand young oaks, cedars, palms, and bananas in such quantities. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher, but a more inartistic writer and thinker is hardly conceivable. The characters in his novels are the creations of a true poet, but all these children of his fancy trail after them a long umbilical cord, and entangle and throttle themselves with it. Instead of thoughts he gives us thinking—we see the very process of his brain; he gives us, so to speak, more brains than thought; and, as he warms to his work, sallies of wit hop about him like brain-fleas. He is at once the most sparkling and most sentimental of writers.

But his sentimentality always gets the upper hand, and his laughter suddenly turns to tears. He often disguises himself as a sturdy vagabond, but then, like the prince incognito in the play, he suddenly throws open his frieze coat, and we see the diamond star.

In this respect Jean Paul exactly resembles the great Irishman with whom he is often compared. Like him, the author of "Tristram Shandy," after losing himself in the coarsest trivialities, can by a sudden and sublime transition

remind us of his royal rank, which puts him on a level with Shakespeare. Like Laurence Sterne, Jean Paul, too, has no self-respect, and appears *in puris naturalibus*, though with a certain awkward shyness, especially in sexual matters. Sterne shows himself to the public stripped and naked; Jean Paul has only holes in his breeches. Some critics have fallen into the error of supposing that Jean Paul has more genuine feeling than Sterne, because Sterne, as soon as the subject he is treating has reached a tragic climax, suddenly drops into a jesting vein of fun and laughter, while Jean Paul, directly his frolic takes a serious turn, falls to whining and whimpering, and deliberately sets the water-works running. But the critics are wrong. Sterne, perhaps, had deeper feelings than even Jean Paul, for he is a greater poet. He is, I repeat, a peer of Shakespeare's; Sterne, too, the Muses nursed upon the self-same hill, but, after the usual fashion of women, they spoilt him while still an infant with their caresses. He was the petted darling of the pale goddess of Tragedy. Once, in a fit of wild tenderness, she kissed him as though she would draw his whole heart through her lips with one long, passionate kiss, and the heart began to bleed, and suddenly understood all the sorrows of this world, and was filled with infinite sympathy. Poor young poet's heart! But Mnemosyne's younger daughter, the rosy goddess of jest, tripped up in haste and took the sick child in her arms, and tried to cheer him with laughter and song, and gave him her comic mask and cap and bells to play with, and kissed his lips to comfort him, and with that kiss he caught all her lightheadedness, all her wanton mirth, all her witty roguishness.

Since that day there has been a strange contradiction between Sterne's heart and Sterne's lips. Often when his heart is moved to tragic sorrow, and he would give utter-

ance to the deepest feelings of his bleeding heart, to his own astonishment there hover on his lips words of wild laughter and merriment.

## 4.

In the Middle Ages a belief was prevalent that when a building was to be erected something living should be slain, and the foundation-stone laid upon the victim's blood; this would make the building stand firm and immovable. Was this practice a relic of the pagan superstition that the favour of the gods was to be obtained by a bloody sacrifice, or was it a misconception of the Christian doctrine of the Atonement that produced this belief in the miraculous efficacy of blood and a consecration by blood—this religion of blood? Whatever its origin, the belief was universal, and songs and sagas are full of gruesome narratives of the slaughter of children or animals in order to secure the foundation of great buildings. Nowadays we are wiser; we no longer believe in the miraculous powers of blood, whether noble or divine, and the multitude believes only in money. Does our modern religion consist in the monetization of the Deity, or in the deification of money? In either case people believe only in money; only to coined metal, to the Host of silver and of gold, are any miraculous powers ascribed; money is their be-all and their end-all, and when they are erecting a building they are careful to place beneath the foundation-stone pieces of money, a box containing every current coin. So is it. As in the Middle Ages, not only material buildings, but the whole structure of Church and State rested on a belief in blood, so all our existing institutions rest on a belief in money, in current coin. The old belief was superstition, the modern belief is egotism pure and simple. The former destroyed the reason,

the latter will destroy the feelings. The day will come when human society will rest on a surer basis, and the best and wisest heads in Europe are painfully labouring to discover a new and better foundation. It was, perhaps, dissatisfaction with the prevailing belief in money, and disgust with the egotism which smirked and grinned on every face they met, that first prompted certain earnest poets of the Romantic school in Germany to fly from the present age to the past, and attempt a revival of mediævalism. Such may have been the motive of those writers in particular who did not belong to the innermost circle, the coterie whose members I discussed seriatim in my second book, having devoted the first book to the Romantic school in general. My reason for giving precedence to this small clique, the Cabinet Council, as it were, of the school, and devoting to it so large a space, was not its absolute literary merits, but its relative importance as a factor in the history of literature. This being my object, my motives will not be misinterpreted when writers like Zacharias Werner, Baron de la Motte Fouqué, and Ludwig Uhland obtain but a tardy and scant notice at my hands. All three, if judged by their absolute merits, would deserve a far fuller recognition than is here accorded them. Zacharias Werner was the only dramatic writer of the school whose plays were produced on the stage and applauded by the pit. Baron de la Motte Fouqué was the only epic poet of the school whose romances appealed to the general public. Ludwig Uhland was the only lyric poet of the school whose songs have made their way to the hearts of the multitude, and still live in men's mouths.

On this account all three of these poets may claim precedence of Tieck, whom I selected for special mention as one the best writers of the school. Tieck, though he has made the theatre his hobby, and has busied himself from his

youth up with stage effects and the pettiest details of the stage, has failed again and again in his aspirations to influence mankind from the boards of the theatre; Zacharias Werner has succeeded. Tieck was always forced to get together a drawing-room audience, to whom he could recite his plays and be certain of their applause. While De la Motte Fouqué was read with equal delight by duchesses and washerwomen, and blazed forth as the sun of lending libraries, Tieck was only the astral lamp of tea-parties, who basked in the mild beams of his poetry, and listened to his novels while placidly sipping their tea. His genius could not help profiting by the contrast between the strength of the poetry and the weakness of the tea, and at Berlin, where one gets the weakest tea, Tieck naturally passed for a strong poet. While Uhland's songs echo over hill and dale, are shouted by wild students, and murmured by tender maidens, not a single song of Tieck's has taken hold of us, not a single song of Ludwig Tieck's still rings in our ears; the public knows no single song of this great lyric poet.

Zacharias Werner was born at Königsberg in Prussia, November 18th, 1768. He had no personal relations with the Schlegels, but was connected with them only by literary sympathies. Though he never came in contact with them, he caught their meaning, and did his best to carry out their intentions in his writings. But the mediæval revival appealed to Werner only in one of its phases, as a return to hierarchical Catholicism; its feudal side stirred his sympathies less strongly. A circumstance for which his countryman, T. A. Hoffmann, vouches, throws a strange light on this peculiar bent. He tells us, in his "Brethren of Serapion," that Werner's mother was suffering from nervous disease, and during her pregnancy fancied that she was the Virgin, and about to give

birth to the Saviour. This religious madness was like a birthmark which defaced Werner's genius all his life through. In his works there is a dark stain of fanaticism; one only, "The Twenty-fourth of February," is free from it, and this is among the most precious productions of German dramatists, and created a greater *furore* on the stage than any other of Werner's plays. His other dramatic works appealed less to the gallery, as with all his drastic vigour he had hardly any acquaintance with the practical requirements of the stage.

Hoffmann's biographer, Criminal-Councillor Hitzig, wrote also Werner's life; a conscientious piece of work, and no less interesting to the psychologist than to the historian of literature. Werner, as I have lately been informed, passed some time in Paris, where he found peculiar attractions in the female philosophers of the Peripatetic school, who at that time frequented the *galeries* of the Palais Royal at night, flaunting it in all their finery. They would run after him and roast him, and laugh at his comic dress, and still more comic manners, That was in the good old days; later on, like the Palais Royal, Zacharias Werner was greatly altered; the last spark of pleasure was quenched in that troubled spirit when he entered the Order of St. Liguori at Vienna, and preached in the Church of St. Stephen's on the emptiness of all earthly things. He had discovered by experience that all is vanity. The girdle of Venus, he now asserted, is nothing but a hideous snake, and majestic Juno wears beneath her snowy robes a pair of buckskin breeches, not over clean. Brother Zacharias now scourged himself, and fasted and stormed against our ingrained worldliness. "Cursed is the flesh," he screamed so loudly, and with such a strong East-Prussian accent that the saints of St. Stephen's trembled in their niches, and the grisettes giggled in their sleeves. In addition to

this startling piece of information, he constantly assured his congregation that he was a great sinner.

Looked at more closely, the man was always consistent; only that at first he only put in verse what he afterwards put in practice. Even in his dramas the heroes are mostly monastic lovers, ascetic debauchees who have discovered a more exquisite delight in abstinence, who spiritualize their appetite by mortifying the flesh, and find a ghastly blessedness in the depths of mysticism—in a word, they are saintly *roués*.

Shortly before his death the dramatic instinct once again revived, and Werner wrote his last tragedy, entitled "The Mother of the Maccabees." In this play there is no attempt to wreath round the stern realities of profane history the gay flower of romance; to suit the sacred subject he chose a prolix ecclesiastical style; the rhythm is regular and solemn like a church-going bell, and moves as slowly as a Lent procession; the play is a legend of Palestine in the form of a Greek tragedy. It found little favour among mortals! whether it was more acceptable to the angels in Heaven, I know not.

Soon after its production Brother Zacharias died, at the beginning of the year 1823, having walked this sinful earth for fifty and four years.

Peace to his ashes! Let us pass on to the second poet of the Romantic triumvirate, the admirable Freiherr de la Motte Fouqué, born in Brandenburg in 1777, and appointed professor at the University of Halle in 1833. Before this he was a Major in the Prussian service, and one of the bard-heroes or hero-bards whose lyre and sword rang loudest in the so-called War of Freedom. His laurels are of the true sort; he is a genuine poet, and the consecration of the Muses rests upon his head. Few writers have excited such universal admiration as our ex-

cellent Fouqué once did. His readers are now confined to the public of the lending libraries, but this, after all, is a considerable public, and Herr Fouqué can boast that he is the only one of the Romantic school whose works have been appreciated by the lower as well as the higher classes. While the æsthetes at Berlin tea parties were turning up their noses at the fallen knight, I found in a little town in the Harz a marvellously pretty girl, who spoke with rapturous enthusiasm of Fouqué, and confessed with a blush that she would gladly give a year of her life to be allowed to kiss the author of "Undine." And I never saw a girl with prettier lips.

And what a delicious poem Undine is! The poem is itself a kiss; the genius of poesy kissed the sleeping Spring, who opened her eyes with a smile, and all the roses breathed forth their scent, and the nightingales their song, and the scent of the roses and the song of the nightingales our admirable Fouqué clothed in words, and named the whole "Undine."

I do not know whether the tale has been translated into French. It is the story of the lovely water-fay, who is soulless, and only gets a soul by falling in love with a knight—but, alas! together with this soul she gets her share of our human pains and sufferings; her knightly husband proves faithless, and she kisses him to death. Death in this book is, even as life, a kiss.

Undine may be looked upon as the muse of Fouqué's poetry. Though she is infinitely beautiful, though she suffers like one of us, and bears her full burden of earthly troubles, she is after all not a real human being. Now our age rejects all these creatures of air and water, however beautiful they may be; it requires real living forms; emphatically, does *not* require nixies who fall in love with noble knights. Thus it was that this retrograde

tendency, this harping on the praises of high birth, this constant glorification of old feudal times, this everlasting playing at chivalry, could not fail in the long run to displease cultivated middle-class feeling, and the German public turned a cold shoulder on the bard as a living anachronism. This constant sing-song of harness and barbed steeds, *châtelaines*, worshipful masters of the guild, dwarfs, varlets, castle chapels, devoir and devotion, and Heaven knows what else of mediæval jargon, began at last to pall; and when the ingenious Hidalgo Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué plunged deeper and deeper into his books of chivalry, and by dreaming of the past lost all sense of the present, even his best friends were compelled to shake their heads and leave him alone.

His later works are dull. The faults of his earlier writings are accentuated and aggravated. His knightly characters are all iron and sentiment, without either flesh or common sense. His women are lay figures, dolls with golden locks rippling over pretty flower-like faces. Like Walter Scott's works, Fouqué's romances of chivalry remind us of Gobelin tapestry, which with its rich forms and gorgeous colours delights our eyes, but leaves the mind unsatisfied—revels and pastoral sports, single combats, ancient manners and customs, all in due form and order, romantic but meaningless, showy but superficial. In the imitators of Fouqué, as in the imitators of Walter Scott, this trick of portraying the outside only, the dress and fashion, instead of the inner life and essential nature of men and things, is still more painfully apparent. This shallow superficiality is as rampant now in Germany as it is in England and France. Fiction may have ceased to occupy itself with the glorification of chivalry, and even touch on modern life, yet it sticks to the old style, the style which seizes on

the accidents and ignores the essentials of its subject. Instead of knowledge of men, our modern novelists display only knowledge of clothes, relying doubtless on the proverb, "Clothes make the man." How differently the older novelists went to work, especially in England. Richardson gives us the anatomy of the feelings; Goldsmith treats the love affairs of his heroes like a physician of the heart; the author of "Tristram Shandy" shows us the hidden depth of the soul; he opens a peep-hole and gives us a glimpse into its abysses, its paradises, and its dust-holes, and straight lets the curtain drop again. We have viewed as from the stalls this strange stage, the footlights and the perspective have produced their intended effect, and by seeming to have looked into infinite distance, we have got a feeling of infinity, of poetry. As for Fielding, he takes us straight behind the scenes; he shows us the paint which passes for emotion, the coarse springs which move our finest actions, the rosin which will blaze up as the lightning of inspiration, the kettle-drum, and upon it still resting peacefully the drummer-boy who will presently rattle out all the thunder of passion; in short, he shows us all our inner mechanism, the gigantic lie by help of which men appear to be other than they really are, and life is robbed of all the joys of reality. Yet why go to England for an example, when Goethe in his "Wilhelm Meister" has given us the very ideal of a novel?

Fouqué is a prolific writer, and the name of his romances is legion. "The Magic Ring" and "Theodolph the Islander" deserve special commendation. In his metrical dramas not written for the stage there are passages of great beauty. In particular, "Sigurd the Snake-slayer" is a daring attempt to dramatize the old Scandinavian legends of heroes, giants, magic, and all the rest of it. The leading character, Sigurd, is a gigantic figure, strong as the

crags of Norway, and furious as the ocean that lashes them; he is bold as a hundred lions, with the wit of two asses.

Fouqué has also written songs which are grace itself; light, brilliant, rainbow-hued, flitting hither and thither like sweet lyric humming-birds.

But the lyric poet-laureate is Herr Ludwig Uhland, who was born at Tübingen in 1787, and is now practising as a lawyer at Stuttgart. He has published one volume of poems, two tragedies, and two treatises on Walter von der Vogelweide and the French Troubadours—historical monographs which show a diligent study of the Middle Ages. His tragedies are "Louis of Bavaria" and "Duke Ernest of Swabia;" the former I have not read myself, and I am told it is inferior; the latter, however, is of great beauty, and is distinguished by nobility of feeling and dignity of conception. An air of poetry breathes through it, which is wholly lacking even in the most approved pieces of our modern stage. German lealty is the subject of the drama,—a sturdy oak that defies every blast of heaven; in the background, too, German love, a modest violet scarce noticed at a distance, yet its scent touches a deeper chord, just because the flower is half hidden. The drama—lyric, it should rather be called—contains passages which must be reckoned among the pearls of German literature; but the theatre-going public received the play with indifference, or rather with aversion. Yet I would not censure too severely the honest groundlings for their taste. These people have definite requirements which they expect the author to satisfy; and the poet's work should not simply satisfy his own sympathies and feelings, but rather the appetite of the public. The public is just like the hungry Bedouin of the desert, who thinks he has picked up a bag of peas, and

tears it open to find to his disgust that it is only pearls. The public can relish Herr Raupach's dried peas and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's broad beans, but Uhland's pearls it cannot stomach.

As, in all probability, Frenchmen do not know who Madame Birch-Pfeiffer and Herr Raupach are, I must inform them that this immortal couple rank as brother and sister, and, like Apollo and Diana, receive the chief worship in our modern temples of dramatic art in Germany. Certainly Herr Raupach is just as like Apollo as Madame Birch-Pfeiffer is like Diana. To descend to the realities of vulgar life, Madame Pfeiffer is leading lady at the Court Theatre at Vienna, and Raupach is the theatrical poet by appointment to his Majesty the King of Prussia. The lady has written a number of dramas, in which she acts herself.

I must in passing notice a curious fact which to Frenchmen will seem almost incredible. Many of our actors are at the same time dramatists and write their own plays. This unfortunate state of things has been traced to an imprudent remark of Tieck's, who once asserted in his critical essays that actors can always play better in a bad than in a good piece. Our comedians accepted this remark as an axiom, and took to scribbling *en masse*, wrote tragedies and comedies by the dozen, and it was sometimes difficult to determine whether a vain actor had purposely written a bad piece in order to show off his acting in it, or whether he was acting badly in a piece of his own composition to make us believe that the play was good. The player and the playwright, who had previously stood to one another on the footing of colleagues (we might say as the hangman and the hanged), were now at open war. The actors sought to drive the poets off the stage, under pretence that they understood nothing of theatrical re-

quirements, knew nothing of startling effects and *coups de théâtre*, a knowledge which only actors could gain by experience and apply to playwriting. Thus it came to pass that actors (dramatic artists, they preferred to be called) played by preference in their own pieces, or, at least, in pieces written by "an artist"—by one of themselves. And it must be allowed that these pieces satisfied all their requirements. They found in them their favourite costumes, their flesh-coloured poetry, their sensational exits, their conventional grimaces, their tinsel phrases, and all their stage thunder and lightning—a language heard nowhere but on the stage, flowers that grow only on this artificial soil, fruit that ripens only under the footlights, nature quickened, not by the breath of God, but of the prompter, rage that shakes nothing but the slips, soft melancholy piped through flageolets, rouged innocence treading the path of dalliance, emotion paid by the month, flourish of trumpets, and so forth.

So entirely have German players emancipated themselves from poets—I may say, from poetry—that they now suffer nothing but mediocrity to show its face in their province, and they take very good care that no true poet shall smuggle himself in under the cloak of mediocrity. How many trials Herr Raupach had to undergo before he succeeded in establishing a footing on the stage! Even now they keep a sharp eye on him, and if he happens to write a play that is not utterly bad, he stands in such dread of being ostracized by the players, that he feels bound to produce forthwith another dozen of utter rubbish. The word "dozen" will make my readers stare, but I assure them that I am not exaggerating. It is a simple fact that Raupach does write a dozen plays a year, and the public is enraptured with such productivity. "There's no magic in it," as Jantjen, the Amsterdam conjuror, tells us when we

gape at his wonderful performances; "there's no magic; it all depends on sleight of hand."

But there is a special reason for Herr Raupach's success on the German stage. Though a German by birth, Raupach lived for many years in Russia. It was there that he received his training, and it was the Muscovite muse that initiated him into poetry. This muse, the sable-clad beauty with the tip-tilted nose, offered to our poet her brimming brandy cup of inspiration, hung over his shoulder her quiver with Kirgheez shafts of wit, and placed in his hands her tragic knout. When thus equipped he first attacked our hearts, how he took us all by storm! The strangeness of this new apparition could not fail to surprise and astonish. We did not like him indeed in civilized Germany, but his Sarmatian savagery, his clumsy agility, a kind of growling aggressiveness in his proceedings, dumbfoundered the public. It was indeed a novel spectacle to see Herr Raupach mounted on his Sclavic Pegasus, a shaggy pony, galloping over the steppes of poetry, and pounding his dramatical subject into fit condition by carrying it under his saddle. This was approved in Berlin, where all that is Russian is sure to be well received. Herr Raupach succeeded in making good his footing there; he ingratiated himself with the actors, and ever since, as I have already stated, Raupach-Apollo with Diana-Birch-Pfeiffer at his side is worshipped in the temple of dramatic art. Thirty thalers is the price he gets for every act that he writes, and he never writes a play with fewer than six acts, the first act being called a prologue. All conceivable subjects has he stuck under the saddle of his Pegasus, and ridden into readiness for the stage. No hero is safe from this tragic fate; even Siegfried the dragon-slayer has been over-ridden. The muse of German history is in despair; like a second Niobe she gazes with blanched

cheeks at her noble sons done to death by this Raupach-Apollo. Jupiter preserve us! he has even dared to lay hands on the Hohenstaufens, our dear old Swabian emperors. It was not enough for Friedrich Raumer to butcher them in history, Herr Raupach must needs come to cut them up for the stage. He takes Raumer's lay-figures and clothes them in his leather poetry—his Russia-leather; and the sight of these caricatures and their evil odour will end by spoiling all our pleasure in the memory of the grandest and noblest emperors of our German fatherland. And yet the police do not interfere; nay, I am not sure that they have not a hand in the crime. Upstart royalties do not care to have the nation reminded of the old imperial houses, whose place they would like to fill. It is not to Immermann, not to Grabbe, not even to Herr Uechtritz, that Berlin managers apply to put a Barbarossa on the stage, but to Herr Raupach. But even Raupach is strictly forbidden to thrust a Hohenzollern under the saddle of his Pegasus. Should he ever show signs of any such inclination, he would soon be assigned to the lock-up as his Helicon. While intending to speak of Uhland, I have plunged into a discussion on Herr Raupach and Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, but I must lay the blame on the association of ideas which arises from contrast. Although this godlike couple do not belong to literature proper—our stage Diana even less so than our stage Apollo—I felt bound nevertheless to notice them as the representatives of our existing drama. I owed it to our true poets to mention, as briefly as might be, who are the sort of people that usurp the sovereignty of the stage in Germany.

5.

I find myself at this point in a strange dilemma. I am bound not to leave unnoticed the collected poems of Ludwig Uhland, and at the same time I am not in the right mood for such criticism. Silence might be interpreted as cowardice or even perfidy, and perfect frankness might be construed as lack of charity. Indeed, I know that the kith and kin of Uhland's muse and his literary clansmen will scarcely be content with the amount of enthusiasm that I can now command. But I must beseech them to take into consideration the conditions under which I am writing, the time and place. Twenty years ago I was a youth, and with what youthful enthusiasm and rapture would I have sung the praise of my beloved Uhland! Perhaps I could better then appreciate his merits than I can now; then we were more akin in thoughts and feelings. But how much has happened since then! What then seemed to me so grand, that world of chivalry and Catholicism, those knights who jousted and fought so gallantly, those gentle squires and virtuous dames, those heroic Northmen and Minnesingers, those monks and nuns, those ancestral vaults with their mysterious terrors, pale resignation and tolling bells, that iteration of whining melancholy—how has it all turned to gall and wormwood! Once, once it was different. How often have I sat amid the ruins of the old castle of Düsseldorf on the Rhine, and recited to myself the loveliest of all Uhland's lyrics!

The gentle shepherd passed so nigh,
So nigh beneath the royal tower;
The maiden heaved a deep-drawn sigh,
As forth she looked from her high bower.

She looked on him with longing gaze:
"Ah shepherd, might I win to thee;
How white the lambs by thee that graze,
How red the flowers by me!"

The shepherd greets her in return:
"O wouldst thou come to me below!
Thy cheeks, how rosy-red they burn!
Those arms are white as snow."

Each morn as on his way he passed,
Oppressed with hopes and fears,
Upwards his silent gaze he cast,
Until his love appears.

Then "Welcome, welcome, princess mine,"
His voice rang true and clear;
Then echoed back her voice benign,
"I thank thee, shepherd dear!"

The winter passed, and fields were pied
With April flow'rets as of yore;
The shepherd to the castle hied,
But she appeared no more.

"O welcome, welcome, princess dear!"
Uprose his desperate cry;
A ghostly knell rang on his ear,
"O shepherd mine, good-bye!"

Sitting amid the ruins of the old castle at Düsseldorf, and reciting this ballad, I sometimes fancied that I heard the nixies of the Rhine, which flows past its walls, mimicking the words after me; a sigh, a moan came up from the river with comic pathos:—

"A ghostly knell rang on his ear,
'O shepherd mine, good-bye!'"

But I was not abashed or troubled by the mocking banter of water-witches, or their ironic titters at the most pathetic passages of Uhland's poems. My youthful modesty led

me to suppose that they must be giggling at me, more especially in the gloaming, when, as night approached, I would declaim in somewhat louder tones, in order to dispel the weird terrors of the old haunted castle; for the story went that at night a headless woman might be seen walking among the ruins. I sometimes thought I heard her long silken train rustle past me, and my heart beat loud and fast.——That was the time and place for me to be enthusiastic over "Poems by Ludwig Uhland."

I hold in my hands the same volume, but twenty years have flown since then, during which I have heard and seen much (God knows how much!). I no longer believe in headless creatures, and the old supernatural spell no longer affects my nerves. The house in which I am sitting and reading is in the Boulevard Montmartre, where most of all the tide of daily life surges and eddies, and the voices of the age are shrillest—laughing, grumbling, drumming; the National Guard goes past like a whirlwind; and all the world talks French. I ask you is this a time, is this a place to read Uhland's poem? Three times have I declaimed to myself the last lines of that ballad, but I no longer feel the infinite pathos that once I felt when the fair princess dies, and the gentle shepherd looks up and cries so despairingly, "O welcome, welcome, princess mine!"

> "A ghostly knell rang on his ear,
> 'O shepherd mine, good-bye!'"

Perhaps, too, my passion for such poems has somewhat cooled since I discovered that love has far keener sorrows than this of never attaining its object, or losing it through death. Indeed, it is far worse to bear when the object of our love lies in our arms day and night, but spoils our nights and days by constant perversity and idiotic

caprices, so that we are forced to thrust from our heart what our heart most loves, and pack off by the diligence the woman whom we love to perdition:—

"O princess dear, good-bye!"

Yes, far worse than loss by death is loss by living—for instance, when our heart's queen takes some mad whim into her head, insists on going to a ball where no respectable man can accompany her, goes there in an outrageous dress and coquettish coiffure, offers her arm to the first scamp she meets, and turns her back on us—

"O shepherd mine, good-bye!"

Perhaps Herr Uhland fared no better than we. His mood, too, must have changed somewhat since then. With a few slight exceptions he has for the last twenty years produced nothing new in poetry. I cannot believe that such a fine poetic temperament was so niggardly endowed by nature as to have but one springtide. I would rather account for Uhland's silence by the incompatability of his poetical bent and the exigencies of his political position. The elegiac poet who sang the past age of Catholic feudalism in his exquisite ballads and romances, the Ossian of Mediævalism, was converted into a zealous champion of the people's rights in the Würtemberg assembly, and a bold advocate of civil equality and intellectual freedom. That this new ardour for democracy and Protestantism was real and genuine in Uhland is proved by the great personal sacrifices that it entailed. If, before, he won the poet's laurels, he has now richly earned the civic crown of oak. But his admiration of the new era, because it was so sincere, prevented him from continuing to sing the praises of the past with his old enthusiasm, and as Uhland's Pegasus was a barbed

steed that trotted gaily enough back to the past, but came to a dead stand when urged forward to the fields of modern life, his gallant rider dismounted with a smile, quietly unsaddled the obstinate beast, and sent him back to the stables. There he stands to the present day, and like his stable-mate, the steed of Bayard, he has every virtue under the sun, and only one defect—he is dead.

Keener eyes than mine must have seen from the first that this charger, with his armorial trappings and gallant plumes, never quite suited his *bourgeois* rider, who wore silk stockings and shoes instead of jackboots and golden spurs, and instead of a helmet a Tübingen doctor's cap. They doubtless discovered that Herr Ludwig Uhland was never quite in sympathy with his subject, that he does not reproduce even in an idealized form the naïve, grim, and vigorous tones of the Middle Ages, but translates them into a sentimental and somewhat morbid melancholy; that he has macerated (if I may so express myself) the rude strains of the heroic saga and the *Volkslied*, to make them palatable to modern tastes. I must confess that when closely examined the women in Uhland's poetry are only fair shadows, corporealized moonshine, with milk in their veins instead of blood, and sweet dewdrops in their eyes instead of salt tears. If we compare Uhland's knights with the knights of epic poetry they seem to be made of tin armour, with nothing but flowers beneath it instead of flesh and bones. Thus for delicate noses Uhland's knights have a far more refined and troubadour-like odour about them than the genuine old warriors who wore iron breeches, ate much, and swilled still more. But this is no disparagement to Uhland. He never intended to reproduce for us the very form and pressure of the German past, but meant doubtless to enchant us with its shadowy image reflected for us in the mirror of his genial muse. This

doubtless gives his poems a peculiar charm, and has won for them the admiration of many tender and gentle souls. Pictures of the past do not lose their spell even when produced by a very feeble magic-lantern. Even men who have thrown in their lot with modern times still retain a secret sympathy with old days; we are strangely moved by these ghostly voices, though they reach us only in a feeble echo. Thus we can readily understand how the ballads and romances of our admirable Uhland find admirers not only among the patriots of 1813, among pious youths and lovelorn demoiselles, but also among many leaders of modern thought and progress.

In speaking of patriots I have added "of 1813," in order to distinguish them from the modern lovers of their country who have ceased to live on recollections of the War of Liberation. The older race of patriots could not help being delighted with Uhland's poetry, as most of Uhland's poems are impregnated with the spirit of their age, an age when they themselves were revelling in the heyday of their youthful aspirations. This partiality for Uhland's poems they handed down to their followers, and with the young men who belonged to the gymnastic clubs it used to be regarded as a note of patriotism to purchase a copy of Uhland's poems. They found in it lyrics that even Max von Schenkendorf and Herr Ernst Moritz Arndt could not have beaten. Indeed, what descendant of doughty Arminius and blonde Thusnelda will not approve this poem of Uhland's?—

Forward, brothers, forward all!
Russia sounds the trumpet call.
Forward!

Prussia hears the trumpet strain,
Hears and echoes it again.
Forward!

Rouse thee, Austria, from thy rest,
Forward, marching breast to breast.
Forward!

Rouse thee, ancient Saxon land,
Forward, ever hand in hand.
Forward!

Munich, Hesse, march in line,
Franks and Swabians, to the Rhine!
Forward!

Forward, Dutch and Belgic lands,
Freedom's falchion in your hands.
Forward!

Hail, our leaguèd Swiss ally,
Lorraine, Alsace, Burgundy.
Forward!

Forward, England! forward, Spain!
Brothers, swell our gathering train.
Forward!

On, the wind blows fair, still on!
On, the port is well-nigh won.
Forward!

Forward,[1] 'tis a Marshal's call,
Forward, gallant warriors all!
Forward!

The men of 1813, I repeat, find in Uhland's poems a splendid record of the spirit of their age, not only the political, but the moral and æsthetic spirit as well. Uhland represents a whole epoch, and he is now almost the only one, other representatives having fallen into oblivion, swallowed up, as it were, and incorporated in Uhland. The dominant tone of Uhland's lyrics, ballads, and romances is identical with that of all his Romantic contemporaries, and several of them have produced at least as good, if not better, work. I am reminded that this is the

[1] "Forwärts" was a sobriquet of Field-marshal Blücher.

proper place to mention several remaining writers of the Romantic school, who, as regards the subject and *motif* of their poems, present, as I have remarked, a striking likeness to Uhland, and, as regards true poetry, need fear no comparison with Uhland, the only distinction being that they lack, perhaps, Uhland's clearness of outline and certainty of touch. For instance, what an admirable poet is Freiherr von Eichendorf! The lyrics that he has woven into his novel, "Ahnung und Gegenwart" ("Forecasts and the Present"), are absolutely indistinguishable from Uhland's, even from his best work. If there is a difference to be detected, it is that Eichendorf's forests wear a fresher green, that his lyrics are more flawless crystals. Herr Justinus Kerner, too, though almost an unknown name, deserves no less honourable mention. He too composed nervous lyric verse in the same style and strain as Uhland, whose countryman he is. The same remarks apply to Herr Gustav Schwab, a better known poet, who likewise sprung from Swabian soil, and puts forth each year fresh blossoms full of lyric sweetness and beauty. His forte is the ballad, and his renderings of native myths and legends in this form are most delightful. Nor must I pass over Wilhelm Müller, who was snatched away by death in the very prime of youth. As an imitator of German *Volkslieds*, he is the very counterpart of Uhland, but, if I am not mistaken, he is sometimes even more successful than Uhland in this province, and surpasses him in naturalness. He was more deeply penetrated by the spirit of old ballad poetry, and so had no occasion to copy closely the outward form. Consequently his adaptations are less laboured, and he sensibly avoids all obsolete turns and phrases. I must also recall to memory the name of Wetzel, a poet who, since his decease, has passed out of sight and out of mind. He, too, is akin to our excellent Uhland, and in

some of his lyrics that I have seen he surpasses Uhland in sweetness and heartfelt emotion. These lyrics, half flowers and half butterflies, bloomed and flitted about in the older volumes of Brockhaus's annual, "Urania." That most of Clemens Brentano's lyrics are inspired by the same tone and sentiment as Uhland's is natural. They both drew from the same source of national ballads, and they offer us the same poetic draught; only the cup that holds it, the form, is more shapely in the case of Uhland. Adalbert von Chamisso does not properly fall within my present province. Though a contemporary of the Romantic school, and a participator in the movement, his genius has of late years renewed its youth in a manner that is almost miraculous. He has struck an entirely new chord, made his mark as one of the most original of modern writers, and belongs far more to young than to old Germany. But in the lyrics of his earlier period we feel the same air that breathes upon us from Uhland's poems—the same tune, the same colouring, the same aroma, the same melancholy, the same tears—Chamisso's tears may perhaps affect us more, welling as they do from a stronger heart, like a mountain spring.

The poems which Uhland has composed in the metres of Southern Europe bear also a strong family likeness to the sonnets, assonances, and *ottava rima* of his congeners—in fact, are indistinguishable from them both in form and sentiment. But, as I have already remarked, most of Uhland's contemporaries have passed into oblivion, themselves and their poems. The poems can only be unearthed with difficulty from forgotten collections—the "Poet's Grove," the "Minstrel Voyage," the Ladies' Almanacks and Poetical Almanacks that Fouqué and Tieck published, old periodicals such as Achim von Arnim's "Sweets for Solitude," in the "Magic Wand," edited by Heinrich

Straube and Rudolph Christiani, in the journals of the day, and God knows where else.

Uhland is not the father of a school, like Schiller or Goethe, or any one of the writers of marked originality who struck a distinct and individual note, the echo of which can be unmistakably detected in the poems of their contemporaries. Uhland is not the father, but himself the child of a school, the note of which he catches; and even this note did not originate with the school, but was painfully beaten out by its disciples from previous poetical works. But this want of originality—of a new and distinctive *cachet*—is compensated by innumerable excellencies, as rare as they are brilliant. Uhland is the pride of Swabia, the favoured land that bore him, and every member of the German family takes delight in his noble minstrelsy. To the public who love and honour him he stands as the one lyric poet—the lyric embodiment, as it were, of the whole Romantic school; and at the present moment we love and honour him all the more because we seem in danger of parting from him for ever.

Alas! it is no passing fancy, but obedience to the stern law of necessity, that is causing Germany to move—good, peace-loving Germany. She casts a last fond look on the past that she is leaving behind her; once more she bends sorrowfully over the bygone ages that gaze at us from Uhland's poems, so corpse-like and so pale, and she leaves them with a parting kiss. Let me add a kiss—nay, add a tear! But no more dallying with idle grief—

> Forward! forward! one and all,
> France has raised the trumpet call,
> Forward!

6.

"When, after long years, the Emperor Otho III. reached the grave where the bones of Karl were interred, he entered the tomb in the company of two bishops and Count von Laumel (to whom we owe this narrative). The corpse was not lying down, as dead men are wont to lie, but sat upright in a chair like one alive. On the head was a crown of gold, and the sceptre was grasped by the hands, which were encased in gauntlets, though the nails had grown till they pierced through the leather. The vault was of marble and cement, a strong and permanent structure. In order to enter, a breach had to be made. Immediately on entering a strong smell was perceived. All straightway fell on their knees to do reverence to the dead. Emperor Otho clad him in a white robe, cut his nails, and repaired all that was defective. Of his body nothing had decayed, save that the tip of his nose was gone; Otho had it made good with gold. Finally he took from Karl's mouth a tooth, ordered the vault to be walled up again, and left the spot. . . . The night after it is said that Karl appeared to him in a dream, and announced that Otho would not attain to old age, and would leave no heirs behind him."

The narrative comes to us from the "German sagas," nor is it the only example of its kind. Your monarch, King Francis, in the same way had the grave of Roland opened to see for himself whether the illustrious hero was of such gigantic stature as the poets boast. This was shortly before the battle of Pavia. So, too, Sebastian of Portugal had the vaults of his ancestors opened, and gazed at the dead monarchs on the eve of his expedition to Africa.

'Tis a strange and gruesome curiosity that so often impels us mortals to gaze into the graves of the past. It

manifests itself at extraordinary periods, at the close of an epoch, or shortly before a catastrophe. In our own age we have witnessed such a manifestation, and this time it was a mighty sovereign—the French Nation—which suddenly was seized with the fancy to open the tomb of the past, and to contemplate by daylight its dilapidated echoing vaults. There was no lack of learned body-snatchers with spades and crowbars to clear away the old rubbish and break open the vaults. A strong scent was detected, which tickled the noses of the gentlemen who were *blasés* with attar of roses, and was pronounced by them Gothic *haut goût*. French writers knelt in reverence before disentombed Mediævalism. One clad him in a white robe; another cut his nails; a third repaired his nose; to crown it all, certain poets came and pulled out his teeth—just like Emperor Otho.

Whether the ghost of Mediævalism appeared to these teeth-extractors and foretold the speedy downfall of the whole Romantic dynasty, I cannot tell. My sole object in mentioning this phase of French literature is in order to state expressly that in criticising somewhat sharply, as I have in this volume, a similar phase of German literature, I had no intention of attacking the French Romantic school either directly or indirectly. The German writers who disentombed mediævalism had wholly different aims, as my readers have perceived, and their influence on the general public was endangering the freedom and happiness of my country. The French school wrote only in the interest of art, and the French public sought only to satisfy their suddenly awakened curiosity. The majority looked into the grave of the past only in order to pick up some interesting costumes for the Carnival. The Gothic revival in France was only a fashion of the day, and served only to heighten the gaiety of the present. Frenchmen let their

hair stream down their shoulders in mediæval style, and a passing remark of the hairdresser, that this style was not in vogue, sufficed to make them cut it short, together with the rest of their mediæval ideas. In Germany, alas! it is different, doubtless because in Germany mediævalism is not dead and turned to clay, as it is with you. German mediævalism is not rotting in its grave; no, it is animated by an evil spirit, and stalks among us in broad daylight, and sucks the red blood from our hearts.——Alas, can you not see how sad and wan our Germany looks! most of all, our German youth who a little while ago were shouting so jubilantly. See you not what a bloody mouth the vampire has, the imperial ghoul who resides at Frankfort, where he slowly, sleepily, sucks at the heart of the German people?

My general observations on the characteristics of the Middle Ages have a special application to the religion of those times. I am bound in simple fairness to state that what is known as the Catholic party in France has nothing in common with the miserable crew who bear the same name in Germany. It is only of the latter that I have spoken in these pages, and the terms I have applied to them still seem to me far milder than they deserve. They are the foes of my country—a pack of reptiles, hypocrites, liars, arrant cowards. They hiss in Berlin, they hiss in Munich; and while you are walking on the Boulevard Montmartre, you may suddenly feel their sting in your heel. But we are crushing the head of the old serpent. They are the party of lies, the catchpolls of despotism, the restorers of all the meanness and misery and horrors and follies of the past. Wide as the poles asunder is that party which in France bears the name of Catholic, and which numbers among its leaders the ablest writers in France. Though we can hardly count them our brothers-in-arms, yet they are fighting for the same cause as we, the cause of humanity.

In our love of humanity we are one, and we differ only in our views of what is best for the common weal. *They* think that mankind needs only spiritual consolation; we, on the contrary, hold that they have far more need of material happiness; and when these French Catholics, mistaking their true character, announce themselves as the party of the past, as the restorers of a creed outworn, we must defend them against themselves. The eighteenth century stamped out Catholicism in France so utterly, that scarce a living trace of it was left, and the man who would set up Catholicism again in France has, as it were, to preach an entirely new religion. By France I understand Paris, not the provinces, for what the provinces think is as indifferent a matter as what our legs think; it is the head, the brain, that thinks. I was told that Frenchmen in the provinces were good Catholics. I can neither affirm nor deny the fact. The people whom I met in the provinces all reminded me of milestones; I could read inscribed on their foreheads their greater or less distance from the capital. The women, doubtless, seek consolation in the Christian religion because they cannot live in Paris. In Paris, since the Revolution, Christianity has ceased to exist, and even before then it had lost all real significance. It lay *perdu* in some remote church corner, like a spider ready to dart forth whenever there was a child in the cradle or an old man in his coffin to be caught. It was only at these two periods of his life, when he was entering or when he was leaving the world, that the Frenchman came under the dominion of the Catholic priest; all the intervening time he was under the power of reason, and laughed at holy water and extreme unction. Can this be called the supremacy of Catholicism? It was because Catholicism was extinct in France that it succeeded, under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., in winning over even a few whose motives were disinterested, by the

simple charm of novelty. Catholicism at that date had all the attraction of a new invention, of a fresh surprise. The religion which immediately before that epoch had been supreme in France was Classical mythology, and this fair form of faith had been so successfully preached by her authors, poets, and artists, that at the end of the last century Frenchmen's thoughts and actions were both cast in a purely pagan mould. During the Revolution Classical religion flourished in all its power and glory; not the pseudo-Classicalism of Alexandria—Paris was a natural continuation of Athens and Rome. Under the Empire this Classical revival again died out; Greek gods were no longer supreme, except upon the stage, and Roman virtue flourished only on the battlefield; a new religion had arisen, a religion summed up in the sacred name—Napoleon. This faith is still dominant among the masses. Those who would infer that the French nation is irreligious because it no longer believes in Christ and his saints, are mistaken. It would be more correct to say that the irreligiousness of Frenchmen consists in their now worshipping a mortal instead of the immortal gods; it consists in their no longer believing in Jupiter, in Diana, in Minerva, and in Venus. The last point is perhaps doubtful; as far as concerns the Graces, Frenchmen, to the best of my knowledge, have always remained orthodox.

I hope that these remarks will not be misunderstood; my express purpose in making them is to preserve the readers of this book from a mischievous misunderstanding.

# APPENDICES.

# APPENDICES.

## APPENDIX I.

### A Bibliographical and Biographical Note on the "Harzreise" and "Norderney."

THE first mention of the "Harzreise" occurs in a letter of Heine to Moser, dated 25th October, 1824:—"The trip did me a great deal of good, and I feel all the stronger for it. I explored the whole of the Harz, on foot and mostly alone—lovely mountains, lovely forests and valleys—and once more breathed freely. I returned by way of Eisleben, Halle, Jena, Weimar, Erfurt, Gotha, Eisenach, and Cassel, still tramping it. There was enough to delight and charm me by the way, and, if I had not all the time been haunted by the ghost of Jurisprudence, I should have found it a glorious world. I've plenty to tell you about this Harz tour, but I've begun to write it all down, and shall probably send it Gubitz in the course of the winter. I intend to introduce some of the poetry which you affect—fine generous feelings, and suchlike sentimental rubbish. What would you have? To set oneself against conventional platitude is a thankless task. . . . I was at Weimar; the beer there is first-rate. . . . It was delicious to meet a theological student in the Harz who had burdened his knapsack with a copy of my 'Tragedies,' and was devoting his vacation to the pleasure of refuting them. I am daily

meeting with similar humours, which sometimes flatter and sometimes humiliate me. . . . Long tramps, always on foot, and with nothing but my old shabby brown overcoat. The beer at Weimar is really first-rate; more thereof when we meet."

By the end of November Heine had finished the "Harzreise," and sent the MS. to "Uncle Henry" at Hamburg "as a private treat for himself and the women-folk." "There are," he writes, "plenty of fine things in it, in particular a new kind of verse; is written in a lively enthusiastic style. I mean to print it when I get it back from Hamburg; it is certain to take—a regular piece of patchwork."

To his friend Ludwig Robert, whose wife had asked him for a contribution to the "Rheinblüthen," a magazine of which she was editor, he writes:—"The prettiest thing that I've written lately is a description of a tour in the Harz that I made last autumn, a medley of landscape-painting, wit, poetry, and reflection *à la* Washington Irving. I am sure that you will be as glad to read it as I am sorry to send it off, for I shall have to alter and omit much of my MS." He had been persuaded against his will by the wife of his correspondent to let the "Harzreise" appear in the "Rheinblüthen," but he was none the less disgusted when the annual volume failed to appear, and the MS. was returned on his hands. He sent it off to Berlin, where it was accepted by the "Gesellschafter," but was much curtailed and mutilated by the editor.

During the next year he worked at the original MS., subjecting it to a thorough revision, and adding the brilliant caricature of the University of Göttingen as an introduction, and what he calls in his letters "the May-day phantasy"—the students' carouse on the Brocken. It finally appeared in its present form, as part of the first volume of the "Reisebilder," about the end of May, 1826, published

by Campe, to whom he sold the copyright for fifty louis d'or.

After taking his doctor's degree, Heine set his heart on a holiday in the island of Norderney, and his uncle Salomon supplied him with the means. Here he found relief from his nervous headaches, which had grown worse during the last year or two, and thoroughly enjoyed the quiet of the place and the simple ways of the fisher-folk. The aristocratic society who frequented the watering-place in the bathing season he mostly avoided, and was intimate with no one except the Princess Solms-Lich, a highly cultivated woman, and a friend of his friend Varnhagen. He spent long summer days cruising round the solitary islands, stretched at length on the deck, watching sky and ocean, or listening to the yarns of the boatmen. It may be said that Heine was the first German poet who made the sea known to his countrymen.

Adolf Stahr, in his "Two Months in Paris," relates an interesting conversation he had with Heine on the new departure in German literature that the poet had attempted in the "Nordseebilder." "All art," said the poet, "requires a certain admixture of charlatanism to recommend it to the public. One can only produce an effect by using conceptions which are familiar to the general reader, and one's own wider conceptions must be excluded from such poetical descriptions. The charlatanism of which I speak consists partly in lowering oneself to the point of view and the intelligence of the multitude. This was the great difficulty that I encountered as a poet of the sea. For who in Germany at the time I wrote knew the sea? Now things have changed; now that railroads and steamers have made travelling an easy matter, everyone knows it. But at that time in describing the sea one was describing something absolutely unknown to one's readers, and this

they always resent. Moreover, as my descriptions were in verse, I had to confine myself to mere banalities. Once I was two or three weeks alone with the schoolmaster at Wangeroge after all the other visitors had left. At last even I was bored. I had sent on my heavy luggage beforehand, and I wanted to convey myself with my kit to the Oldenburg coast, and so reach Hamburg. But days passed, and no ship came in sight; I sat on the sand-dunes as if spell-bound. At last a ship appeared, and I had myself taken on board—I mean I was carried in a cart. But shortly after we were stopped by a calm, and could not make the land. So we lay to in sight of the coast, till I could stand it no longer, and taking advantage of low tide I waded the whole distance to land with my kit on my head."

And in the same sense he writes to Simrock after the publication of the first volume of the "Reisebilder:"—"Whether the 'Nordseebilder' will suit the taste of the public is to me very doubtful. Our ordinary freshwater readers are likely to be made sick merely by the unusual movement of the metre. Yet it keeps to the old ruts, and never leaves the smooth respectable high road."

Heine, like Byron, had a genuine passion for the sea, and this passion breathes through many of his exquisite *Lieder*:—

> My heart is like the ocean,
> Has storm and ebb and flow;
> And priceless pearls unnumbered
> Sleep in its depths below.

The next year the visit to Norderney was repeated, with the same benefit to his health. Except for a short spell at the gaming-tables, which he soon abandoned more from *ennui* than bad luck, and a violent but short-lived flirtation, it was passed like the first almost entirely in cruising about and yarning with the fishermen.

By the beginning of October, 1826, a month or two after the appearance of the first volume of the "Reisebilder," he was at home again at Lüneburg, and had nearly finished the second cycle of the "Seebilder," and was well advanced with the third part of the "Nordsee," and the "Buch Le Grand." "You'll see," he writes to Merckel, in his last letter from Lüneburg, "*le petit bonhomme vit encore.* The book will make a great stir, not by reason of private scandals, but of the great world interests it expresses. Napoleon and the French Revolution are painted life-size. Don't breathe a word about it; I hardly dare to confide the contents of the book to Campe before the time. It must be out before a soul there [at Hamburg] knows a syllable of it." On the 15th January, 1827, Heine went to Hamburg to supervise the printing on the spot, and it was not before the middle of April that the book, forming the second volume of the "Reisebilder," was published. "It was a time of oppression and of arrested growth," so wrote Heine on a later occasion, "when I wrote the second volume of the 'Reisebilder,' and printed it off as fast as I wrote it. But before it appeared the public got an inkling of its drift, and there were rumours that my book was meant to revivify the cowed spirit of freedom, and that measures were already being taken to suppress it." As a fact, this book was interdicted by Hanover, Prussia, Austria, and most of the smaller German States. The censorship, however, only increased the demand, and the avidity with which it was devoured provoked Moser's witticism: "There was no need for government to interdict your book; it would have been read notwithstanding."

A curtailed version of the "Harzreise" was published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes" of 15th June, 1832, and the numbers of 1st September and 15th December of the same year contained extracts from "Buch Le Grand" and the

"Baths of Lucca." The translator was François Adolphe Loeve-Veimars, a Frenchman of German extraction, but Heine, who was almost as familiar with French as with his mother-tongue, supervised and corrected the translation.

## APPENDIX II.

### Heine and his Cousin Amalie.

HEINE'S *ewig verlor'ne Liebe* is not only the dominant note of his earlier poems, but throws its shadow across the whole of the "Reisebilder." Whether Heine was ever actually betrothed to his cousin Amalie, and jilted by her, or whether, as his niece asserts, there was nothing more between them than a cousinly flirtation, is a moot point that there is little likelihood of determining. For students of Heine it is more important to know what was the impression that this cross in love made at the time on the poet, and how it influenced his future life and genius. I have therefore brought together the principal *pièces justificatives*. Though in his *Dichtung* he is ever harping on his lost love, yet in his *Wahrheit* he is singularly reticent, and the name "Amalie" was never breathed even to his most intimate friends. Only in the following letter, which is not included in his collected works, did he unbosom himself.

To the Studioso Christian Sethe at Dusseldorf.

Hamburg, 27 October, 1816.

She loves me *not*. This last little word, dear Christian, you must read in a faint, faint whisper. In the first words there is everlasting heaven, but no less in the last there is everlasting hell. If you could only take a look at your poor friend's face, and see how deadly pale and distraught and

mad he looks, your righteous anger at his long silence would soon be calmed; better still, if you could see for an instant into his inmost soul—then only would you take me to your heart.

You must know, dear Christian, that each thought of mine is really a letter to you,—so at least it seems to me,—and not long ago I scribbled off to you a long-winded epistle, in which I sighed out my whole heart to you, but I wisely destroyed it, as it could serve no good purpose, and might fall into strange hands, and so give me the finishing stroke. I know you can do nothing for me.

Here's something that will amuse you. You know, Christian, from the moment I first set eyes on you I was irresistibly drawn towards you, and though I could not myself account for it, you were infinitely dear and precious to me. Apropos of this attraction, I believe I have told you before now that I often noticed something in your features, and particularly in your eyes, which strangely repelled me, and at the same time drew me to you, so that I seem to detect at one and the same moment loving sympathy and bitter cold-blooded icy scorn—and, mark you, this same enigmatical something I have also found in Molly's eyes. And this it is that makes me so mazed and mad. For though I have the clearest, the most irrefragable grounds for believing that I am wholly indifferent to her—the logical cogency of which even Rector Schallmeier would admit, and have no hesitation in founding his own system upon them—yet my poor loving heart obstinately refuses to admit the conclusion, and goes on repeating, "What is thy logic to me? I have my own logic"—I've seen her again.

My soul the devil harry,
The headsman take my head,
Yet one alone I marry,
The fairest maid I wed.

Ha! Dost not shudder, Christian? Aye, shudder. I, too, shudder. Burn this letter. God be merciful to me, a sinner. *I* did not write these words. It was a ghost who sat on my chair, and wrote them. It all comes of sitting up till midnight. O God! madness cannot sin. Softly! breathe not so hard. I've just built up a lovely house of cards, and am standing on the top, and holding *her* in my arms. Look, Christian, only your friend could dare to raise his eyes to the highest—do you not recognize him in this?—and truly it seems as though this would be his ruin. But you can hardly picture to yourself, dear Christian, how glorious, how lovely, my ruin looks. *Aut Cæsar aut nihil* was ever my favourite device. To win or lose it *all.*

I'm a mad chess-player. At the very first move I lost my queen, and yet I go on playing—playing for the queen. Shall I continue the game?

> "Quand on a tout perdu et qu'on n'a plus d'espoir,
> La vie est un opprobre et la mort un devoir."

Silence, accursed grinning Frenchman, with thy cowardly wailings of despair! Know'st thou not the German *Minne?* It stands firm and sure on two unshakable pillars, man's worth and *faith.* Only preserve me, O God! and guard me from the dark insidious might of the *hour.* Distant from her to bear at one's heart for long years the fever of yearning, that is the torture of hell, and wrings from me the wailing of the damned. But to be near her, and yet often for long, long weeks to pine in vain for a sight of her, one's sole happiness on earth, and—and—and—O Christian! it is enough to make the best and saintliest soul break out into wild, mad impiety.

Dear Christian, you are reasonable, and will surely not be hard on me for my long silence. You do not know

what horrible pain it gives me, when each word is cut out of my heart as with the stroke of a dagger. Other people don't mind the black strokes, can form them at pleasure, and mount on the cothurnus. In my case, what you might be inclined to look on as buskins are gigantic embodiments of pain which rise from the gaping wounds of my heart. Be not angered with me, Christian. I feel so kindly towards you, and withal so utterly miserable. Alas! my heart's voice has so sore deceived me. Will it prove again false? Answer, Christian, yes or no. You alone are left me, say yes or no. By all you hold sacred, tell me the truth. Yes? Then I have hopes, too, that my heart's voice does not play me false with Molly. No? then— — —

You'll answer soon, dear Christian, won't you? It wounds me deeply, too, that *she* for whom alone I sung, that she should have snubbed my songs in so cruel and cold-blooded a fashion, and have played me such a shrewd turn in this respect. But—will you believe it?—in spite of this the Muse is dearer to me than ever. She is to me a faithful friend and comforter, a sweet familiar comrade, and I love her from my heart. Goethe's words in "Tasso" come home to me :—

"All, all is over" [here follows the well-known passage in full].

From my letter you will see what the state of my heart is; as it was, so is it still. But I now bear the pain more like a man. Yet I feel that I am bleeding inwardly to death; poetry, too, fades away in misty phantoms. O M—! thou costest me dear. I embrace thee, Christian, but press me not too close; on my naked breast there hangs a black iron cross; just where my poor heart beats, there hangs a jagged black iron cross, and in it is M—'s hair. Ah! it burns, Christian.

The letter is endorsed by Sethe, "accepi den 23 Nov. 1816."

The following unfinished poem is obviously autobiographical, *Wahrheit* rather than *Dichtung*: —

In the year eighteen seventeen
I saw a girl—her shape, her air
Were just like yours, the self-same features,
And just like you she wore her hair.

I said, "I'm going up to College,
But wait a little while for me;
'Tis but a year or two of absence."
She said, "I love none else but thee."

Three years at Pandects I had studied,
One day (it was the first of May)
At Göttingen the news was brought me,
My love had wed, and gone away.

'Twas May day, and glad Spring ran laughing
O'er wood and wold in green array;
Birds caroll'd in the merry sunbeams,
And every creeping thing was gay.

But I alone was pale and heart-sick,
So weak I scarce could stand upright;
God only knows what mortal anguish
I had endured that livelong night.

Yet I recovered . . .

The lines were evidently written when the wound was still green. They have none of Heine's exquisite polish and perfect melody, but are as calm and matter-of-fact as a surgeon's autopsy or a judge's summing-up. The cry of agony with which the poem ends seems wrung from him involuntarily, and no sooner does the doggerel become transfused by emotion into poetry than he breaks off with an ironic "Yet I recovered!" That he never recovered from his early disappointment, but bore the marks of it

to his dying day, is clear from hints and allusions that are always cropping up in his poems and romances, and we have besides the express evidence of his intimate friend Gérard de Nerval. "What I at first suspected," he writes to his friend, Schmidt-Weissenfels, "Heine himself confessed to me later on, when we had grown better acquainted. We were both of us suffering from the same malady; we both were trying to sing to death a hopeless passion of youth. We go on singing, but it will not die. A hopeless passion of youth is still cradled in the poet's heart; when he thinks of it he would still fain weep, or rage alone keeps back his tears. Heine himself confessed to me that since he lost this paradise of his love, what remained was for him but a hand-to-mouth existence."

## APPENDIX III.

### Heine's Baptism and Faith.

SUCH widely different views have been put forward by Heine's biographers and exponents on the subject of his baptism and his religious faith, that it is worth while to give his own account, written at the time, of what was a crisis, if not the crisis, of his life, and his later confession of faith written when he was as much in earnest as it was in his nature to be. Some have held that in his *Taufact* Heine made *il grand rifiuto;* that in abandoning the religion of his fathers he deliberately sinned against his conscience, and that his whole after life was blighted by the curse that this apostasy entailed. Others have seen in Heine *eine schöne Seele,* a naturally religious, if not Christian soul; not the embodied spirit of mockery and negation, but one who, like Faust, in spite of lapses and wanderings, held to the high ideal—*zum höchsten Dasein immerfort zu streben.* Neither of these views seems to us borne out by the facts. His baptism, it will be seen, did lie heavy on his conscience, but to him it was the betrayal, not of a creed, but of a cause. The Jews as his co-religionists are "an accursed generation (*ein Urübelvolk*) which came from Egypt, the land of crocodiles and priest-craft, and brought with them, besides skin diseases and the vessels of gold and silver that they stole, a so-called positive religion and a so-called church, a scaffolding of dogmas which had to be swallowed, and of ceremonies

which had to be observed, a type of later-day state religions." For the Jews as his brethren in adversity, an oppressed but unsubdued race, Heine had the same sympathy as Lord Beaconsfield. This fellow-feeling, though it was rather an artistic sentiment than a principle of conduct, has inspired some of Heine's finest literary work, as the "Rabbi von Bacharach," "Jehuda-ben-Halevy," and "Die Prinzessin Sabbat." [1]

The second view is still less tenable. Strodtmann is as little justified in ascribing to Heine deep religious feelings, as is Carlyle in branding him with the epithet of "blackguard." Without reverence there can be no religion, and nowhere in Heine's life or writings do we find a trace of reverential awe. The change from the vague Pantheism of the "Romantic School," to the half-poetical Theism of the "Geständnisse," is but slight and natural in a dying man. And the master-passion of mockery survives all

[1] I venture to give as an illustration a version of one of his less known *Lieder*:—

Break forth in lamentation
My agonizing song,
That like a lava torrent
Has boiled within me long!

My song shall thrill each hearer,
And none so deaf but hears;
For the burden of my ditty
Is the pain of a thousand years.

It melts both gentle and simple,
E'en hearts of stone are riven,
Sets women and flowers weeping,
They weep the stars in heaven.

And all these tears are flowing
By channels still and wide,
Southward they all are flowing,
To meet in Jordan's tide.

phases of faith ; his last breath is a jest, "*Dieu me pardonnera, c'est son métier.*" But Heine shall speak for himself.

In a letter to Moser after his return from the visit to Hamburg in the summer of 1823, he writes :—"As you may imagine, the question of baptism is much discussed here. No one of the family is against it except myself. And this self is a very obstinate person. You know enough of my ways of thinking to be able to infer that baptism to me is an act of indifference, that I set no great store by it as a symbol, and that the power to defend the rights of my unhappy brethren is likely to weigh more with me. Notwithstanding, I consider it a degradation and a stain on my honour to submit to baptism in order to qualify myself for state employment in Prussia. I really don't know how I shall get out of this fatal dilemma. I shall end by turning Catholic in desperation, and hanging myself. We are living in evil times ; rogues take the lead, and our leaders must turn rogues. I understand the words of the Psalmist, 'Give me my daily bread that I may not blaspheme thy name.' . . . It's plaguy to think that in my case the whole man is ruled by considerations of the budget. My principles are not in the least influenced by the thought of wealth or poverty, but my actions unfortunately are. Yes, great Moser, Heinrich Heine is very small. In fact, little Markus[1] is greater than I. This is no jest, but my soberest, grimmest earnest. I cannot repeat it to you too often, in order that you may not measure me by the standard of your own great soul."

Shortly after the ceremony he writes to the same friend :—"I recommend to your notice Golowin's 'Travels in Japan.' You'll learn from them that the Japanese are

[1] Ludwig Markus, a Jewish friend of Heine, "with an old wizened face, and a body like that of a child of eight."

the most civilized and polite people in the world; I should add the most Christian, if I had not read to my astonishment that no other people regard Christianity with such hatred and abhorrence as these. I shall turn Japanese. They hate nothing so much as the cross. I shall turn Japanese. Perhaps I shall send you to-day another poem from the 'Rabbi,' in which I unfortunately have been interrupted. I entreat you not to communicate the poem, or anything else I tell you of my private affairs, to anyone. A young Spanish Jew, at heart a Jew, but who for the sake of ease and luxury has been baptized, is in correspondence with Jehuda Abarbanel, and sends him the poem translated from the Moorish. Perhaps it will seem to you not very noble behaviour to write to his friend without reserve; still he sends him the poem. Think no more of it."

A month later he writes more unreservedly and more bitterly:—"I know not what to say to you. Cohen assures me that Gans is preaching the gospel and trying to convert the children of Israel. If he is doing so from conviction, he is a fool; if from hypocrisy, he is a blackguard. True, I shall not cease to love him, yet I confess to you I'd sooner have heard that Gans had stolen silver spoons. That you, dear Moser, hold with Gans I cannot believe, though Cohen assures me that it is so, and that he has it from your own lips. I should be very sorry if I thought that you looked on my own baptism in a favourable light. I assure you that if the law had permitted the stealing of silver spoons I should not have been baptized. Last Saturday I was in the synagogue, and had the pleasure of hearing with my own ears Dr. Salomon launching forth against baptized Jews, and in particular inveighing against the way in which they allowed themselves to be seduced to abjure the faith of their fathers in the bare hope of getting a post (I'm quoting his very words). Indeed, it was

a very good sermon, and I intend to call on the doctor to-day. If I had time I would write Dr. Zunz's wife a Hebrew *billet doux*. I'm becoming a regular Christian—I sponge on the rich Jews."

In a third letter to the same friend, within some six months later, he pours out all the bitterness of his soul:—"That was a good time when 'Ratcliffe' and 'Almansor' were being published by Dümmler. You, dear Moser, used to admire the fine passages, and wrap yourself in your mantle, and make heart-stirring speeches like Marquis Posa. It was winter then, and the thermometer had fallen to Auerbach, and Dithmar froze in spite of his nankeen trousers; and yet it seems to me that it was warmer then than on this 23rd of April, when the Hamburgers are beginning to appear abroad with their spring feelings, their bunches of violets, &c. It was much warmer then. Gans, if I mistake not, was not then baptized, and wrote long speeches for the *Verein*, and took for his motto *Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni*. I remember that the psalm, 'By the waters of Babylon,' was then your favourite, and you would recite it so beautifully, so grandly, so movingly, that even now I feel inclined to weep, and not only by reason of the psalm. Then, too, you had some very wise notions on Judaism, on the Christian ignominiousness of proselytizing, the ignominy of Jews who get baptized with the object, not only of escaping difficulties, but of thereby gaining something good, picking up some plum, and other wise notions which you ought to write down on some occasion. You are independent enough not to mind doing it for fear of Gans, and as for myself you need not fash yourself on my account. Solon said that no man should be counted happy before his death, and one may add that no one before he dies should be reckoned an honest man. I am glad that old Friedländer and Bendavid are old and will soon die, so that they at

least are safe, and our times will not be open to the reproach that they have not produced one blameless character. Forgive me my ill-humour, most of it is directed against myself. I often get up at night and stand before the looking-glass and rail at myself. Now it would seem I am taking my friend's heart for my glass. . . . Greet for me our 'extraordinary' friend, and tell him that I love him. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. His image is dear to me as ever, though it is no sacred image, still less an adorable and miracle-working image. I often think of him because I do not care to think of myself. Thus, last night, I thought to myself, With what face would Gans appear before Moses if Moses were suddenly to reappear on earth? And yet Moses is the greatest jurist that ever lived, for his legislation has lasted till the present day. I dreamed, too, that Gans and Mordecai Noah met in Straulau, and, marvellous to relate, Gans was mute as a fish. Zunz stood by with a sarcastic smile, and said to his wife, 'Look there, ducky!' I think that Lehmann made a long discourse, in his fullest tones, and spiced with 'enlightenment,' 'change of circumstances,' 'progress of the world-spirit,' a long discourse which, instead of sending me to sleep as usual, awoke me."

In his "Autobiographical Sketch," written at the request of Philarète Chasles, in 1835, he has been accounting for his attacks on the Catholic Propaganda and the Jesuits of Germany as justly due to the strength of his Protestant feelings. "These feelings," he continues, "may at times have carried me too far, for Protestantism to me was not only a liberal religion, but also the starting point of the German Revolution, and I belonged to the Lutheran Confession, not only by my baptismal act, but also by my innate love of fighting, which drove me to enlist in this Church militant. But while defending the social interests of Pro-

restantism, I never attempted to conceal my pantheistic sympathies. This is how I have come to be accused of atheism. Ill-informed or ill-natured countrymen of mine have long spread the report that I had donned the Saint-Simonian uniform; others credit me with Judaism. I am sorry that I am not always in a position to pay back their kind offices as they deserve."

The next extract is taken from his "Latest Poems and Thoughts":—"That I became a Christian is the fault of those Saxons who changed sides so suddenly at Leipzig; or else of Napoleon, who need never have gone to Russia; or of the schoolmaster who taught him geography at Brienne, and neglected to tell him that it was very cold at Moscow in winter. If Montalembert became minister and could drive me away from Paris, I would turn Catholic, *Paris vaut bien une messe.*"

In the epilogue to the "Romancero" (1851), after vindicating his political consistency, he writes:—"In theology on the contrary, I must plead guilty to retrogression, for, as I have already confessed, I have gone back to the old superstition—a personal God. This fact cannot, after all, be got over, as many enlightened and well-meaning friends of mine would fain have it. At the same time, I must expressly contradict the report that my backsliding has carried me so far as even to the threshold of a Church, and that I have been received into her bosom. No, my religious convictions and views are still untainted by any tincture of ecclesiasticism; no chime of bells has allured me, no altar candles have dazzled me. I have dallied with no dogma, and have not utterly renounced my reason."

The last passage we will quote is from the "Confessions" (1854):—"When I observed the great unwashed, Tom Dick and Harry, beginning likewise to discuss these religious theses in their dirty symposiums, where, instead of

wax-lights and lustres, there are only tallow dips and train-oil lamps; when I saw dirty cobbler and tailor 'prentices denying the existence of God in language borrowed from the pot-house; when atheism began to reek of cheese, brandy, and tobacco—my eyes were suddenly opened, and what my intellect had failed to grasp, I now conceived by my sense of smell and feeling of nausea, and so, thank God! there was an end to my atheism. How strange! After whirling round all my life long in all the dizzy mazes of philosophy, after rioting in all the orgies of intellect, and coquetting with every possible system without finding satisfaction, like Messalina after a night of dissipation, I now find myself suddenly at the same standpoint as Uncle Tom, the Bible, and I kneel beside my black brother in the same spirit of devotion."

## APPENDIX IV.

### Heine and Goethe.

THE following letter to Moser (July 1st, 1825) gives us Heine's unreserved opinion of Goethe:—"If I've told you nothing about Goethe, my interview with him at Weimar, and his kindness and condescension, you have, I assure you, lost nothing. All that is left is the building where beauty once grew, and it was this thought alone which made me take interest in him. He made me feel quite melancholy, and I've come to like him better since he has moved my sympathies. At bottom, however, Goethe and I are too opposite and mutually repellent natures. He is essentially an easy-going man of the world, who looks on enjoyment as the highest good, and though he has at times glimpses and passing intuitions of the ideal life which he expresses in his poems, yet he has never conceived it deeply, still less lived it. I, on the contrary, am essentially an enthusiast (*ein Schwärmer*). *i.e.* inspired by the idea and ready to sacrifice myself for it, and always goaded to lose myself in the idea. At the same time, however, I have a keen sense of the enjoyments of life; hence the violent struggle between my common-sense, which approves the enjoyment of life, and rejects all exalted self-sacrifice as folly, and my enthusiastic impulse, which often crops up unawares, and lays violent hands on me, and will perchance some day drag me down to her ancient realms—drag me up, I ought perhaps to say, for it is still an open question whether the

enthusiast who sacrifices his life for the idea, does not in a single moment live more, aye, live happier than Herr von Goethe in the whole of his seventy-six years of comfortable egotism."

Such a judgment strikes us at first sight as crude and one-sided, and there is something comic in the self-portraiture of Heine as the idealist who scorns delights and sacrifices all for the higher life; but we must bear in mind that he is pouring out his confidences to his most intimate friend, and that he is telling Moser not what he is, but what he would be. And, after all, we must allow that his estimate of himself and Goethe is not altogether wide of the mark. With all his failures and all his weaknesses, Heine's ideal was a higher one than Goethe's.

And if Heine failed to do justice to Goethe's many-sidedness, Goethe was equally blind to Heine's fiery independence and innate Quixotism. The youthful poet of the *Book of Songs* and the *Lyrical Intermezzo* had come to Weimar prepared to fling himself into the arms of the creator of *Faust*, whom he worshipped as the greatest of living poets, and to claim fellowship as a younger brother of the craft. He was received with cold politeness and ceremonious courtesy. Can we wonder that Heine resented his patronising air, and pointed out that his moral censor was not himself immaculate? "It is but natural," he writes, "that I should displease the aristocrat flunkey Goethe. I feel flattered by his blame, since he praises all mediocrity. He fears the growing Titans. He is now a weak superannuated God who is sore at being able to create nothing more. He is like Louis XI., who exalted the *tiers état* in order to take down the high nobility."

This, however, is but a passing *boutade*. It is much to

Heine's credit, that in spite of Goethe's coldness, in spite of the lack of sympathy between the two natures, amounting almost to an antipathy, he never ceased to speak of Goethe as the Great Master, and defend him against all detractors, the Menzels and Müllners and Pustkuchens.

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